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THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER

Photo. Hills & Saunders, Oxford. Walter Scott Photo.

F. Max Müller

Aged 74

THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER

EDITED BY HIS WIFE

'Blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness.' — CARLYLE

IN TWO VOLUMES: VOL. II

WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
32 HORNBY ROAD, BOMBAY
LONDON AND NEW YORK
1903

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[NOVEMBER, 1902]

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith
Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

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CHAPTER XXII

1876

Settles to remain at Oxford. *Sacred Books of the East.* Life at Dresden. Visit to Berlin. Attack by Professor Whitney. Death of eldest daughter.

TIRED and tried by all the kindly lamentations in Oxford, Max Müller and his whole family took refuge on January 1 with his brother-in-law at Taplow, where they spent a pleasant, resting fortnight, though the correspondence with regard to his future plans was carried on actively.

TO HERR GEORG VON BUNSEN.

Translation. TAPLOW, *January* 7, 1876.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — I must send you a line; but I will tell you *viva voce* why I have finally made up my mind to leave Oxford. Clerical intrigues and petty jealousies, alas! were partly the reason. Now, however, I feel grateful to my enemies, for I feel I am on the right path. My happiness I find in my family, in my books and my work — I want no better company, even were I obliged to live among Hottentots.

'But another difficult decision has to be made. I have got an urgent call to Vienna: the minister makes the most attractive proposals. I answered that I could only accept an independent academical position, so as to publish, in connexion with some erudite friends, an *opus magnum*, the translation of the sacred writings of humanity. They quite agree, and the minister promises a contribution, should the funds of the Academy prove insufficient, also a high salary, and all the assistance I can desire. So what am I to do? I had mentioned to Lepsius my plan about the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, and he answered that the Berlin Academy *had no money*. Of course I should prefer staying in Prussia, but would it be right to refuse the offer

from Vienna? Bismarck sent me formerly amiable messages from Versailles, through Abeken, but he has other things to think of now, and I cannot offer myself. Well, I pursue my path: I have so far always found a sign-post, and I am not afraid. Of course I shall have to present myself in Vienna, and I feel I have to look round there first of all. Hettner told me a great deal about Dresden. Baden is beautiful, but it is easier to hide oneself in a large town than in a small one. In Dresden the Vitzthum-Gymnasium is said to be excellent. Well, let us hope for the best! If you can advise and help me, I know you will do it. — In old friendship.'

Just after writing the above, Max Müller received a letter from one of his kindest friends and supporters in Oxford, saying: —

'Here people are ready, in a bewildered way perhaps, to do *anything* to mark their sense of your value, and I believe the knot of the interpretation of the statute will be cut by a proposal from Council that you be treated as a Professor *emeritus*, in consideration of your long and faithful services, *i.e.* that you be requested to retain your Professorship with a deputy.'

This was followed by other letters, and thus the whole question was reopened, and another month of deep anxiety and uncertainty passed before Max Müller was persuaded to decide finally to stay in Oxford.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. *January* 16, 1876.

'I can get no rest at all; everybody writes to me, and I can come to no decision. I wish if possible to have two years of entire rest, and if I must then go into bondage again, good — if not, all the better. In April, or May, I hope to look about for myself, to find a place that suits me; till then I want to be let alone, and not have to think about the thing at all. All this writing is lost time, and I have still a good deal to work off here, which I cannot do if I am to be always thinking and writing about my plans. Here they offer me the best arrangements, if I will only stay in Oxford. But, as I say, the great thing is not to waste the interregnum.'

Max Müller's mother naturally rejoiced at the idea of having him in his own country, and could not at all enter into his

feelings of regret and disturbance, and the correspondence with her at this time fell more into his wife's hands.

TO FRAU HOFRÄTHIN MÜLLER.

January 26.

'M. is very tired and poorly: he feels going more than he expected, and then everybody is so kind and full of sorrow, and our friends here are trying all sorts of schemes to prevent Max from leaving. You can have no idea how all this tries him: it is no light matter to leave a place where he has lived and worked twenty-eight years, and then again he feels so entirely uncertain about life in Germany, and whether he can keep free from all public occupation, as he wishes. So you must not wonder if he is "put out": he is not so really, only very anxious as to the future. I am less worried than he is, for I see how he longs for and requires rest, to devote himself to his own Sanskrit work.'

The end of the month, his old friend Professor Gelzer wrote from Basle: —

Translation. *January* 29.

'I was very much surprised by the news of your resignation of your Professorship. Whenever I thought of you, it was as our spiritual ambassador in England, as the indispensable representative and pioneer in Britain of German opinions and cultivation of the highest order. You were in my eyes Bunsen's successor in that grand international or Teutonic mission.'

TO PROFESSOR ALTHAUS.

Translation. *January* 30.

'. . . Yes, the bird is free; my enemies — as is so often the case — have done me good service indeed. Of course I took no public notice of such intrigues, and I have longed for years for rest to go on with my own work. It would no doubt have been hard for me to make up my mind to retire, had it not been made so easy for me. Germany is more respected now than in former times, but she is envied also, and that gives a different position to the individual German in England now. And then the theological cliques in Oxford — in short, my position became impossible. I have received capital offers from Germany, but I mean to try whether I am not able to plough my ground without a yoke round me.'

Early in February Max Müller received a letter from Dr. James Martineau on the establishment of a Lectureship for Scientific Theology by the 'Hibbert Trustees.' 'They anxiously desire to know, whether there is any hope that you, to whom we owe the name and the conception of a "Science of Religion," would inaugurate this experiment.' Though lamenting Max Müller's near departure from England, Dr. Martineau expressed a hope that he 'would come over and help' them. His plans were so unsettled by the vigorous attempts of his Oxford friends to keep him, that Max Müller could only reply that he could make no engagements at the present moment. Afterwards, when he had accepted the arrangement made by the University to relieve him of lecturing and yet keep him in Oxford, Dr. Martineau wrote again that the Trustees would rather await his return in eighteen months, than ask any one else to be their first lecturer. This was accepted, and the lectures *On the Origin and Growth of Religion* were delivered in the Chapter House at Westminster in the Spring of 1878.

TO PROFESSOR LEPSIUS.

Translation. OXFORD, *February* 7.

'. . . Never have I experienced more true friendship in England than just at the present time. The University — nay, even the Government — offer me everything that can be desired: negotiations are pending. I am hesitating, and under a fortnight no decision can be made. At all events, I intend to take leave for a year or two in order to find a spot where I shall meet with the quiet solitude of the forest for work. I hope to see you soon. How do I deserve the Maximilian Order? or is it on account of the name? *You* discovered my weakness — that was the *Order pour le Mérite*, but I had not in the least thought of it, and therefore was all the more glad; and shall never forget it.'

TO PROFESSOR ROLLESTON.

February 8, 1876 (*in bed*).

'Considering all the very peculiar circumstances of the case, I should feel inclined to agree with you that the University should send a representative to the Oriental Congress at St. Petersburg,

and pay his expenses. But I confess I have very grave doubts whether the time and money expended on these Congresses produce any adequate results. They are becoming too numerous, and what with jubilees and centenaries, and all the rest, I do not wonder that certain Governments and Universities abroad have declined to countenance these festive gatherings. As long as they were private enterprises, no one had a right to interfere. But now that they are taken up by Governments, and invitations are sent round to all the Universities and scientific societies to send representatives at their expense, the matter assumes a new aspect.

'The Italian Government was severely blamed for not sending representatives to the Centenary of the University of Leyden, but the Minister of Public Instruction declared publicly that, with the large number of Italian Universities, every one of which was expected to send delegates, and with the ever-increasing number of these celebrations, he did not feel justified in spending public money that was wanted for far more useful purposes. I think he was perfectly right, and I believe other countries will soon follow the example of Italy. If I say the circumstances of the Oriental Congress at St. Petersburg are peculiar, it is because I believe it is the first time that the Russian Government has allowed any of these international gatherings; secondly, because the Emperor himself is said to take a personal interest in the matter; thirdly, because a refusal on the part of England or the English Universities might look like an act of national discourtesy; and fourthly, because a refusal to attend on the ground of expense, should not come from the wealthiest University in Europe. Unless, however, great care is taken, this grant of money for a delegate to represent the University at the Oriental Congress at St. Petersburg will certainly be turned into a precedent, and the applications for similar grants will be numerous.

'In order to avoid any possible misunderstanding, I may as well tell you (though I have no reason to suppose that the University would ask me to go to St. Petersburg to be present as their representative at the Oriental Congress) that I should not accept an honour which to the outside public might seem an invidious distinction, and which, by those who are better acquainted with the history of Oxford during the last fifteen years, might be misrepresented as an intentional slur on at least one member of our Professoriate. Considering the subjects which are selected for the special consideration of the Congress, I should think that either Sayce or Professor Cheyne would be a very welcome guest at St. Petersburg.'

TO DR. STAINER.

OXFORD, *February* 8.

'I heard to-day that you were gone to Algiers. You are to be envied indeed for escaping this intolerable weather. I have been laid up again and again this winter, and I expect in the end I shall have to give up the battle and go, like you, to some warmer climate. I should like to know how you like Algiers, and what kind of accommodation you find, and whether you really find rest there. I am afraid doctors are right after all, and at my time of life I must learn to obey them, particularly when one finds out what a bad economy it is be laid up in bed and to be good for nothing. I do not expect you will bring home a "Desert" like Felicien David, but we all expect something from you worthy of St. Paul's, and the longer you stay away from the turmoil of the city, the better for you, and the better in time, I hope, for us. Do not be in any hurry about answering this. I must stay here till April to finish my lectures. After that, everything is uncertain, but I long for rest and sunshine.

'Oxford is trying to do something to keep me here — it can give me rest, but can it give me sunshine?'

TO PROFESSOR KLAUS GROTH.

Translation. *February* 13, 1876.

'I feel rather restless at present, and should have liked to wait with my letter till I could have told you with certainty what has been decided about my future, but everything proceeds slowly here in Oxford. They would like to keep me, but the parties are divided, and hence the delay. To me, either way would be acceptable, and though my heart might draw me to Germany, my head also has a voice in the matter. Should I be offered a post which would allow of sufficient spare time for my own private work, I should not mind staying here; if not, I shall hope to go to Germany, without a yoke of office on my shoulders, only living for my children and for my own work. I have had various offers from Germany, but my dream is rest and perfect independence — political, academical, and social. Well, everything will be decided soon, and I intend leaving for a year or two. . . . I thought of Dresden, because it is near Chemnitz, and because my old mother has several friends there. The schools are said to be very good there. Ada shows talent for painting, Mary for music, and they can both find

good masters there. Kiel draws me much, if only it was not so very distant. I hope, indeed, that we may meet this summer. I shall write to you as soon as I hear anything definite. When my children know German well, we hope all to go to Florence, and then to France — then I have done for them all that is possible, and meanwhile I continue my own work. These are nice soap-bubbles, are they not? — but why not? You had better blow soap-bubbles too; perhaps a favourable wind will bring our bubbles together.

'We are all very well on the whole: my wife is well, thank God; the children flourish; I have the gout! — *horribile dictu*, but it is true! I wish we had better news from you and your wife. It is very cold here: how may it be with you? . . .'

At last, on February 15, a decree passed Convocation appointing a deputy to lecture in Max Müller's place, and to have half the salary, allowing 'Professor Max Müller to devote himself without interruption to the studies on the Ancient Literature of India which he has hitherto prosecuted with so much success and with so much honour to the University.' As opposition had been threatened, the Dean of Christ Church had prepared and delivered an eloquent speech, which is given in the Appendix. The Dean walked up at once to Parks End to tell Max Müller that the decree had passed, whilst many other friends crowded in, to congratulate themselves and the University, as they said, on their success. Max Müller was deeply touched: he had never realized how much he had won, not only the esteem but the genuine affection of the most distinguished residents in Oxford, and he readily promised, after eighteen months' absence and rest, to return and continue his labours in his English home. Nor did he ever afterwards regret this decision; only once later, under the pressure of great sorrow, his thoughts turned again to Germany, and on that occasion the gracious remonstrance of his Queen influenced him to stay in England.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. *February* 20.

'You will have read in the papers that they have caught me again in Oxford. They took me at my word, and as I said in my letter of

resignation that I wanted leisure for my Sanskrit work, they relieved me of all duties, and gave me the means of publishing the books I wanted to bring out, here in Oxford. I hope it is all for the best, though naturally the decision was hard to me.

'I have just received from the King of Italy the Order of the Corona d'Italia (Knight Commander), a great distinction, but I was well satisfied with the *Order pour le Mérite*.'

TO HERR GEORG VON BUNSEN.

OXFORD, *February* 17, 1876.

'I must just send you a couple of lines to tell you of my decision as to my future. Apart from all other considerations, two things pressed upon me: decision as to my boy (Germany or England), and quiet for work for myself. Oxford has now done all I could desire: my income remains the same (the loss of £300 is only apparent), and I have full leisure, and they have given me *carte blanche* for printing my *Bibliotheca Sacra*. In Germany many things were not quite clear, namely about schools. I would only have taken a Professorship from dire necessity, and then only for Sanskrit. I had, as you rightly guessed, very friendly invitations from Baden and Heidelberg. But after the debate in Convocation last Tuesday, I could hardly decide otherwise than to spend the remaining years of my life here. You will see it all in Wednesday's *Times*. I am quite free for the next year and a half; and I hope to spend half a year in Germany, half a year in Italy, and half a year in France, which will make the children masters of the three languages, and my work will not be hindered. I shall certainly come to Berlin to see my friends and foes. I have always told Lepsius that nothing but a free academical position would have any attraction for me. Whether he really wished to have me is not quite clear to me, and still less clear is it whether the literary atmosphere of Berlin would suit me. Now everything seems clear, and the remaining pathway of life looks cool and sheltered.'

TO DEAN STANLEY.[1]

PARKS END, OXFORD, *February* 21, 1876.

'I can find no words — why should I try? You know what I feel.

'Yes, I have decided to stay — I hope, rightly. I was surprised to see the real kindness of so many people who I thought would care little whether I stayed or went away — of some even who I imagined

[1] After Lady Augusta's death.

would be glad if I was gone. —— has behaved very well, though I had spoken to him quite openly, and told him how his best friends had considered his behaviour to me unpardonable. I cannot understand him. Perhaps we make idols of our friends, and if they break, we cannot bear it. What decided me chiefly was the offer of the University Press to print the translations of the Sacred Books of the World. I have good collaborators, and I have now a new object in life. It will quite occupy me for the rest of my life, whatever that may be. When I thought how short that rest might be, I shrank from the effort of moving, and from the sacrifice which I knew it was to my wife, though she never said so. I should have liked spending my last years quietly in Germany; if life had been spared, and an opportunity offered, I imagined I might have done some useful work there, but all that is over now. It has been a great effort and disturbance, and I begin to feel that my doctor is right, and that I want complete rest.

'Pusey preached at St. Mary's yesterday, openly recommending auricular confession to the undergraduates. He spoke of it as a medicine, which doctors might not be able to explain or account for in its effects, but which all patients who have tried it strongly recommended. It seemed to me taking an unfair advantage of the pulpit to advertise the medicine there, but I suppose restrictions would do more harm than good.'

At the same time his wife wrote for him to the mother:—

February 27.

'We feel very anxious to know what you feel about M.'s final resolve to stay here, or rather I ought to say, the determination of his friends here to keep him, to which he has yielded. I can truly say I had nothing to do with it. I was so afraid he might regret it, that at first when the idea was started I was quite against it. I felt we had gone through all the terrible anxiety and sorrow of making up our minds to leave our friends and our home here, and that M., being full of the idea of returning to Germany, would not be happy here. But each day made more clear the wish to keep him, and the warm personal interest taken in the matter quite convinced him that he was really valued and loved here; and as in many ways, by the arrangement made, he is far more independent here than he would be anywhere in Germany if he took a Professorship, he yielded. The strong feeling shown for him has gratified M. very much.'

The Dean of Christ Church and the other Delegates of the Press began at once to make the needful arrangements about the *Sacred Books of the East*, the expense of which was to be defrayed by the University Press and the Indian Government; whilst Max Müller, on his part, opened a correspondence with the proposed translators. As this work was the chief occupation to which the last twenty-five years of Max Müller's life were devoted, some extracts from the prospectus, with the objects and plan of the undertaking, are given.

'Apart from the interest which the Sacred Books of all religions possess in the eyes of the theologian, and, more particularly, of the missionary, to whom an accurate knowledge of them is as indispensable as a knowledge of the enemy's country is to a general, these works have of late assumed a new importance, as viewed in the character of ancient historical documents. In every country where Sacred Books have been preserved they are the oldest records, and mark the beginning of what may be called documentary, in opposition to purely traditional, history.

'There is nothing more ancient in India than the *Vedas*; and, if we except the *Vedas* and the literature connected with them, there is again no literary work in India which can with certainty be referred to an earlier date than that of the Sacred Canon of the Buddhists. Whatever age we may assign to the various portions of the *Avesta*, there is no book in the Persian language of greater antiquity than the Sacred Books of the followers of Zarathustra. There may have been an extensive ancient literature in China long before Kung-fu-tze and Lao-tze, but among all that was preserved of it, the five King and the four Shoo claim again the highest antiquity. As to the *Koran*, it is known to be the fountain-head both of the religion and of the literature of the Arabs. . . .

'Leaving out of consideration the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, it appears that the only great and original religions which profess to be founded on Sacred Books, and have preserved them in manuscript, are: —

1. The religion of the Brahmans.
2. The religion of the followers of Buddha.
3. The religion of the followers of Zarathustra.
4. The religion of the followers of Kung-fu-tze.
5. The religion of the followers of Lao-tze.
6. The religion of the followers of Mohammed.

'A desire for a trustworthy translation of the Sacred Books of these six Eastern religions has often been expressed. Several have been translated into English, French, German, or Latin, but in some cases these translations are difficult to procure, in others they are loaded with notes and commentaries, which are intended for students by profession only. Oriental scholars have been blamed for not having as yet supplied a want so generally felt, of a complete, trustworthy, and readable translation of the principal Sacred Books of the Eastern Religions. The reasons, however, why hitherto they have shrunk from such an undertaking are clear enough. The difficulties in many cases of giving complete translations are very great. There is still much work to be done in a critical restoration of the original texts, and in determining the exact meaning of many words and passages. That kind of work is naturally far more attractive to scholars than a mere translation. . . .

'It is clear, therefore, that a translation of the principal Sacred Books of the East can be carried out only at a certain sacrifice. Scholars must leave for a time their own special researches in order to render the general results already obtained accessible to the public at large. . . .

'Lastly, there was the most serious difficulty of all, a difficulty which no scholar could remove, viz. the difficulty of finding the funds necessary for carrying out so large an undertaking.

'No doubt there is much in these old books that is startling by its very simplicity and truth, much that is elevated and elevating, much that is beautiful and sublime; but people who have vague ideas of primeval wisdom and the splendour of Eastern poetry will soon find themselves grievously disappointed. It cannot be too strongly stated, that the chief, and, in many cases, the only interest of the Sacred Books of the East is historical; that much in them is extremely childish, tedious, if not repulsive; and that no one but the historian will be able to understand the important lessons which they teach. It would have been impossible to undertake a translation even of the most important only of the Sacred Books of the East, without the support of an Academy or a University which recognizes the necessity of rendering these works more generally accessible. . . .

'Having been so fortunate as to secure that support, having also received promises of assistance from some of the best Oriental scholars in England and India, I hope I shall be able, after the necessary preparations are completed, to publish about three volumes of translations every year. . . .

'What I contemplate at present, and I am afraid at my time of

life even this may seem too sanguine, is no more than a series of twenty-four volumes, the publication of which will probably extend over eight years.[1] . . .

'It will be my endeavour to divide the twenty-four volumes which are contemplated in this series as equally as possible between the six religions. But much must depend on the assistance which I receive from Oriental scholars, and also on the interest and the wishes of the public.'

This work entailed an enormous correspondence, which continued to the last months of Max Müller's life, and, owing to the dilatoriness of one contributor, he did not live to see the completion of the last volume of this great publication.

Over and over again, when all arrangements had been made with a translator, the whole plans for some years to come were upset by illness or death, by constant dilatoriness, by mistakes in calculating the time necessary for the work; or work undertaken and promised by a certain date was suddenly withdrawn; in some cases after the contract for a work had been signed by the translator, the Press and the editor, the translator would be seized with scruples as to the suitability of the work he had offered, in other cases a demand was made for payment in advance, though the translators had no guarantee to offer that their part of the contract would be fulfilled. As the majority of translators were foreigners, few Englishmen comparatively having that intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Books that was needful, careful revision was necessary by the editor, which revision was often taken in bad part by the translator. In fact, those who watched the work for twenty-four years were often astonished at the patience and tact shown by the editor. He used himself to say that almost the only contributor who never disappointed him was Professor Legge, who was already of advanced age when he contributed the third volume of the series, the *Shu King*. When Professor Legge mentioned a date for the completion of a work, Max Müller knew that by

[1] When this first series was finished, a second, of twenty-five volumes, was undertaken.

the appointed day, the whole MS. would be ready. Many others were *years* behindhand with their promised work.

TO PROFESSOR LEGGE.

March 10.

'I am so glad you approve of the prospectus. I ought to say that, as a rule, we intend to give translations of complete works only, not extracts. We must have what is tedious and bad as well as what is interesting and good, otherwise we shall be accused of misrepresenting the real character of the Sacred Books. I mean of representing them in too favourable a light. Could you mention the names of the King and Shoo which you consider ought to be included, and then those which you think you would be able to give us as the earliest instalments? You may reckon for China on five or six volumes of 400–450 pages each, to be printed like my *Chips*, the Notes being intended to be only such as are absolutely necessary to enable an educated man to understand the translation.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. *March* 11.

'DEAREST MOTHER, — So you seem quite satisfied with my decision. Decision I can hardly call it. I waited quietly, and things at last took such a form that I could not determine otherwise. I myself would rather have gone to Germany, taken for granted that I could have lived in comfort without taking any position. But I began to doubt that, as in many ways one is spoilt here, and expects more than people in Germany do. Now, as God wills: one hopes all is for the best, if not for me, for the children.'

TO R. B. D. MORIER, ESQ., MINISTER AT LISBON.

'I went to London, trusting to see you there in all your glory, and when I inquired for you, you were gone. I should have come before, but, alas! we have one enemy in common. I was laid up with gout; I am told I ought to be very proud of so distinguished and statesmanlike a malady, but it hurts. I am better now, but I want rest and may have to go to Marienbad. Now where shall we meet before you go to Portugal, completely upsetting the political centre of gravity? Poor Lisbon, what an earthquake there will be! I shall be here till about the end of April; I then go with sack and pack to Germany, and shall probably be away fifteen to eighteen months, spending the

winter somewhere south. I am not to go back to the Fatherland altogether, but otherwise I have got all I wanted. After twenty-five years of lecturing I retire to my own work, and there may be life and work in the old hound yet. While I retire an old cripple, you step on the stage in full glory; I was delighted when I heard of it, but I should like to see you once as *Son Excellence le Ministre Plenipotentiaire*. Let me know where that may be, in England or in Germany.'

Before leaving England, Max Müller heard of the illness and death of his old friend Baroness Bunsen at an advanced age.

TO HERR G. VON BUNSEN.

Translation. OXFORD, *April* 23, 1876.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have often thought of you. A hard parting may be near you; come when it may, it is a hard parting. We stand then in the front rank, and the next ball strikes us; and then come our successors, and so on, ever so on, who knows whither. Notwithstanding, the great world for which we live seems to me as good as the little world in which we live, and I have never known why faith should fail, when everything, even pain and sorrow, is so wonderfully good and beautiful. Give your dear mother my affectionate love. My mother is still full of life, in spite of much bodily suffering. My wife and children are well, and I often say with Macaulay, "It is scandalous how well all goes with me!"'

TO THE SAME.

Translation. PARKS END, *April* 27, 1876.

'It may come sooner or later; it is always the hardest parting in life, when she leaves us, who gave us life. It is seldom that we see a more perfect life than your mother's. Now, my dear friend, we must march bravely on till our own time comes. All that we say to console ourselves on the death of those we loved, and who loved us, is hollow and false; the only true thing is rest and silence. We cannot understand, and therefore we must and can *trust*. There can be no mistake, no gap in the world-poem to which we belong; and I believe that those stars which, without their own contrivance, have met, will meet again. How, where, when? God knows this, and that is enough.'

The following letter, referring to the old days of the children's life in Oxford, and their father, finds its fitting place here: —

ASOLO, BICKLEY, KENT. *May* 6, 1901.

'MY DEAR MRS. MAX MÜLLER,—I think the *White Book*[1] is charming, and we are so glad to possess it ourselves; I always used to study the photographs in it, on my father's table, whenever I was up in Oxford. They bring him back so wonderfully, though only the two last are really to me pictures of him as I recall him. Of course, I heard him lecture, and recognized, as every one else did, his extraordinary ability, as well as his personal magnetism; but the memory I have of him will always be chiefly that of the loving father of our dear child-friends, Ada, and Mary, and Beatrice. No doubt you will have quite forgotten the way in which he would join, with bright unfeigned sympathy, in our plays and projects on the happy Saturday half-holiday afternoons we spent together; but we — the children — will never forget it. There was one day when we had prepared a wonderful childish play, and waited longingly in the old schoolroom, in the hope that he would come from his work, and act spectator with *you*, the ever-ready victim! And we were not disappointed; however busy he may have been, the children upstairs were not allowed to know it; when all was ready on the table, which served as the stage, the performers being small, in he came with that kindly expectant smile which, child as I was, cheered me on at once to do my best in the play. It is years ago now, and dear Mary, our heroine, is at rest with him; but I can see, as if it were only yesterday, the smiling sympathy lighting up the beautiful face, as he sat with real enjoyment, taking part all through in the children's pleasure. And another day, when Mary took me to his study that we might offer him some of the toffy we had made ourselves, I remember so well how I feared a hasty refusal, and a command to "run away," such as children so often receive. And then the intense pleasure it was to us to be instead welcomed into his beautiful room, the toffy accepted and praised, and even partaken of before us — which is what children love above all praise — and then the delight of being "shown things," as we called it; his "Penates," the little stone figures that sat round his fireplace, and some old books and pictures.

'And one more little scene I remember well, because it was the first time that a father's intense love for his son ever came home to

[1] Prepared for his friends, 1893.

me, outside my own family. I was having lunch with you, and Wilhelm, quite a little boy, had been at the gymnasium, and so was not with us when we sat down. Suddenly we heard the clear whistle he always gave, even as a tiny boy, and he came in sight from behind the trees, on to the terrace at the back of the house. I can see now the wonderful smile of love that lighted up your husband's face as he saw him, and can hear still the tone in which he cried, "Here comes the boy!"

'These are only childish memories, dating from long ago, but they are very vivid still.

'I shall always be glad that my own boy saw him, and was noticed by him, though only as a baby.

'Ever with much love,

'Yours affectionately,

'H. O'B. BOAS.'

The Max Müllers settled themselves in Dresden, in a charming flat taken for them by relatives, and here the children began the regular German school life described in the following letter:—

TO PROFESSOR KLAUS GROTH.

Translation. DRESDEN, *May* 29.

'We have been here for about a week, and on German soil I begin to feel quite well again. Wilhelm goes to school; he has to be there by 6.45, and as he has a walk of twenty minutes, we get up at 5 A.M., breakfast at 6 A.M.! The girls leave at 9 A.M. It gives us a nice long day. Now I should like to know whether you think of leaving Kiel for the Whitsun holidays; it would be so nice to meet somewhere. I hope your cares are all gone, so that you may meet the spring with a light heart. Oh! if only it would begin to be warm; here one longs for fires. My wife sends her love to you both, and hopes to see you again soon. Till the middle of June we are sure to be here — we expect a visit from my mother; after that we think of perhaps going to Berlin to see George Bunsen, but our head quarters will be here.'

Max Müller found most congenial society at Dresden, on a quiet easy footing. With Herr von Strauss und Tornay, former Minister at Bückeburg, a great Chinese scholar, Professors Hettner and Gruner at the Museum, Dr. Fleckeisen the Latinist, Count Baudissin, who aided Schlegel in the translation of

Shakespeare, and many others, he was in constant and friendly intercourse, and was at once elected an honorary member of the Fourteen Club, a gathering of literary men, and attended their meetings constantly. The Sunday afternoon walks with both parents were a delight to the children, busy all the week at their schools, and Max Müller always found time to be of the party, which he seldom did in Oxford. The Plauensche Grund was a favourite resort, then still in all its natural beauty, unspoilt, as now, by manufactures; Blasewitz, Löschwitz, the Weisse Hirsch, and Pilnitz were constantly visited, and the open-air music at most of these places added to the enjoyment.

The George von Bunsens had invited Max Müller and his wife to stay with them at Berlin.

TO HERR G. VON BUNSEN.

Translation. DRESDEN, *June* 3.

'I am so looking forward to our excursion to Berlin. The rest here and the freedom from responsibility are like a mental sea-bath to me, and I do indeed enjoy it to the utmost. I have my house here quite full; we are eight, add to it my mother, my niece, and a maid, that makes eleven. We are comfortably settled here, and my great endeavour is to avoid acquaintances and parties, but it seems impossible. Do you know Hettner? He is an able man; Stockmar's daughter was his first wife. Now a few questions with regard to Berlin. Have I to present myself to the Emperor, Empress, and Crown Prince? The Empress invited me just lately to come to London, and the Crown Princess invited us to dinner in Florence, and it always does my heart good to see the Crown Prince and Princess, a point on which I think we entirely agree. I have to see some of the Professors, but not many: Ranke, Helmholtz, Lepsius, Mommsen, Curtius, and whom else? Then I want to go to the museum, picture gallery, perhaps the opera, and if worth while, the parliament. I should like to see Bismarck face to face once, if possible. He sent me some kind messages from Versailles by Abeken; but, of course, I should on no account like to be obtrusive.'

TO THE SAME.

Translation. DRESDEN, *June* 12.

'I am looking forward very much to seeing you again. Our dear ones and our friends are cut off right and left, and life seems so

lonely at times. . . . Indeed we should like to see *Macbeth*, if possible without great exertion; if not, we shall much enjoy a quiet evening with you. The Eastern question reminds me of football, Rugby fashion. The pressure from all sides is so even, that the combined mass appears stationary. I should have liked to live to see the development, and I hoped much to greet the Prince of Roumania at Constantinople as President of the United Balkan States.'

The visit to Berlin was of great interest to Max Müller, as he met so many old friends and younger men of literary distinction. He saw for the first time the Meiningen troop of actors, trained by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who were famous for their acting of *Shakespeare*, and who, before the days of Sir Henry Irving, had introduced that accuracy in every detail of dress and scenery, which at that time were still almost unknown in England. The day before they left Berlin, the Max Müllers were commanded to Potsdam, and dined *en famille* with the Crown Prince and Princess and their children, seeing more of their family life than in their visit in 1863. After dinner, they drove alone with their royal hosts through the gardens and parks of Potsdam. The next day they went to Dessau to visit their relations. It was the only time that the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt had been in residence during one of their visits, and they expressed a wish to receive the Max Müllers. But here a difficulty arose. No lady, not of noble birth, could be received at the Schloss, according to the etiquette of the little court, therefore Max Müller's wife, though presented in England, and therefore received at court in Berlin and other European capitals, could not be admitted in Dessau. The great difficulty was surmounted by the Duke and Duchess driving out to a country place eight miles off, and there receiving their old friend and his wife.

TO HERR GEORG VON BUNSEN.

Translation. DRESDEN, BISMARCKPLATZ, *June* 28.

'We returned here yesterday. We had to give up staying at Leipzig, because the many dinners and suppers at Dessau had ex-

hausted our powers. I hope that you and your dear wife have quite recovered from the strain which our stay with you must have occasioned. We have both much enjoyed Berlin, but it was rather too much for old people. Old age begins to claim its due, and we have to learn to get old. I really long for sylvan solitude, and that is not to be found in Berlin; here at Dresden, too, there is not much of it, so that we think of going somewhere during the holidays with the children, where there are no human beings, perhaps only an orang-outang — the one in the aquarium was very beautiful, and has made a great impression on me. And now the first living gorilla is to arrive in Berlin, which provokes great jealousy in England!

'My stay in Berlin seems like a dream; I only just begin to gather myself together and enjoy over again what was so enjoyable. What filled me with the greatest astonishment in Berlin, was that two European courts have produced and nurtured two such splendid human beings as the Crown Prince and Princess. There must surely be some truth in Darwinism, the survival of the fittest! I only fear they are too good for the rough work of governing. Another thing that struck me was, that the German professors, in spite of all distractions, continue to work calmly and regularly, and yet spend themselves so little. I could not stand Berlin for one year even.

'I should have liked so to talk over many things with you, things old and new — but where is one to find time for that? You ought to come to Dresden, the journey is so short, and the wheels of life do not rush on here quite so fast. Do think of it!'

TO THE SAME.

Translation. DRESDEN, *June* 30.

'I cannot form a clear judgement yet about the journey of the Prince of Wales and its consequences. I do not think that in England any tangible results were ever expected from it. He has made a new and agreeable impression through his courteous bearing, he has made some personal friends among the Rajahs — they may, of course, be courtiers only, but in India these sort of people are very important at times. At all events, he has learnt something, if only that very reasonable people are able to worship a cow!'

TO DEAN STANLEY.

DRESDEN, *July* 3.

'I am sorry your way does not lead you to Germany. We shall probably stay here for the rest of the summer, and then turn our

steps southward. I believe I was right in running away. I have had plenty of rest here, and yet I do not feel quite myself yet. Every little thing excites me and irritates me, which ought not to be. I hope our stay here is useful for the children; they learn German without any effort. Wilhelm goes to school, and enjoys it very much. I travel about seeing old friends. We spent some time with George Bunsen at Berlin. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess were delightful; I can find no fault in either of them. I think of wintering at Lausanne, where the schools are good, and where the children would learn French. But all that is uncertain. My own wish is to go back to Oxford in October, but my doctor tells me to keep away, and enjoy a longer rest. Poor Liddell, I think of him every day, and I fear that he will never recover from that blow.[1] That daughter of his was a most charming, loveable creature, so natural, so beautiful, and he so fond, so proud of her! 'Let us die in order,' says a poet in the *Veda*, 'that the old may not weep for the young.' It was then, as it is now, inscrutable — and I doubt whether we have learnt to be more patient, and to wait our time more cheerfully, than the old worshippers of the Vedic gods.

'We have given up all idea of going to Roumania, but I have promised to visit him at Constantinople. England's policy has made an impression in Germany — people begin to see again that England is a great power, more powerful for inflicting injury, and herself invulnerable, than any other. It is well that people should know that: a mistake on that point might prove fatal. The idea that England supports the Porte against her Christian subjects is a popular illusion, and I have no doubt that Lord Derby will come out very well in the forthcoming debate. England has told Russia what she (Russia) shall not do, and that will have been an excellent and really most useful lesson to Russia. I do not like Disraeli's tone, but I am afraid Gladstone would have made a European war inevitable.

'We shall all be glad to have your book;[2] my children know your first volume better than I do. My wife sends you her love. We often speak of you, and much as she longs for England, she often says how deserted it has become during the last few years — how few friends are left, how many are gone.'

During the short summer holidays at the schools, Max Müller took a small house at Schandau in Saxon Switzerland, his mother

[1] The death of his third daughter. All who knew Edith Liddell will endorse Max Müller's words.

[2] *Lectures on the Jewish Church.*

and Baroness von Stolzenberg and some other relatives being there at the same time. The long rambles and expeditions were a great delight to his children, who had never before seen any rocky scenery, and the constant outdoor life was full of enjoyment.

It was during this summer that the controversy with Professor Whitney, of Yale, which is well known to scholars, reached its culminating point. Professor Whitney had for years attacked Max Müller on various fundamental questions of the Science of Language, and was much irritated that no notice had been taken of these attacks. At length, in 1875, in his *Reply to Mr. Darwin*, Max Müller, as one Review put it, 'said a great deal that was severe upon Whitney.' On this, as another Review said, 'Professor Whitney, according to his wont, published a violent and utterly indecent attack upon Professor Max Müller. The Oxford combatant replied (*In Self-Defence*) with still greater severity, but with good breeding. The subject is so complex that it is not easy to say if Professor Whitney is alone in the wrong. It is, however, quite clear that he has not the tact and temperance to deal with a polished man of the world like Professor Max Müller, even if the latter were in the wrong.' Mr. Moncure Conway, who knew both Max Müller and Professor Whitney, has kindly sent the following letter on the subject: —

22 EAST TENTH STREET, NEW YORK, *May* 7, 1901.

'DEAR MRS. MAX MÜLLER, — I send you another letter of Professor Max Müller's, which I found lately among some notes preserved apart by my wife, no doubt on account of its words of sympathy with us on the death of our son Dana fifteen years ago. I felt it — and still feel it — a great privilege to have known the warm and tender heart that was in him. I lamented that Professor Whitney could not have lived for a time at Oxford, and really known Professor Max Müller — and indeed told him (Whitney) so when I last saw him.

'Although I am not competent to pass any judgement on the scientific points at issue between Professor Max Müller and Professor

Whitney, I felt certain that the sharp language used by the latter was due to his not knowing the character of your husband, partly I fear through the representations of others who could not repress some unconscious jealousy of the honours heaped upon him.

'Before leaving England in 1875 for a few months' visit to America, I had some conversation with Professor Max Müller on the unhappy misunderstanding, which he deplored, and he authorized me and desired me to urge on Professor Whitney the proposal for an arbitration by scholars — naming several who were his (Whitney's) friends, pledging himself to abide by their decision. During the winter, when giving some lectures at New Haven, at which Professor Whitney presided, I was his guest, and I was much disappointed that he did not accept the proposal for arbitration. Why he did not, I was unable to discover, for I do not believe he suspected that he might be in the wrong. I made some notes of his grievances, and they appeared to me such as might fairly be submitted to impartial scholars, but he seemed to think that it would not be honourable in him to so submit them. I fancied he might have engaged with some antagonist of your husband not to do so. At any rate, my attempted intervention in the matter failed, much to my distress. I reported the result to Professor Max Müller, and that was the end of it so far as I was concerned. Your husband never spoke with any bitterness of Professor Whitney, in my hearing, but only said that he did not know what more he could do. I remember, too, his telling me that he held back his article, *In Self-Defence*, for some time because he heard that Professor Whitney was ill. His whole spirit in these conversations was so conciliatory and so free from arrogance, that if I had known of any wrong he had done, I should have felt perfectly free to point it out. He would not have taken any offence, but given it the most candid consideration. I was not intimate with Professor Whitney, but always found him gracious, personally; and very instructive in conversation, and in one of his lectures in Yale College, at which I was able to attend, his sincerity in relating his "grievances" was evident, though just what they were I found it difficult to understand.

'I look forward with eagerness to the work on which you are engaged. I do not believe that any pen but your own can do any real justice to the man; as for the scholar, he is revealed already in his magnificent and monumental works.

'Your old friend,

'MONCURE D. CONWAY.'

As Professor Max Müller's *In Self-Defence* has long been before the public, any one can see that, however severe his words may be, they are not discourteous. Can the same be said of Professor Whitney's expressions, who allowed himself, in writing of Max Müller, to speak of him thus: 'To me he is simply, with all his ability, one of the great humbugs of the century.' 'He has always been rated at full ten times his value as a scholar.'

As Professor Whitney entirely declined the arbitration proposed by Max Müller in *In Self-Defence*, there, as far as Max Müller was concerned, the matter ended. It was a gratification to him to receive about this time from an American an article on the fourth volume of *Chips*, which the author hoped 'might make some amends for the gross injustice you have received from some of your reviewers here.'

A brilliant review in the *Times* of September 25, 1876, on seven of his Sanskrit works, including the six volumes of the *Rig-veda* and the first volume of translation, was also a great pleasure to him. With all his sensitiveness, and his deeply affectionate nature which made him keenly alive to any coldness on the part of friends he loved and trusted, Max Müller was perfectly callous to merely *unfavourable* reviews. He knew that in all his works he did his very best, that he spared neither time nor labour to make them as perfect as he could, and therefore mere fault-finding moved him very little. He could be very wrathful, and righteously wrathful, over misrepresentation and falsehood, but he never allowed himself to use the language that is only too common among scholars in Germany and America; he could be caustic and severe, never abusive.

Mr. St. George Mivart, a few years later, in alluding to an argument with Max Müller, wrote: 'The kindness of Professor Max Müller's reply I recognize with pleasure, but without surprise, since those who know him, know him to be as remarkable for his courtesy as for his great learning.'

TO HERR G. VON BUNSEN.

Translation. DRESDEN, *November* 7.

'I congratulate you on your election and your work in Parliament. I come to see more and more what a stranger I have become to the life over here, and how separate I am, with regard to politics, from my friends. I see in Bismarck only what is great, and I cannot forget what he has done. He has had devils to fight, and has sometimes fought them by devils. But are *we* to reproach him for that, *we* for whom he has fought? However, I know the mountains look beautiful from a distance: approach them, and the paths look often dirty and slippery enough.

'If you could come here, that would be nice. Though our house is rather uncomfortable for a married couple, yet with goodwill it is possible to manage; for a grass widower, however, we could arrange comfortably, and the journey is so short. Who knows how long we may stay here! We like this place so much. I am better, if I take care of myself, and the children thrive beautifully. My old mother is living with us now. How grateful I ought to be!

'I am sorry to have missed Auerbach. I have read the first tale. It is evident he no longer makes a great effort when writing, does not devote himself entirely to his work, but now and then it is like lightning from heaven. No, indeed, I rarely read German papers. I rejoice, however, all the more that the gorilla is alive. I should have liked to see it face to face.'

TO DEAN STANLEY.

DRESDEN, BISMARCKPLATZ 10,
November 27, 1876.

'I see you are in London again, so I send you a sign of life in the shape of the fourth volume of my *Essays* translated into German. If you have looked at the original, you need not read the translation. There is much fighting in it.

'How I wish you could have come here in the summer! The town and the country are so beautiful — all so easy to see, and no one to take notice or interfere with one. We had several old friends staying with us, but otherwise lived entirely by ourselves. The rest and quiet were delightful to me, particularly after all the worry at Oxford, and I feel more and more that I should have broken down, had I remained there. We all like the place so much that we cannot move away. We meant to have gone to the Lake of Geneva,

but the doctor thinks I am so much better that I may stay here during the winter. The children are all hard at work, Wilhelm doing very well in his German Gymnasium. He has grown to be such a German that he says he wants to stay at his school even when we all go away!

'We have two bishops here, one formerly of Honolulu, Dr. Staley, very bright and intelligent, and, like most missionaries who have had dealings with real heathen, very tolerant to such heathens as myself. Then a Bishop of Rhode Island, a really liberal-minded American bishop, whom you ought to know, Dr. Clark. He has preached some excellent sermons here, and he told me he had preached the same sermon before the assembled bishops of the Pan-Anglican Council. He is much opposed to a new Pan-Anglican, but he represents a small minority in America, I fear.

'Many thanks for your book, which we have been reading out together, enjoying it each in our own way, children and all. I suppose you will go on with your work now, when nothing remains to make life pleasant but work, particularly such work as yours.

'When one reads of all the political excitement in England, it is extraordinary to see the utter apathy in Germany. Bismarck in that respect simply represents the people. They have had enough of fighting, and they will not fight again until they are forced to it. There is not much love for Russia, but I believe there is more for Russia than for England. How that has come to pass I hardly know, but it is so. Russia remained neutral during the Austrian and the French wars, she might have done much mischief to Germany then, and there is a general feeling of gratitude in Germany for that neutrality, whereas a number of German papers have been going on telling the people that England supplied the French with arms, when they had none left to fight with. Then comes the prudential feeling — if Germany were to go against Russia, directly or indirectly, the French would at once embrace the Russians. Germany will be friendly to Russia, and would not mind a war between Russia and Turkey, nor between Russia and England. With all my strong feelings against Disraeli, I think his policy is right, Gladstone's wrong. If Russia really wanted freedom for the Christians, if the Russian people were really to rush in and fight it out till every Turk was driven out of Europe, that would be very different. But Russia is simply bullying, and trying to gain what she can, chiefly an exit for her fleet in the Black Sea. England is strong enough to prevent that — the fact is, England is just now stronger than any other power in Europe, and Russia would draw back if England took the Dar-

danelles, and insisted on the Treaty of Paris being respected. What is so extraordinary to me is that the decision of war and peace rests at the present moment with two men, the Russian Emperor and Disraeli. People who decline to be taxed without their consent, submit to being killed without being asked, and without asking any question. Only in America, I believe, war cannot be declared without consulting the Senate, but in England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, two or three men say war, and the people go and fight like so many wolves and sheep. Savage as it seems, it seems almost as if it could not be otherwise, and that national impulses would be even more dangerous than diplomatic intrigues.'

TO M. MICHEL BRÉAL.

DRESDEN, *November* 28.

'I send you to-day the German translation of the fourth volume of my *Essays*. If you will look at the second part of my *Rede Lecture* and the *Criticisms on Curtius' Chronology*, you will see how much we agree with regard to roots and their development. I have gone still further in my lectures on *Darwin's Philosophy of Language*, where I speak of the friction of roots, and I am now hard at work on the same subject. I have just read your article in the *Journal des Savants*, it is quite refreshing to read something independent. I never believed in any Ursprache, it is a *deus ex machina*, an impossibility. I hope soon to hear from M. Darmesteter, whether he can undertake the translation of the *Vendidad*. I am afraid the language will prove a difficulty. I feel so well here at Dresden that I cannot make up my mind to move. I am thinking of Geneva, or of some town in France, where my children could speak French; I am thinking most of all of Paris. For you know how fond I am of Paris, and how I have passed there some of the happiest years of my life. But there are always so many *buts*, and this inertia keeps me where I am. I have my three daughters with me, twelve, fourteen, and fifteen years of age, and my boy, nine years old.'

The plan of leaving Dresden in the autumn had been given up, the whole party were too happy in their various occupations, and too comfortable to wish to move, and it was finally settled to stay till Easter. The girls were making good progress with their various masters, the boy was doing well at school, and the parents enjoyed the society and the easy life and beauty of Dresden.

But this happiness was brought to an abrupt and terrible end. The eldest girl, growing to be her parents' friend and help, as she had long been their pride and joy, was taken suddenly ill with meningitis, and in one week was taken from them. They laid her to rest in the beautiful Annen Kirchhof, the day before her sixteenth birthday. Max Müller never entirely recovered from this loss: the spring, the joy of life was gone. He suffered severely, and it was months before he could at all rouse himself and take up work again. His letters show how deep the wound was.

TO PROFESSOR LEPSIUS.

Translation. *December* 23.

'How much the sympathy of true friends can soften the deepest heart-sorrow! I should never have believed it, now I know it. Our loss is inconceivable — such a beautiful rich Spring was opening before our eyes; a childlike heart, with all the wealth of a woman's goodness. She studied so hard of herself, she learnt to control herself, so that I often felt humiliated myself before her. Her life was full of sunshine, and before the clouds of life could rise on her horizon she passed into a better life. We thank God that He found her worthy to return so young, so unspoilt to her Father's house. She belongs to us now more than before, and what of life is left to me belongs to my child in heaven. My wife is my best support. My old mother is with me, and has had to bear this loss in her old age. Thank your wife from us both, and think of me still with sympathy.'

TO HIS COUSIN, MAJOR V. BASEDOW.

December 21.

'MY DEAR ADOLF, — Your sympathy has been a great comfort to us, and Emma's beautiful wreath lies near Ada's heart. We have suffered very much, but from the first moment we have thanked God that He has taken our dear good child to Himself. She is spared much sorrow in life: she has only known the bright Spring, and slept away into a better world. My whole life now belongs to her and her memory, till our long life's journey is over. I should like to have laid her to rest at Dessau, but G. shrank from the effort, and she rests here in a lovely spot. We want now quiet and rest,

but I hope we shall meet before we return to England. We stay here till Easter.'

The following letter to Dean Stanley was quoted by him in his sermon to children, preached in Westminster Abbey on Innocents' Day, December, 1876: —

'As soon as her last breath was gone I was able to thank God that He had taken my child into His arms, where she is safe for ever from all the troubles and the sorrows of life. The first chapter of her existence has closed. Who knows what troubles might have been in store for her? But she was found worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven as a little child. Here we have toiled for many years, and been troubled with many questionings. but what is the end of it all? We must learn to become simple again like little children. That is all we have a right to be; for this life was meant to be the childhood of our souls, and the more we try to be what we were meant to be, the better for us. Let us use the powers of our minds with the greatest freedom and love of truth; but let us never forget that we are, as Newton said, "like children playing on the seashore, while the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered before us."'

The sympathy shown on all sides was very deep. The Queen of Saxony sent a kind message to the bereaved parents. The Crown Princess wrote, as did Prince Leopold. The Princess of Roumania ('Carmen Sylva'), whose loss of her only little girl enabled her to speak words of comfort from her own experience, sent the parents many beautiful poems, whilst the letters from friends in England were full of genuine sorrow. The English Chaplain at Dresden, Mr. Gilderdale, and his wife, were a true help and support, and their tender and wise sympathy was never forgotten.

This verse was found among Max Müller's papers: —

'Better so — the world in growing
Might have soiled her with its breath,
Surely God in dearly loving
Gave her, young, His gift of death.'

CHAPTER XXIII

1877–1878

Dresden. Switzerland. Return to Oxford. Letters to Noiré. Hibbert Lectures. Graham Bell and Telephone. Malvern. Whitby. Boyton Manor. Publication of Hibbert Lectures. Death of Grand Duchess of Hesse.

MAX MÜLLER and his family stayed on quietly in Dresden till April, his old mother with him. He busied himself in the arrangements and correspondence for the *Sacred Books of the East*, though even his work failed to rouse and interest him.

TO CHARLES ROBARTS, ESQ.

DRESDEN, *January* 1, 1877.

'I knew you would feel with us when you heard of our loss, yet I was glad to have your letter, and the expression of your sympathy. The blow fell upon us so suddenly — our dear Ada was so well and happy, hard at work, growing thoughtful and considerate for others, and she became to both of us a friend and companion, when in not quite a fortnight, an inflammation of the membranes of the brain carried her off, and she fell asleep before our eyes without a struggle. One learns to bear what one must bear, but life is changed, and we ourselves can never be again what we were before. My life has been hitherto so full of sunshine that the sudden change seems more than I can bear. Our life had been so bright and happy here; now all is over, and I long to be back in Oxford. We stay here till Easter, because we can live here in more quiet and solitude than anywhere else; after that our thoughts are homeward. Everything seems so far removed now, and I feel as if I could never care for anything again.'

The kindest letters continued to reach the parents, one of which is given here: —

FROM PROFESSOR KERN.

LEIDEN, *January* 2, 1877.

'MY DEAR SIR, — When after too long a delay I was about to answer your kind letter, and to say that I was willing to accede to your proposal, I got a letter from Bohtlingk, which informed me of the heavy loss you have suffered. I cannot really sit down and write to the scholar, when I am only thinking of the father. Do not think that I will intrude upon the privacy of your sorrow when I express my heartfelt condolence with you at the sad event. Alas! your loss is one of those that throw a lasting shadow on the path of life. There are days in our life when we are apt to acknowledge the truth of the saying that "all is sorrow." Yes, there is truth in it, but it is not *the* truth. It is pitiful indeed to see a young life nipped in its bloom; even the bystanders are moved, and for the parents it is a cause of overwhelming grief. At such occurrences the wise men ought not to try to fathom the mysteries of human life and the final destination of man. After raising in the inner recesses of his heart a monument to the sacred memory of the departed one, he should return to the battle of life, where he has to conquer his external and internal foes.'

TO PROFESSOR LEGGE.

DRESDEN, *January* 21, 1877.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — How long have I wished to thank you for your letter, so full of sympathy, but I had nothing to say but "Yes, yes," to all your comforting words; and yet all strength seemed gone — the heart and the body will not obey. I feel more and more every day how much I have lost.

'I know how happy her lot has been on earth: life must have been a perfect paradise to her, without a suspicion of evil and suffering. I know that she is safe — that is a comfort, almost a relief; but there is the blank, and a wound that can never heal, nay, that I hope will never heal. She suffered very little. She was in the full enjoyment of health till two or three weeks before she was taken from us. No human skill could have saved her — an inflammation of the membranes of the brain acted on the nerves of the heart, which wore itself out, and she slept away without a struggle.'

A new anxiety fell on Max Müller early in February, when his boy caught scarlet fever from a school-fellow, and had it very severely. The following, out of a book of thoughts written

at this time, shows how he suffered under this new burden of anxiety: —

'Since yesterday morning W. is ill with scarlet fever. I cannot gather my thoughts — I cannot. I feel after God that He may help; I am dumb before Him. My dear Ada gone, and now God shows me again and makes me feel how we are all in His hand. Oh, God have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner! "When thou thunderest, then they believe thee," says the old poet in the *Veda*, and is it not so even now? How careless my happy life has been; now Thy terrible thunder, oh God, has roused me. I know Thy will is holy; Thy hand is a Father's hand; help me to bear Thy burden — I cannot.'

The following was written by Max Müller about this time in a friend's album, who had shortly before lost her husband: —

Translation.

'There is a large and secret brotherhood in this world, the members of which easily recognize each other, without any visible outward sign. It is the band of mourners. The members of this brotherhood need not necessarily wear mourning; they can even rejoice with the joyful, and they seldom sigh or weep when others see them. But they recognize and understand each other, without uttering a word, like tired wanderers who, climbing a steep mountain, overtake other tired wanderers, and pause, and then silently go on again, knowing that they all hope to see the same glorious sunset, high up above. Their countenances reflect a soft moonlight; when they speak, one thinks of the whispering of the leaves of a beech forest after a warm spring shower, and as the rays of the sun light up the drops of dew with a thousand colours, and drink them up from the green grass, a heavenly light seems to shine through the tears of the mourners, to lighten them, and lovingly kiss them away. Almost every one, sooner or later, enters this brotherhood, and those who enter it early may be considered fortunate, for they learn, before it is too late, that *all* which man calls his own is only lent him for a short time, and the ivy of their affections does not cling so deeply and so strongly to the old walls of earthly happiness.

'In friendly remembrance of F. M. M.'

To Charles Robarts, Esq.

Dresden, *April* 8.

'I like to know what is going on at All Souls, at Oxford, in England, though I doubt sometimes whether I shall ever take any part in

it again. I cannot recover my spirits nor my strength, and it has been too hard a blow, and I see nothing but anxiety before me. We leave this in about a week to try the mountain air of Switzerland. . . . As you may imagine, I have no wish to serve on the University Commission. I find I am much more useful in the second file, loading the guns for others to fire them off. But if I am wanted, I am ready, provided there is a chance of getting a majority of reasonable men on the Committee.'

TO MRS. KINGSLEY.

DRESDEN, *April* 14.

'MY DEAREST AUNT, — I send you a letter from the Crown Princess. Please let me have it back by-and-by. We start to-day for Switzerland. You know how heavy our hearts feel. And yet one has to go on, and live and work and smile, and no one knows how all the time our thoughts are elsewhere, and find rest and comfort only in dwelling on one memory, which fills our whole heart. You know all that — you know how one enjoys what people call sorrow, how one longs for silence and solitude, to be alone with those who draw us to another world. We shall find rest where we are going now, I hope. I know G. wants it. What should I have been without her help? I feel so rich, so blessed in her and my three children, but I hardly dare to call anything my own now! Your book[1] has been such a comfort to me. I read it when I could have read nothing else. What a triumph it is. I rejoice in it with you — it is a real resurrection of a man whom the world did not know till they could see him no more. Depend upon it, that book will live long after we are gone. I have long tried to write something about it for the German papers, but I found it so difficult to keep my thoughts together. I can do any amount of drudgery, translation, index-making, &c., but as soon as I attempt to compose, I find I cannot do it. However, I have written an article, and sent it off; people in Germany ought to read the book, and if I attract their attention, that is all I want.

'How often I think of you. There is a communion in sorrow, which binds our hearts together more closely than common joy and happiness. We have had such deep sympathy even from mere strangers, and such sympathy is a help. I did not know it before, but I know it now.'

The party settled at Mollens, a little village on the slopes of the Jura, with the whole range of Mont Blanc in view across the

[1] *Life of Charles Kingsley.*

Lake of Geneva. There are many of these villages along the Jura, each with its chateau, once important houses, now mostly occupied as pensions. The chateaux have fine rooms, and the air is superb, but it would be difficult to find a more primitive life, and more absolute quiet, than in these Jura villages. At the back of Mollens rises Mont Tendre, one of the highest points of the Jura range. For the girls the French teaching was excellent, but it was so lonely for his boy, that Max Müller soon sent him to Hofwyl, a famous school near Berne, the head master of which, with his English wife, were old friends of the Max Müllers. Nearly three months were passed in this perfect quiet. Long walks were taken every day, and the wonderful variety of wild flowers were a constant delight and occupation. Above 300 different flowers were found during these three months. Excursions on foot were undertaken to other parts of the Jura, to Le Locle, Le Lieu, Le Pont, and other places where the Huguenots settled on their expulsion from France, and introduced watch-making and other industries. Mont Tendre was ascended more than once, for the sake of the view; the Gemmi was crossed through deep snow, Zermatt and other places opening from the Rhone valley were explored, and Max Müller gradually recovered his usual vigour. He wrote to his mother:—

Translation. CHATEAU DE MOLLENS, *April.*

'The most rural, retired spot, an old chateau on a spur of the Jura, three hours from the nearest station, with the hills rising behind the house, and in front, on a fine day, such a view, almost as fine as the famous view from Berne. Mont Blanc just in front, . . . whilst right and left run his snowy companions, and the Lake of Geneva at their foot.

'*April* 19. I was longing for solitude and rest, and I shall find that here. It is said to be very healthy, but is still cold, so that we require fires.'

TO R. B. D. MORIER, ESQ.

CHATEAU DE MOLLENS, *July* 18.

'I see in the paper that your dear old father has been called to his rest. The longer you have had him, the more you will miss him.

Though you have long been away from your father, yet I know how the feeling warms us when we feel chilled in the world, that there is one heart, a father's or a mother's heart, which, whatever the world may say or think of us, loves us with all our faults, and will love us to the end. And what a comfort it must be to you to know how happy and proud your father felt of you, how you were the chief interest that still bound him to this earth. I wonder whether you were with him at the last moment? Well, my dear friend, we stand now in the first line of the battle, and in a few years more, our fight will be over too. All we can do is to fight on bravely, as long as we can, though one often longs for rest, and to hear no more of the din of battle.

'I have so often thought of your dear father lately. He was always so kind to me, and when I lost my child, he sent me word to say what he had had to bear, and had been able to bear.

'Switzerland has done me much good — I can sleep again, and the more I work the stronger I feel. We are going away from here in a few days. I want to show my children a little of Switzerland before we return, but in about six weeks I think we shall be back in Oxford.'

After a few days at Hofwyl, where they joined their boy, the Max Müllers settled at Gimmelwald, a little Swiss pension, higher up the Lauterbrunnen Valley than Mürren, and much quieter. From this many excursions were made, in which they were joined by friends from Mürren. From Gimmelwald Max wrote to his mother: —

Translation. GIMMELWALD, *August* 5.

'Yesterday, at six in the morning, I got a telegram from the Emperor of Brazil in Interlaken, who wished to see me. I went to Interlaken, and had a long conversation with him, all in French. He is a man who has read and thought a great deal, and we agreed in most things. He is now working at Sanskrit, and had much to ask. The Empress was also there; all other visitors were refused. In the afternoon they went on to Berne, and I came back here in the evening. Rest and solitude are doing me good, and I hope to have these even in Oxford. When I sit quietly at my work I feel better, but even here we have seen more people than we wished for. You ask how I like Ebers' *Uarda* — very much. It is more of a novel than the *King's Daughter*, but that was historically more interesting, as it treated not only of the Egyptian, but of the Greek and Persian life. The first book was more instructive; this one more artistically perfect.'

A few days were spent at Basle on the way to England, to enable Max Müller to see his old friend Gelzer, the historian, at that time chiefly occupied in writing on religious questions. A few days later Gelzer wrote to Max: —

Translation. *August* 16, 1877.

'The short time we were together proved to my entire satisfaction that the presentiment which led me to you was a true inspiration. In intercourse with you I breathed again that same strengthening air that I breathed in my intercourse with Bunsen and others. Your wide views of the world, your living knowledge of England and Germany, your cultivated historical point of view, your religious and ethical disposition, all worked as refreshing dew on my spirit and thoughts.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. OXFORD, *August* 30.

'We have been home since Saturday. What we felt in returning here you can imagine. It was like a second funeral! With every day I miss my child more, and so it will be for one's whole life. I have much to do to get settled again. The children are happy in their old home, but one sees from time to time how they miss their sister. We have seen hardly any one. Most people are still away, so for a time it will be quiet.'

TO MONCURE CONWAY, ESQ.

(who had written asking him to lecture for him in London).

OXFORD, *September* 17.

'Thanks for your hearty welcome. I have been back for the last three weeks, trying to feel at home again in my old house, which looks so sad, and strange, and empty. Life to me can never be again what it has been these fifty years of unbroken sunshine, but it may become something better. At present I cannot help you in London. I want rest and quiet, and I have plenty of work. My health is quite restored, better than ever; I never feel tired, and I can sleep again like a child. The translation of the *Sacred Books of the East* progresses well, though I have still much correspondence to carry on to make my collaborators keep step. I am myself continuing my translation of the *Rig-veda*. Here and there there is a gem, but it is strange to see with how little man was satisfied in early days, and, maybe, is even now.'

TO M. RENAN.

OXFORD, *October* 7.

'How many years have passed since I last wrote to you! and now the first thing I do is to ask a favour. That I have the courage to do so will show you that, though we have not exchanged letters of late, you have always remained very near to me. I have read your books, where, after all, a man gives the best that he has, and is, to his friends. Your last book found me in Switzerland. I went through the Dialogues with you, and enjoyed your conversation. I only regretted that I could not always see *you* distinctly, and I doubt whether in these days of monologues, dialogues can do justice to an author. The value of books, however, lies after all in a few salient sentences. I remember one which I read with delight in your Dialogues, though I cannot find it now: "Human language, as soon as it tries to reach the supernatural, becomes of necessity mythological"—something like that; you will know the passage I mean. But now comes the favour I meant to ask you. I have been reading of late much of what has been written in modern and ancient times about death, and life after death. I believe that you wrote on that subject when your sister left you, and that you sent what you had written to some of your friends. Would you let me see what you wrote then? I now belong to the same company of mourners: my eldest daughter, sixteen years old, all that a father could desire, and still all my own, left me last year. I know how sacred a thing the grief of our hearts is, and, if you tell me No, I shall fully understand and respect your motives. But many times of late, when I was reading Figuier, or Naville, or Plutarch, or Cicero, I thought of you and what you might have said, and at last I summoned up courage to write to you as I have done. Even if you do not answer at all, I shall know why you remain silent—the heart that knows its own bitterness knows also the bitterness of other hearts.

'We have been back for six weeks; I thought first I should stay a few weeks at Paris on my way back to England, but my heart failed me at the last moment, and we went home direct from Switzerland. I am gradually getting accustomed to my old rooms, and beginning new work. The *Sacred Books of the East* are safe; there are sixteen translators at work, but it will be a year or two before the first volumes appear. I quite share your feelings of admiration for M. Darmesteter. His book on Ormazd and Ahriman is a step, and I am proud to have secured him for the translation of the *Avesta*. Your young Sanskrit scholars too are doing excellent work. The

Upanishads and the *Vedanta*, if looked into seriously, contain, I believe, the solution of many difficulties which perplex our philosophy. Only it is not enough to translate them, they require the shoulder of a Christophorus to carry them over the channel of two thousand years that runs between the old Vanaprasthas and ourselves.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. *October* 9.

'I can well believe how you have been living over old days! Fifty years[1] is a long time, and you have had much that has been very hard to bear. But one must learn to bear, and try to understand that it all is as it should be, and that life is best for us as it is. How happy are those who die young, but we who are growing old and grey have the consolation that we shall not be left here, lonely and forsaken, for ever. We must have patience; and then we all cling to life, as long as there are those who love us here. Those who love us there are always ours. Nothing is lost in the world. How it will be we know not, but if we have recognized the working of a divine wisdom and love here on earth, we can take comfort and wait patiently for that which shall come. So I wish you for your birthday, and for the years to come, quiet and patience. We have many visitors; our friends are very kind, but they don't understand we feel most happy when we are left alone!'

The interview mentioned in the following letter to his wife has been adverted to in an earlier chapter, but it is interesting to see the impression produced at the time:—

November 3, 1877.

'I had an interesting visit to-day from Nîlakantha Goreh, the man I often spoke to you about. But how changed! He is one of the Cowley Brothers; has been here for a year and a half, and is going back to India in a few days. Now and then the old spirit seemed to move in him, but he soon relapsed into formulas which he had learnt, and which seemed to satisfy him. He was glad to see me again, but it was sad to see the eagle with broken wings!'

TO M. RENAN

(who had sent him his Memoir of his sister, Henriette Renan).

'Your book arrived to-day, and I sat down at once to read it. I could follow you, feel with you, sorrow with you from beginning to

[1] Wilhelm Müller died October, 1827.

end. One learns, as one grows older, to care more for the great sorrows of life than for its joys. One learns to weep with those who weep, as one learns to laugh with those who laugh. Your sorrow was different from mine, yet at heart it was the same. The love between a father and his young daughter is the same perfect, because unselfish love, as that between a brother and a sister. For fifty years my life had been a constant sunshine, with no clouds but such as are necessary for a beautiful sky. I often said to myself, I could live and work on for two hundred years and never get tired of it. Now all is changed; the very happiness which is left me still in my wife and children makes me tremble, for I know now on what conditions we hold our happiness. One goes on day after day, and one asks why that long delay? How happy we should be if we were all called away at sixteen, knowing nothing of life but that it is a garden and a paradise. Truly those who die young are blessed. And shall we find them again such as they left us? Why not? It is really here on earth that those whom we love change, it is here that they die every day; have we not lost the little angel faces as our children first appeared to us when they entered this world? Where are our children of three and four years, with their minds growing like sweet buds? Where are they, such as they were when ten years old, coming to us with their first troubles, their first questions, and convinced that they could all be answered by their father and mother? Where are they, as they first began to judge for themselves, and yet clung to us as their best friends? Where are all those bright joyous faces which we look at when we open our photograph books from year to year? On earth they are lost, but are they not treasured up for another life, where we shall be not only what we are from day to day, never the same to-morrow as we were yesterday, but where we are at once all that we can be — where memory is not different from perception, nor our wills different from our acts? We shall soon know — till then surely we have a right to be what we are, and to cling to our human hopes. The more human they are, the nearer the truth they are likely to be.

'I shall keep your book as a real treasure. Why is it so difficult to say our best things to the world?'

The following letter is among the first of a long and active correspondence carried on with Professor Noiré of Mainz, from now till Noiré's death in 1889. Professor Noiré early lost the beautiful girl to whom he was engaged, and never

married. He had written a very severe critique on some of Max Müller's works, which a subsequent perusal of them led him to regret, and he at once wrote to Max Müller acknowledging himself in the wrong. Max, who had not seen the attack, was very much touched by the letter, and a devoted friendship sprang up between them. Noiré was warmly attached to Max Müller's children.

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. OXFORD, *November* 11.

'It was kind of you to send me your picture: I know you now much better. What are faces for, if not to show us what men are? The words "at the grave of a blessed hope" have touched me deeply. Few would have had the strength to utter such words. My loss was a different one: . . . much remains that belongs to me, my wife and three children, but the feelings of security, the belief in this life is gone. I pack up my luggage and wait for my train. I should still like to finish various things, but I have the feeling that others who are less tired will do it better than I. We are on the right path, and we are further on than we were thirty years ago. But the old ones have to make way for the young ones, and must rejoice if they continue on the same straight road. Work and pleasure in my work is never wanting with me, only the time for it seems so short. I read Carrière's *Order of the Moral World* lately. He is an old friend of mine. You will like Part II. One of these days I mean to take time to study your writings from beginning to end; but I read but slowly. So far I meet with no thoughts which would make me say No. I wonder where we shall differ. You may go farther in regard to Physics and Metaphysics; I seem to take firmer ground in regard to the historical facts of language, but our aim, I think, is the same.'

TO THE SAME.

Translation. *November* 18.

'DEAR FRIEND, — For I think I may call you so, for a meeting of spirits and a mutual understanding is a good if not a better foundation for true friendship, than a casual living together or working together in the same place. And nothing binds human beings so closely together — as in our case — as a common sorrow. I thank you for your sympathy, but, believe me, my sorrow is at the same time my best

comfort. I should not like to part with it for anything: you know what I mean. My work of course shall not suffer from it; on the contrary, I seem to see much clearer the work pointed out to me, and I throw a great deal overboard to reach the goal all the faster. I have some big tasks in view, tasks which will occupy me for several years to come, and therefore I shun no labour. My *Lectures on Darwin* will, I hope, make a nice volume. . . . I am still searching for the origin of the first concept. I see perfectly what you say about the dualism in the percept of the two arms, eyes, &c., being that of one only. But is reason originally a mere addition? and if so, I ask again: *how* do we add together? *How* do one and one make two, make a pair? I should like to say something in public about your last book, to draw the attention of the English to your work and your philosophical position. . . . But my memory is not quite reliable, and I should like to ask you to give me a clear *résumé* of your work. . . . Let us hold together while life lasts. Hand in hand we may achieve more than each alone by himself. We are much less afraid when we are two together. The chief condition of all spiritual friendship is perfect frankness. There is no better proof of true friendship than sincere reproof, where such reproof is necessary. We are occupied on one great work, and in this consciousness all that is small must necessarily disappear.'

TO THE SAME.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD, *November* 26, 1877.

'DEAR FRIEND,—. . . There is something in the development and perception of language which is like the formation of corals. How I do envy the Greeks their λόγος: how much confusion we might have been spared by such a word as that! I find in your first book what I missed in your last about the origin of language—the foundation, which is far more important than all the later occurrences. Whether the materials developed by means of sympathy or mimetic is of no great consequence, if only it is clearly realized who is the architect of it all, what he is and what was his intention. I can well imagine a language rising out of mimetic materials; indeed, I think we have no right whatever to exclude these materials. The great rivers rise from more than one source—language also. Everything depends on how language works out the material, *i.e.* how it forms its roots. I have reflected much upon that, have sifted and collected much, but it does not please me yet. . . . Our problem is what you

have stated most clearly, what do we understand by Reason ? where is its origin ? whither does Reason tend ? Reason springs from the perception of the manifold, and strives for the recognition of the highest Oneness — Nature pursues the inverted process, from the highest Oneness or Unity, acting or acted upon, to the endless manifold. Surely Heaven has been mankind's teacher. Sunrise and sunset preach daily the law of Causality, and in the dawn of the morning we find the first glimmer of Syllogism. The first flush — then the sun appears.'

TO MRS. KINGSLEY.

OXFORD, *December* 13, 1877.

'MY DEAR AUNT, — It is true that time, and the stars, and the sun have little to do with our sorrows, yet you know how these anniversaries bring back the crushing weight, and take away the elevating power of sorrow. How often I think of you when I feel very sad, and hardly know whether to be more grateful for the year that is gone, or for the years that may still be left me to live with those whom I love on earth. Life can never be again what it was before: one never can forget again the uncertainty of the tenure by which we hold here all that we call our own. One sits quiet in a corner, waiting for the next train, and wondering who will leave us next. That we should ever have been so happy on earth as we have been, that is the marvel. Did not life and happiness seem endless then? and now one only longs that all were over here, and that we were all together again in a safer place. I believe in all our hopes we cannot be human enough. Let us be what we are — men, feel as men, sorrow as men, hope as men. It is true our hopes are human, but what are the doubts and difficulties ? Are they not human too? That is what we forget when we try to be very wise. Shall we meet again as we left ? Why not ? Do we not see in the young girl of sixteen the child of six years, nay, even of six weeks, and love one in the other and all together ? We do not know *how* it will be so, but who has a right to say that it *cannot* be so ? Let us imagine and hope for the best that, as men, we can conceive, and then rest convinced that it will be a thousand times better. In that hope I live on, and work on, and that, as you know well, is a great help. How I have rejoiced in the success of your book, for your sake as well as for his! A life well lived is, after all, worth living for. I am quite well in health, the children are well, but they too look forward to a saddened Christmas.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, *December* 17, 1877.

'. . . "Let bygones be bygones" is a good proverb, which you learn in England. I am hardened, and have been so for years, against all attacks here; they very rarely cause me a sleepless night. When I, the first layman, delivered my address in Westminster Abbey, all the papers barked to such a degree that even my friends began to be anxious. Petitions were sent to bishops and Convocation; I was threatened with a law-suit, and even with six months' imprisonment. In Germany people heaped insults upon me at the same time, saying that, to please the orthodox, I had preached a sermon! What is one to say to all this? The only thing is to know what you want, and then always straight on. . . . It is important for me to know your opinion as to where my weakness lies with regard to German ideas. Of course I am quite conscious that the English atmosphere leaves its impression on me, and makes its influence felt, though I try to keep free from it; and one's personal foibles and want of clearness must be added to this. We are all *becoming*, I hope, *better*, at all events different from year to year. All my life has been a struggle about religious convictions; I think, even now, I cling to many things still which would find no favour with you. To me religion and philosophy are two dialects of the same language. I speak both, and I think I speak them honestly. We only have need to reduce our highest philosophic abstractions etymologically to their origin, and how simple and childlike everything becomes!

'I always think in England you can say everything you like, if you only know how to say it, but I may be mistaken. . . . I must conclude to-day; these are the sad days which take away the elevating consolation of our grief, and which bring back the hard days of remembrance. I work as much as I can, to hide the open grave.'

From the time of his return to Oxford in the early autumn of 1877, Max Müller began to write the Lectures he had promised the Hibbert Trustees to deliver early in 1878. The preparing and publication of these Lectures, and the translation and printing of the *Upanishads*, Part I, which appeared early in 1879, as volume I of the *Sacred Books of the East*, occupied Max Müller through the whole year. The spirit in which he worked on is shown in the following letter: —

TO HIS WIFE.

Jan. 8, 1878.

'I know how much is left us still, but we must learn not to cling too fast to what we think is ours. Nothing is ours on earth, that is what we must learn; and then trust in God, and walk on in faith, but with trembling. It seems hard sometimes for the children that they should have learnt the real lessons of life so early, but it may be good for them to learn the truth and never to forget it again. I had to learn it very late in life, and that made it all the harder. All seemed endless to me before, now I feel at every moment as if the end was near. A few more years and a few more tears, and the work is done. But I do not mean to be idle; on the contrary, I shall try to work with all my might. My work does not separate me from my dear child, she is always with me when I work. I seem to work with her and for her: that is a real help and comfort, nothing else.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS,

February 3, 1878.

'DEAR FRIEND, — I seem really to have nothing to do, and yet I do not seem to get any rest. . . . Here in England we think of nothing now but politics. Gladstone paid a visit here. I ventured to tell him quite humbly that, because we hate the Turks, it did not seem necessary to love the Russians, but one might as well sail up Niagara as meet such a torrent of eloquence. These things make me quite sad. It is, indeed, beautiful when a nation governs itself, and when each and all may say what they think, but with regard to the enemy this seems rather dangerous.

'Gladstone does good, but he does not *know*. He ruins the Liberal party in England, and the Tories will have a great majority in Parliament.

'I admire the artistic finish of Ebers' work. He seems to me amiable and modest, to judge from correspondence I have had with him. Also it does him great credit that, as a professor, he has the courage to be a man. Do you know Kingsley's *Hypatia?* In spite of all mistakes, it seems to me a most remarkable book, more remarkable than the *Egyptian Princess*, and he was such a good man and faithful friend. I have tried in vain to find out what prominent music connoisseurs admire in Wagner. I have shunned neither time nor trouble, but without results; the swamp in which we find a few lilies is too deep for me.'

TO THE SAME.

Translation. *February* 8.

'. . . You think much too highly of what I have done. I read your books at a time when I had hardly any feelings left for other things. My sorrow had blinded me to all and everything. I stood, as it were, under a waterfall, where, as Jean Paul remarks, we need no shelter from the rain. At another time your remarks might have called forth some sharp rejoinder from me; as it is now, it is difficult for me either to get angry or to rejoice over anything.

'Darwin has given us, in his later editions of the *Origin of Species*, an historical treatise on his mental ancestors. Altogether old Darwin is an honest fellow. The Darwinians are much worse than Darwin himself, and I think the word "Darwinism" ought either to be sharply defined or should be replaced by "evolution-doctrine." Has not the Bathylios Haeckelii been long given up by its inventor, Huxley?

'The theory of meteoric stones as life-producers originates from Sir William Thomson; Helmholtz accepted it, after that it was said that it had only been a joke; later on it was taken up again seriously.'

The following letter is an answer to one written by Mr. Freeman from Palermo. Mr. Freeman was deeply interested in the language of Sicily, which he felt historically ought to be Greek with words borrowed from Latin and Arabic, whereas it is Latin with borrowed words.

TO E. FREEMAN, ESQ.

OXFORD, *April* 10.

'The subject on which you write is certainly interesting and very puzzling, but you know a great deal more about it than I do. I only know the present dialect from Pitré's *Fiabe e Novelle*, where there is also a grammar, and at the end a glossary. The Greek and Arabic ingredients are very small and very doubtful, frequently dating from Albanian rather than from Greek. Years ago I read a number of *Greek Charters* published by Trinchers, or some such name, and containing a number of Roman words disguised in Greek. I remember φεοδ = feodum, &c. But before the Norman conquest the literary history of Sicily is to me utterly unknown. My own idea was that Augustus sent large colonies to Sicily, and that from that time

the *coloni* spoke Latin. After that they were for a long time bi-lingual and tri-lingual in the upper classes, but the influence of the Church would favour the Latin, which maintained itself even where Greek was used for official documents. If there were materials, it would be a chapter of the Science of Language, full of interest, but I believe the materials are wanting. I know that Niebuhr took much interest in the subject, and tried to discover Greek elements in the spoken Sicilian. Bunsen told me of his once being in a boat with Niebuhr with some Sicilian boatmen; there was a storm, and, in order to encourage each other, the rowers suddenly began to sing out "ploï!" Niebuhr was delighted; he asked them what it meant, and they said it was a kind of charm they had learnt from English sailors. No, said Niebuhr, it is Sicilian Greek. No, said Bunsen, it is English, Pull away! Have you been to any of the places, four, I believe, altogether, where they still speak a kind of Arabic? That would be an interesting dialect to analyse. I am just now deep in Sanskrit, having undertaken a course of lectures "On the Origin of Religion," to be delivered in the Chapter House, Westminster. Hard work, but I wanted some hard work. We are just on the eve of our election; Henry Smith comes forward as a candidate. I wish him all success, though I fear "original research" will suffer.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. *April* 18.

'MY DEAR, GOOD MOTHER,—This will reach you on Auguste's birthday. How often I used to pity her that she was called away so early, but now one does not pity her any longer. One pities those who must struggle on here so long. But what is long and what is short? Time goes fast, and we must wait in patience, and employ the time as well as we can. I try to do so. I have plenty of work for my London lectures. I hope they will be a success. The first lecture is to be printed by May 1 in England, Germany, Italy, perhaps in France too. The rest must wait, but all are to be ready by the autumn, so there is plenty to be done. To-day it is quite spring-like here, quite warm already. We went out to pick the flowers (*fritillaries*) which grow here in the river meadows. How often we went there all together! And then one says constantly to oneself, what a happy dream of life the child dreamt, how much has she been spared! I must for the present go constantly to London, and G. will often go with me, and we shall see friends and relations there, and must begin to get accustomed again to society, hard as it will be. I hope you are well. Spend plenty of money, what is it there for?

I should like sometimes to send —— money for her children, how can I do it?'

A short time before delivering his first *Hibbert Lecture*, Max Müller sent it to a few friends, on whose judgement he relied, for criticism. In every case it was returned with expressions of the highest appreciation, which braced and encouraged him; for the deep sorrow through which he had passed had unnerved him, and though he had, as he knew, done his very best, he mistrusted his own judgement. One friend wrote, 'I have read your Lecture with the liveliest pleasure, and very much profit. It is beautiful, so cool, so solid, so wise, so full of humour (these are famous strokes).' Another writes, 'I do not think it is any peculiar taste of my own, which makes me say that the selection and order of topics, the literary form, the tone of feeling, the proportion of original exposition to criticism of others, and the blending of historical with philosophical elements, appear to me altogether admirable in themselves, and for the purpose of the Lectureship.' The Westminster Chapter had, at the instance of Dean Stanley, lent the Chapter House at Westminster for the series of seven Lectures, but a few days before the first Lecture, Max Müller received a telegram that 1,400 applications for tickets (which were gratis) had been received, the Chapter House only holding 600. He at once settled to give the same Lecture twice, morning and afternoon. One of the leading papers thus described the opening Lecture: —

'It was a memorable morning in April, 1878, when Professor Max Müller stood up in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey to deliver the first of his lectures on "The Origin and Growth of Religion." The place, the lecturer, and the occasion were all alike remarkable. Under the shadow of one of the noblest buildings ever raised by mediaeval Christianity, an Oxford lay professor came forward to deal with the deepest problems of historical religion in the "dry light" of modern science, and in the name of a trust which was intended by its founder to promote "the unfettered exercise of private judgement in matters of religion." Times change and the generations of men with them, and the crowded audiences which attended

Professor Max Müller's lectures showed plainly that the days are past when a scientific treatment of religion could be regarded as either irreverent or heterodox.'

Another said:—

'No person who had the good fortune to be present at these lectures is likely to forget the extraordinary spectacle. The Chapter House was thickly crowded with perhaps the most remarkable eclectic audience ever assembled within that majestic old building. To very many the thought must have occurred, with what astonishment the old monks of Westminster would have looked upon such an audience gathered in their chapter house for such a purpose.'

It was indeed a varied assembly that met there. Dignitaries of the Church, leading Nonconformists, missionaries, and many natives of India, scientific men, fashionable ladies, highly cultivated women like Anna Swanwick, noted freethinkers, whilst it was reckoned that at least one-tenth of the audience were ordained ministers of the Gospel. After the first Lecture a friend wrote to Max Müller:—

'May it not be your high privilege and opportunity now, in the old historic Commons House and Chapter House, to gather together the real Commoners of the vast religious republic (stretching from India to California, from Strauss, Häckel, and Huxley to Stanley and Emerson) and make a new "chapter" in our religious controversies? If we could only agree on the fundamental point that we are not to look backward 1878 years for the religious any more than for the scientific *culmination* of humanity, all the rest would be easy.'

Naturally many of the so-called religious and Church papers criticized the Lectures unsparingly, but they continued to be thronged to the last, and on every occasion the lecturer could feel that he was in thorough touch with his audience. He wrote to his mother:—

Translation. *May* 12, 1878.

'We are living a very disturbed life, and I often long as usual for quiet. The lectures go on well, but it is a great effort; the same lecture twice in the same day. Wednesday we go again to London, and so it will go on for some weeks. People think it is a good

change for us. You know it is worse than when one is quietly at home.'

TO THE SAME.

Translation. *June* 21, 1878.

'I am very tired from the Lectures, and must have some rest. The old body won't go as formerly, and yet new work is always coming in, that one cannot well give up. I must see how a week at Malvern will suit me, and then I shall stay quietly in Oxford, where it is so quiet and pleasant in Vacation, unless my doctor sends me to the sea. I have received £300 for my Lectures, but settled at once to spend them in memory of Ada, in founding a scholarship at her school.[1] I know that would please her. I must now prepare the Lectures for printing — no little work. I think I gained my object in the Lectures, but it was a great effort. . . . All the papers one cares for speak warmly in their praise.'

The last words of the last Lecture touched a hidden chord in the hearts of many of Max Müller's hearers, and gave expression to the longing of many among them: —

'I hope the time will come when the subterranean area of human religion will be rendered more and more accessible, . . . and that the Science of Religion, which at present is but a desire and a seed, will in time become a fulfilment and a plenteous harvest. When that time of harvest has come, when the deepest foundations of all the religions of the world have been laid free and restored, who knows but that those very foundations may serve once more, like the catacombs, or like the crypts beneath our old cathedrals, as a place of refuge for those who, to whatever creed they may belong, long for something better, purer, older, and truer than what they can find in the statutable sacrifices, services, and sermons of the days in which their lot on earth has been cast; some who have put away childish things . . . but who cannot part with the childlike faith of their heart? Though leaving much behind of what is worshipped or preached in Hindu temples, in Buddhist vihâras, in Mohammedan mosques, in Jewish synagogues, and Christian churches, each believer may bring down with him into that quiet crypt what he values most: —

'The Hindu, his innate disbelief in this world, his unhesitating belief in another world.

[1] The Ada Scholarship, at the Oxford High School for Girls, for good conduct and proficiency in German.

'The Buddhist, his perception of an eternal law, . . . his gentleness, his piety.

'The Mohammedan, . . . his sobriety.

'The Jew, his clinging . . . to the one God, who loveth righteousness and whose name is, I am.

'The Christian, that which is better than all, . . . our love of God, call Him what you like, the infinite, the invisible, the immortal, the father, the highest self, above all, and through all, and in all, manifested in our love of man, our love of the living, our love of the dead, our living and undying love. That crypt, though as yet but small and dark, is visited even now by those few who shun the noise of many voices, the glare of many lights, the conflict of many opinions. Who knows but that in time it will grow wider and brighter, and that the Crypt of the Past may become the Church of the Future?'

When the book was printed, a friend wrote, in allusion to the touching dedication, 'Never did a brief and lovely existence find a sweeter immortality on earth than that of her whose spirit mingled with her father's, and became enshrined in his finest work.' Professor Noiré wrote, 'Such a wreath was never before laid on the resting-place of a loved one. They are not flowers, they are fruits, golden fruits, the ripest of their time. They will feed the hungry, refresh the thirsty, raise the fainting, and be for future generations a consolation, a glimpse into eternity, into the imperishable.'

The dedication runs thus: —

TO HER, WHOSE DEAR MEMORY
ENCOURAGED, DIRECTED, AND SUPPORTED ME
IN WRITING THESE LECTURES, THEY ARE NOW DEDICATED
AS A MEMORIAL OF A FATHER'S LOVE.

After reading the first Lecture sent to him in MS., Dr. Liddon wrote: —

'I have read it through, as I need hardly say, with great admiration, and, generally speaking, with complete assent. . . . I, for one, am convinced that in drawing attention to the pathetic interest of struggles after light among the heathen, and to the substantial value of the truths which they attained to, you are doing us a real service. You have the Alexandrians behind you, and the modern Church has

too generally forgotten them. . . . And when you say that "Christianity conquered the world without protection," I more than assent.'

Just before going to London to deliver his last Lecture, Max Müller had asked his friends in Oxford to meet Mr. Graham-Bell, the inventor of the Bell Telephone, which preceded Edison's more perfect instrument. It was the first ever heard in England. A large company gathered together, and intense interest and surprise were felt by every one, even the scientific men present little dreaming of the immense practical importance of the invention, or the possibility of the almost limitless extension now attained to. Mr. Bell also brought down a microphone, only just invented, and a phonograph. The wire of the telephone was stretched from one end of the garden to the other, and even a whisper was distinctly heard. The wire of the microphone was brought from a room on the second storey, and the sound made by a fly crawling along a board in the room upstairs sounded in the garden like the tramp of an elephant. The phonograph was not good, and even one person at a time found it difficult to make out what it repeated. The following week, in London, Max Müller was asked to speak a Sanskrit verse into a better instrument. The scene has been well described by Mr. Moncure Conway: —

'When the phonograph was invented, one of its first appearances was at the house of J. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C. (now M.P.). A fashionable company, among them some eminent men of science and men of letters, gathered round the novelty, and Max Müller was the first called on to utter something in the phonograph. We presently heard issuing from it these sounds: "Agnim île purohitam yagnasya devam ritvigam — hotâram ratnadhâtamam." There was a burst of merriment when these queer sounds came from the machine, but a deep silence when Max Müller explained that we had heard words from the oldest hymn in the world, the first (if I remember rightly) in the Vedas: "Agni I worship; the chief priest of the sacrifice, the divine priest, the invoker, conferring the greatest wealth." And then the young people gathered around the smiling scholar, to learn that the hymns had all passed through thousands of years, in a phonographic

way, each generation uttering precisely what was poured into its ear by the preceding generation, until their language died, to be recovered in the West, where for the first time the real meaning of Agni, and the human significance of the hymns, were studied and known. However, I did not hear exactly what the Professor said to the eager inquirers, but stood apart observing the picturesqueness of the scene, and finding in it something symbolical of the whole career of the polite scholar. He had evoked from the oral Sanskrit phonograph the ancient Aryan literature and mythology; the thin metallic voices became real, and cast their poetic spell not merely on the learned, but on fashionable young ladies and gentlemen in drawing-rooms, throughout Europe and America, adding vast estates to their minds, delivering them from the mere pin-hole views of humanity and of the universe, to which our ancestors were limited.'

During Commemoration Max Müller and his wife went to West Malvern, which from this time was a favourite retreat, when he felt over-worked, and wished for that quiet which it became increasingly difficult to get in Oxford. The fine air, the long rambles on the hills, the glorious sunsets, for which West Malvern is famous, always refreshed him, and he could return to his life of almost ceaseless labour with renewed vigour. Later on, when his old and valued friend Lady Mary Fielding built herself a house at West Malvern, these visits had a fresh charm added to them.

TO DEAN STANLEY.

OXFORD, *July* 2, 1878.

'I am sorry for the Roumanians: both the Prince and Princess seemed to me so thoroughly honest, open, trusting, much too good for their place, and the people they have to deal with, including Emperors *et hoc genus omne*. No power could be expected to go to war for Roumania, but England should have protested against what she knows to be an act of fraud and violence. Roumania might have been the Belgium of the East, it may now become another Poland. Russia and Austria want to disintegrate the Roumanian nationality, and then to absorb it. They do not want another nationality between Slaves, Germans, Magyars, and Turks. The people who speak Roumanian in Austria, Russia, and Turkey lean towards the indepen-

dent Roumanians, and their consolidation might become a danger. Hence the amputation of Bessarabia, and the introduction of a foreign and fermenting element in the Dobrudja. Both will produce results hereafter.

'How little one saw the sadness that fills the world in one's younger days! Now one sees and hears nothing else, and joy and happiness seem all effort and acting. True happiness seems now to lie in undisturbed sadness only. We were at Malvern last week, and on our way back saw both Tewkesbury and Worcester: what grand cathedrals, and splendidly restored!'

TO THE SAME.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD, *July* 4, 1878.

'I never said that Jingo was derived from Bask; I only said some one, I thought Tylor, had derived it from Bask. Tylor, however, tells me he is innocent. The Bask word is *Tain-coa*; Darrigol says the provincial pronunciation is *Taongoi-coa*, or *Jabe on-goicoa*, and that that would mean "Le bon maître d'en haut."

'My own feeling is that the *living Jingo* is nothing but one of those half-intentional corruptions of a sacred name which people were afraid to pronounce, and yet would pronounce. Thus we have *morbleu* for "mort de Dieu," *parbleu* for "par Dieu," *diantre* for "diable," German *Sapperment* for "sacrament," *Herrje* for "Herr Jesus." Thus "by the *living Jingo*" was most likely for "by the living Jehovah"—unless somebody knows anything better.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. *August* 3, 1878.

'We were delighted to get your letter for our wedding-day. The shadows fall thicker and thicker, but even in the shade it is well, often better than in full sunshine. And when the evening comes, one is tired, and ready to sleep! And so all is ordered for us, if we only accommodate ourselves to it quietly. The one thing that grieves me is that you are so often disturbed by such little events in life.'

Plans had been made for a visit to Scotland, but illness detained the Max Müllers, and they finally chose Whitby, chiefly for the sake of being near their friends the Bradleys, with whom long drives and walks over the moors, and expeditions along the coast, made this holiday most enjoyable to old and young.

Mr. Moncure Conway had sent an admirable digest of the *Hibbert Lectures* to an American paper, which called forth the following letter: —

WHITBY, *August* 29, 1878.

'Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! that is an excellent abstract, the very marrow from beginning to end. What a pity it could not have been published in an English paper! You know there is no greater satisfaction than to feel and see that one has been really understood, and that one has acted as a successful interpreter between the thoughts of the old Rishis, and the most advanced thinkers of the New World. As for the Self, I shall still have much to say; it is all in the *Upanishads*. Emerson did not see further than those old philosophers; both, I feel convinced, saw the truth. If you could get me a copy of the paper, I should feel grateful. I shall keep it for the present, if I may, and return it to you when you want it. With regard to American publishers, I always think it best to do nothing, though if anything comes of your endeavours I shall be grateful.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. *October* 9, 1878.

'How different was your birthday in old days to now, when so many who used to rejoice with you are gone before us! That is the sorrow of a long life. One is ever more lonely, and lives ever more in the beautiful past than in the present. But one must say to oneself it was to be, and so it is best for us. However old one grows, there is always something to be done and learnt. At all events, one learns to be more indulgent towards others, and to think less and less about oneself. The more love in the heart, the more peace in the life, and that is what I wish for you for the rest of your life's journey.'

TO PROFESSOR BENFEY

(on the fiftieth anniversary of his Professorship).

Translation. OXFORD, *October* 15, 1878.

'I am not sure whether these lines will reach you in time, but though my congratulations may arrive a day too soon or too late, you will know that they come from my heart, and that I sympathize deeply with the happiness which will be yours at this time. It is rare that a man in full possession of his mental power and strength, can look back upon fifty years of a life so rich in labour and success

as you are able to do to-day. You know how long I have been one of your pupils and admirers, and the consciousness that I have so often given expression to my admiration for you behind your back, gives me the courage to do so for once publicly and to yourself. Only the other day I came again across your treatise about Medhas, and it made me exclaim, "Nobody comes up to him in the least!" Well, not only on your own account and on account of those belonging to you, but also for our sakes, I wish for many autumns for you still, *sarada/hsatam*! The beauty of our studies is, that they not only occupy the head, but provide much food also for the heart and the inner man. The older we grow, the more do we value the "Wisdom of the Brahmas": and though, in growing old, we do not, like them, go into the forest, still we learn from you that the home also can grow into the forest, and that the true Muni, when his time comes, can fearlessly say: "I will get rid of death as if it were not death, or as if I were immortal."'

Max Müller then tells Professor Benfey that many of his admirers and pupils in England and Germany wished to present him with some token of their esteem, and asks him privately what sort of gift he would prefer. A set of gold dessert dishes were fixed on by the old man, and they were chosen by Max Müller and forwarded to him, together with the long list of subscribers, which included nearly all distinguished men connected with Oriental studies.

TO SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

OXFORD, *November* 19.

'I think you will be interested in the copy of an inscription sent me by Dr. Schliemann. I had written to tell him that all must depend on the inscription which he mentioned as part of his treasure, but I am afraid that nothing will come of what he sent me. Most of it looks to me like mere ornamentation. No doubt one may recognise, a, t, and th, in the cross, and the cross surrounded by a circle, but the inscription of these signs points to an ornamental purpose. In some of the other specimens one recognizes Semitic letters, but not of a very primitive type, an r, s, th, o, and on the hone there are a few very fine Phenician letters, only arranged in a way in which Phenician letters were never arranged. All this will not help us much, and I doubt whether there are any more inscriptions. However, the treasure is there, and Dr. Schliemann

says its value in pure gold is more than would be found now in many an Imperial palace.'

It has been mentioned that, since the Taylorian Professorship was abolished, the Curators had from time to time invited foreigners, as M. Taine, Klaus Groth, &c., to lecture on foreign literature in some foreign language. This called forth the following letter: —

TO M. RENAN.

November 27.

'You will be surprised at the object of my letter, and will probably look upon it as another sign of the inexplicable in the English character. Well, some of my friends here at Oxford, the very bulwarks of conservatism in politics and religion, have suddenly become possessed by a strong desire to invite Castelar [1] to give them a few lectures at Oxford. I have tried to explain that Castelar will probably not care to lecture in French, while if he lectured in Spanish he would have no audience at all. It was all in vain, and I was commissioned to find out whether M. Castelar would be inclined to accept an invitation to lecture, similar to that given to M. Taine, D.C.L. As I do not know M. Castelar personally, and was afraid of asking him directly, I thought I might write to you, to ask whether you could find out privately if M. Castelar, in case he were asked officially, would be likely to accede to such a request. I take it for granted that you know him, and I believe he is at present in Paris. Personally I need hardly say I have a sincere admiration for M. Castelar, and should feel delighted to make the acquaintance of a man who has done so much, and will I believe do much more in the future, but I tell you openly I was a little surprised at my friends' decision to invite him to Oxford, and I think it even possible that there may be some opposition made before the decision can assume an official character. However, if there is one thing which M. Castelar does *not* know, it is fear; and he may possibly think it worth his while to make an effort to place his views and convictions before the future statesmen in England. So if you could help me to reconnoitre the ground before the advance is made, I should feel much obliged. I hope in a few weeks to send you my new volume on the *Origin and Growth of Religion;* there are few men whose opinion I am more anxious to know on what I have had to say on the greatest question of our life, than yours.'

[1] The republican Spanish orator, statesman, and writer.

Several interesting letters passed after this between Max Müller and Señor Castelar, who seemed at first willing to undertake the Lectures, but found that his duties in the Cortes would prevent him from leaving Spain.

It was towards the close of the year that Max Müller paid the visit to Prince Leopold at Boyton, which is mentioned in *Auld Lang Syne*, when the Prince produced the last bottle of the fine Johanisberg wine which Max Müller had always admired in Oxford, and which the Prince had kept for his visit.

BOYTON MANOR, *November* 30.

'I arrived all right, though it was not easy to find the way. When I came here, the Prince was out shooting, but he soon appeared with Mr. Collins, looking very well. There was a large party in the evening, Lord Bath, Lord Haytesbury, &c. Mrs. Collins is here, and young Campbell, who was with the Prince at Oxford. It is a pretty old house and very comfortably arranged, but he lives here very little, I believe, and it seems a pity he should not be in some place where he could do some good work. I never know why I go away from home. I do not want anything in the whole world: all I want I have at home, and that you know.'

TO DR. ROLLESTON.

December 12.

'I shall have nothing to do with Denominational or Undenominational Halls. Religion, though it does not come from *ligare*, is to bind us together; if it does not do that, it will do nothing else. No, I could not be President of the —— Society; life is short enough as it is.'

At length the *Hibbert Lectures* were published, as the next letters show: —

TO M. RENAN.

December 19.

'I hope you have received my *Hibbert Lectures* by this time. I have said in that book what I have longed to say for many years; you will easily understand what I mean, and what I am striving at, but whether the public at large will, I rather doubt. I could have made three or four large volumes out of the one, but if one wishes to be listened to at all in these days one must concentrate one's

thoughts, say only what is essential, and not say everything. In that respect nothing to my mind is more perfect than the Sanskrit Sutra style, though not without the commentary. I have tried to imitate that to a certain extent, whether successfully I must leave others to judge. Anyhow it will not take up much of your time to read the book, and I shall take it as a true sign of your friendship if you would spare the time, and afterwards tell me just with one word whether what I have seen is land or clouds.'

TO DEAN STANLEY.

OXFORD, *December* 7.

'Of course I know that many people will be angry with my *Lectures*. If it were not so, I should not have written them. The more I see of the so-called heathen religions, the more I feel convinced that they contain germs of the highest truth. There is no distinction in kind between them and our own religion. The artificial distinction which *we* have made, has not only degraded the old revelation, but has given to our own almost a spectral character. No doubt the man is different from the child, but the child is the man and the man is the child, aye, even the very suckling. We can hardly believe it, yet the fact is there, and so it is in the growth of religion. God does not date from 754 A.U.C.; that is what I want to teach. St. Augustine taught just the same, "Res ipsa, quae nunc religio Christiana nuncupatur, erat apud antiquos, nec defuit ab initio generis humani, quousque Christus veniret in carnem, unde vera religio, quae iam erat, coepit appellari Christiana" (Reto. I. 13: *Chips*, Preface, volume I, p. xi).

'I wonder what the Canons would have said, if St. Augustine had preached such doctrines in their Chapter House! But enough of this.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. *December* 21, 1878.

'We got your card as we came in from skating, so you see it is real winter here. The children have holidays, and Wilhelm and the girls amuse themselves on the ice. I had to skate with them, but it shakes my old bones, and it is high time to give it up. The sad news from Darmstadt[1] came just during the days so full of sad memories to us. One feels more deeply for others when one knows what it is! The poor husband and children, and here the poor mother! She was a lovely, good, and remarkable woman; later on people will have

[1] Death of the Grand Duchess of Hesse.

more idea of this. It is but a short time ago she consulted me about a tutor for her son. It is almost unbelievable, and much that is good will perish with her. How imperfect is this life, and how vain the labour of even the best people! My book is out, and there are many who agree with it, but many who oppose it, and that is always the best sign — one knows then that one's shot has told against untruth, and falseness, and envy. I work on quietly, and let them rage till they are weary.'

The following appreciation of the Grand Duchess of Hesse was found among Max Müller's papers: —

'The religious education which the princess had received was such that, as she grew older, she might indeed have learnt to apprehend more fully the deep meaning of the simple truths she had been taught as a child; but she never would have had to unlearn or to disbelieve anything which she had been led to believe by her father. Another blessing which she carried away from her bright home was that perfect fearlessness which has always been the true reward of pure motives and true faith. How unjust public clamour could be even in a free country, the young princess had had sad occasion to learn, but she had learnt at the same time the sacredness of the duty never to join in such clamour without a conscientious examination of the facts on which it professed to rest.

'In Germany the very name of Strauss had such a bad sound that it required no small courage on the part of the princess to allow him even to be presented to her. Having once admitted him to her society, she felt in duty bound to form an independent opinion of his worth. To many people that would, no doubt, have been a dangerous experiment, and even to her it was, as we know, a painful trial. But she had faith in her faith. As the true child of her father, aye, as a true child of the spirit of St. Paul, she wished to prove everything, and to retain what was best. And she had her reward. Like genuine ore, her faith, though it may have lost some of its slag in the fiery furnace, came out more precious, more bright, more pure. What seemed a loss, became to her a real gain, and in the future no page in her life will probably be read with deeper sympathy, no sacrifice that the princess has ever made will prove a greater blessing to many sick and wounded in spirit, than her noble courage in facing a danger from which so many shrink, and the triumph of that childlike faith which in the end helped her to bear burdens which seemed almost too heavy to be borne.'

In the visitors' book of this year we find the names of Bishop Staley of Honolulu, Professor Bühler from Bombay, Professor Darmesteter the Zend scholar, Mr. Graham Bell, Mr. Ralston the Russian scholar, the Bishops of Ohio, Colorado, and Shanghai, Turgueneiff the novelist, and Herr Abel, the *Times* correspondent in Berlin.

CHAPTER XXIV

1879–1880

Publication of the first volumes of *Sacred Books of the East.* Correspondence with Lady Welby. Renan. Holland. Dessau. Japanese pupils. Greek Accents. Lowell. Keshub Chunder Sen. Visit of Renan. Speech at Birmingham. Shang-ti. Visitors.

MAX MÜLLER, ever since his first intercourse with Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Hesse in 1872 at Baden, had the greatest admiration for her character and talents, and we have seen how deeply he mourned over her untimely death.

TO H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

OXFORD, *February* 5, 1879.

'SIR, — I have thought of your Royal Highness very often during all these weeks, and of those true words of true sorrow in your last letter. I know the time when one first begins to recover from the crushing blow, and when the ordinary duties of life must be fulfilled again. It is the worst of all. One feels that life cannot and ought not to be again as it was, and yet it is. One shudders at the first smile that returns, and one longs for the tears in which wounded nature finds her best relief, but they flow no more.

'The time has not yet come for measuring the loss which not only her nearest relatives and friends, but the world has suffered through the death of your noble sister. You must wonder at the intense feeling of love and admiration with which she inspired all who came near her. To you she was like a great treasure that was your own; to others like a beautiful picture, like some Madonna of Raphael, which seen, it may be once or twice only, leaves a memory of loveliness on one's mind which is a treasure for ever. She was one of those natures in whom one believes at once, of whom one can think nothing but what is good, and by whom one feels certain of never being

misunderstood. There was something truly royal in her, in the old sense of the word. Kings and Dukes were in former times leaders of men, leaders against enemies, whatever they might be, claiming the first place in every battle, the place of danger and of honour. That old truly royal spirit was in her, and made her, young as she was, step forward where others would have cowered behind, fearless and as if inspired by an ardent and irresistible love of truth. What is the use of being a King or a Duke if one cannot be a leader, a lover of truth, a champion of the persecuted, and never a slave to prejudice or etiquette? That old truly royal spirit seemed to beam from her eyes and breathe in her words, and made one feel that true chivalry was not yet altogether extinct on earth. I know many men in Germany who expected much from her influence, they hardly knew how and why, but they all trusted her and believed in her. I wonder whether the Grand Duke would like to see some letters, written with great freedom and by no courtier?

'I enclose one, which will show him what his own subjects thought of their Grand Duchess. I have no words of comfort, but I can and do feel the deepest sympathy in his irreparable loss. Trusting that your Royal Highness may not have suffered from these heavy trials and efforts, I remain always,

'Your Royal Highness' very faithful servant,

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

The following letter makes the first mention of Madame Blavatsky, whose doctrine of Esoteric Buddhism was so contemned later on by Max Müller. It was also the allusions in this letter that led Mr. Malabari, himself a Parsee, to take an interest in Keshub Chunder Sen, and the doctrines of the Brâhma Somâj. And probably this letter induced Mr. Malabari to have the *Hibbert Lectures* translated into several of the Indian vernaculars.

TO B. MALABARI, ESQ.

OXFORD, *March* 29, 1879.

'I received your letter of March 10 yesterday, and I have at once written to Miss Manning to ask how I could in any way be useful to your young musical friend. I am myself very fond of music, though too old and too busy now to practise. I was a friend of Mendelssohn, and know several musicians in London, and if I can do anything for your friend's son I shall gladly do so.

'I sent you a copy of my *Hibbert Lectures*. These lectures were chiefly written for India. What I wished to do was to show you how much and how little you possess in your own ancient religion. There is a large accumulation of mere rubbish in your religious system: that you know as well as I do, and to an enlightened mind such as yours there can be no offence in my saying this; but beneath that rubbish there are gems. Do not throw those gems away with the rubbish. It is the fate of all religions to form these thick crusts of superstition around them — our own religion forms no exception to that rule — but to those who seek below the surface, in almost all religions there will be a reward. They will find what they seek, and enough to carry them safely through this short life. If you could tell your countrymen something of what I have written in these lectures, it might bear some good fruit. I should like to write a life of Rammohun Roy. I have many materials for it, but I want more. He was a really great man, much greater than the world imagines, and we here in Europe have to learn from him quite as much as you in India. I have also full faith in Keshub Chunder Sen. I cannot bear to see the unforgiving way in which he has lately been treated. He has made a mistake, no doubt. But even if he had committed a crime, would it be impossible to forgive? Are his judges so immaculate? Do they know the temptations of a man placed in so exceptional a position? He has been too kind, too yielding as a father — he has himself acknowledged that much. That is enough. You will never find immaculate saints on earth: we ought to be grateful when we find an honest man, though he may not be free from human weaknesses.

'I was much amused at your "theosophic Russian countess." If she would learn Pânini while she is in India, she might do more useful work. I know nothing about her or against her. For all we know, she too may be a seeker after truth.'

During March of this year the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with their son, the present Emperor, and our present King, spent a long day in Oxford. Max Müller had the honour of receiving them at All Souls and showing them over his College. He afterwards accompanied Prince William to the river and the barges, and this visit so delighted the Prince that he was anxious to spend one or two terms at Oxford, but it could not be. It was this visit too that caused the Prince, when

Emperor, to take such an interest in Oxford boating, and, as is well known, he sent his congratulations year after year, through Max Müller, whenever Oxford won the University race.

In April Max was summoned to Germany by the alarming illness of his mother, who was now living at Dessau to be near her relations. He was able to return in about ten days' time, free from anxiety. Knowing how the parting always upset her, he came away without saying good-bye, writing the following letter to be given her when he was gone: —

Translation. DESSAU, *April* 26.

'MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER, — My heart was very heavy when I came here, and I go away very much reassured. Even if it is a little time yet before you get up your strength, you will doubtless soon be able to enjoy this lovely spring weather. As long as God wills it, we must learn to bear this life, but when He calls us we willingly close our eyes, for we know it is better for us there than here. When so many whom we loved are gone before us, we follow gladly; and the older we become here, the more one feels that death is a relief. And yet we can thankfully enjoy what is still left us on earth, even if our hearts no longer cling to it as formerly. I am so glad that I came here, and could inspire you with courage to live on. We do not need to say good-bye, for in spirit we are always together, and the miles between do not separate us. I have been so glad to see your home, and what care every one here takes of you. That is such a comfort to me. Take care of yourself, that you may not make us all so anxious again. Greet all at Dessau heartily from me: it is always a delight to be with one's relations who ever remain the same.

'In old love, your

'MAX.'

Early in May Max Müller sent the following letter to the Dean of Christ Church: —

OXFORD, *May* 14, 1879.

'MY DEAR DEAN, — Three volumes of the *Sacred Books of the East* will be ready for publication next week. I believe it was chiefly owing to your exertions, and to the interest taken by Lord Salisbury and Sir H. Maine, that that work could be carried out, and I should much like to dedicate the whole series to that triumvirate. But I shall take no steps before I know what you think about it.

'I know you will tell me openly what you think about this; also whether the wording is sufficiently formal, considering that it is addressed to our Chancellor. I should like to have these three names connected permanently with this undertaking, but I shall be entirely guided by your judgement.'

The dedication runs thus: —

TO
THE RIGHT HONBLE. THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.
CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LATELY SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA
SIR HENRY J. S. MAINE, K.C.S.I.
MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF INDIA
THE VERY REV. H. G. LIDDELL, D.D.
DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH
TO WHOSE KIND INTEREST AND EXERTIONS
THIS ATTEMPT TO MAKE KNOWN TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE
THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST
IS SO LARGELY INDEBTED
I NOW DEDICATE THESE VOLUMES
WITH SINCERE RESPECT AND GRATITUDE
F. MAX MÜLLER.

Lord Salisbury and Sir Henry Maine acceded at once to Max Müller's request, but the Dean hesitated awhile, which called forth another note from his friend, who always felt that it was to Dean Liddell's powerful advocacy he owed the continuance of his life in England.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *May* 20.

'MY DEAR DEAN, — I should be very sorry if you declined to have your name associated with those of Lord Salisbury and Sir H. Maine in the dedication of the *Sacred Books of the East*. Both Lord Salisbury and Sir H. Maine have accepted the small token of gratitude which I could offer them, and my impression is that you had more to do with starting and carrying the whole matter than either of them. I should be afraid of offending you were I to say more, and I can only repeat my request that you may give me this

opportunity of giving expression publicly to some of the sentiments which I have long entertained for you.

'I enclose an uncorrected proof-sheet. It will save you the trouble of writing another note, if you will kindly return it to me soon, with any Corrigenda you like.'

It was this summer that Max Müller made closer acquaintance with Lady Welby, to whom he owed the fine extract from Bishop Beveridge which forms the motto, one may call it, to the *Sacred Books of the East*. It will be found in Volume I of the series. Lady Welby herself stumbled on the passage by accident. Having some spare time one day, she resolved to look through a cupboard containing books that had belonged to her mother-in-law. The first book she drew out was Bishop Beveridge's *Private Thoughts on Religion*. She opened it to see what it might contain, and the passage in question almost at once caught her eye. She copied and sent it to Max Müller as strikingly applicable to his work. But Lady Welby shall tell the story herself:—

'My first interview with Professor Max Müller took place at the Deanery of Westminster. Twelve years afterwards I saw him again at Oxford.

'In the meantime he had brought to a triumphant conclusion the arrangements for his great work on the *Sacred Books of the East*. I had been roused to indignation by the accusations I found taken up by almost every one I knew, that in this signal service to religion he had only wished to discredit Christianity.

'It was after I had found and sent him Bishop Beveridge's prophetic utterance that I saw him at Oxford. I can never forget that picture.

'He was sitting at his writing-table. After a kindly greeting he said, "I was sitting just here when your letter came. It had all the effect upon me of what is called a miracle. Why do we disbelieve in miracle because we are no longer able to associate it with magic? It was a 'bolt out of the blue'; it was exactly what was wanted, and if it had reached me but a few hours later it would have been too late. As it was, I had to wire to the binder to stop work."

'I ought to add that (as appears in one of his letters to me) his sensitive conscience caused him at first to hesitate as to whether

Bishop Beveridge would have approved of his words being thus used. But he was afterwards quite convinced that the man who had the courage in those days to write thus would have been equally fearless at all times.

'The ready and sympathetic interest with which for many years he helped and cheered on my humble attempts at inquiry into the conditions and nature of meaning, its changes and developments, are reflected in his letters.

'I can only here repeat my admiration and gratitude to him, whom to know was not merely to admire, but also most warmly to regard, and to whose unfailing kindness I owed so much.

'VICTORIA WELBY.'

TO LADY WELBY.

May 16.

'Many thanks for those extracts from Bishop Beveridge. I was amazed and delighted on reading them. They came in the very nick of time. I am just publishing three volumes of translations of the *Sacred Books of the East*, and I could not wish for a better, what shall I call it, motto, figure-head, flag, for these books than the sentences from Beveridge. . . .

'Looking forward to the great pleasure of renewing our acquaintance, I remain, yours sincerely and most gratefully.'

TO THE SAME.

June 1.

'From the pamphlet I send you, you will see that I decided on printing the extracts from Bishop Beveridge's *Private Thoughts*. I felt the force of what you said. If two hundred years ago he could express those sentiments in all simplicity and boldness, how much more boldly would he have spoken now when our knowledge of the so-called heathens is so far more accurate, when we have learnt not to be frightened, but rather to rejoice at every spark of truth that lightened the darkness of our fellow creatures. Perhaps we have also learnt that where those who lived before us saw nothing but light, there is much darkness left, and always will be, so long as we have to see with these poor eyes of ours. If people would only learn that, they would then soon learn the other lesson also which had struck you so much in the words of St. Paul, that charity in thought, word, and deed is more than all creeds and all philosophies. And how easily you discover in life those who have learnt that lesson, who

trust everybody, see good in everything, never say an unkind word, and rejoice in helping where they can help. That Church is larger than we think: we have only to enter in ourselves, and we shall find it crowded, and often with those whom we least expected to find there.'

TO M. RENAN.

May 16.

'I do not know whether you have found time to look at my *Hibbert Lectures*. If you have, I should like to ask you quite privately whether, in case the trustees should ask you to give a similar course of lectures in London, of course in French, you would feel inclined to do so. I ask the question entirely for my own satisfaction. I feel we must do everything in our power to draw the bonds of international sympathy more closely together, and try to establish a feeling between the small and scattered bodies of truth-loving men in all countries. Hildebrand is at this moment lecturing in London. I hope Castelar will gain some sympathy for the higher aspirations of Spain when he comes to lecture at Oxford in June. His *Hermana de la Caridad* is beautiful. Some lectures from you, though they would rouse great opposition, would in the end do good. They would change a name, an often misunderstood name, into a living man with the English public, and the English public, with all its faults, is after all the salt of the earth. Another question: the *Contemporary Review* wishes to give a number of criticisms on my *Hibbert Lectures* written by men of various and opposite opinions. Would you be inclined to take a part? Your manuscript would be either carefully translated into English or printed in French. Each writer is to take his own special line. Some thoughts from you on the origin of the word Infinite would be truly welcome.'

TO LADY WELBY.

June 18.

'What you say about love superseding faith is perfectly true, and seems to me the keynote of all Christianity. But the world is still far from true Christianity, and whoever is honest towards himself, knows how far away he himself is from the ideal he wishes to reach. One can hardly imagine what this world would be, if we were really what we profess to be, followers of Christ. The first thing we have to learn is that we are not what we profess to be. When we have learnt that, we shall at all events be more forbearing, forgiving, and loving towards others. We shall believe in them, give them credit

for good intentions, with which, I hope, not hell, but heaven is paved. But as to our ever being more than nominal Christians, I doubt it.

'I cannot follow you as to love being ever anything but a quality of some one. You may predicate again of what is originally a predicate, you may speak of blue being dark, light, &c. But as little as the blue of the sky is the sky, love is not God. God is full of love, as loving, but if we say God is love, this is only a freedom of language; what we mean is that God cannot be without love, that He is the true Self-denying Self. Even that is mere groping in the dark; we hardly know more of what is around and above us than the poor snail in our garden pushing forward its four tentacles, and imagining that it knows where it is when there is nothing to throw it back upon itself.'

The following Preface was contributed this year to the first volume of an American work, *The Hundred Greatest Men*. This volume was devoted to Religious Leaders. The work is so little known in England that it seems worth while to give Max Müller's Introduction: —

'We live in two worlds: Behind the seen is the unseen, around the finite the infinite, above the comprehensible the incomprehensible.

'There have been men who have lived in this world only, who seem to have never felt the real presence of the unseen; and yet they achieved some greatness as rulers of men, as poets, artists, philosophers, and discoverers.

'But the greatest among the great have done their greatest work in moments of self-forgetful ecstasy, in union and communion with a higher world; and when it was done, such was their silent rapture that they started back and could not believe it was their own, their very own: and they ascribed the glory of it to God, by whatever name they called Him in their various utterances, whether Apollo or the Muses, Egeria or the Daimonion.

'And while the greatest among the great thus confessed that they were not of this world only, and that their best work was but in part their own, those whom we reverence as the founders of religions, and who were at once philosophers, poets, and rulers of men, called nothing their own, but professed to teach only either what their fathers had taught before them, or what a far-off Voice had whispered in their ear.

'That highest self-surrender marks the highest point which human greatness can reach, and no ruler, no poet, no artist, no philosopher or discoverer can claim such sway over millions of human hearts as the so-called founders of the ancient religions of the world, whose very names are often unknown to us, and whose glory of countenance no human pencil has ever portrayed.

'The ancient religions were not founded like temples or palaces, they sprang up like sacred groves from the soil of humanity, quickened by the rays of celestial light. In India, Greece, Italy, and Germany not even the names of the earliest prophets are preserved. And if in other countries the forms and features of the authors of their religious faith and worship are still dimly visible amidst the clouds of legend and poetry, all of them, Moses as well as Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, and Mohammed, seem to proclaim with one voice, that their faith was no new faith, but the faith of their fathers; that their wisdom was not their own wisdom, but, like every good and perfect gift, given them from above.

'*Moses* preached the God of his fathers, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the laws which he brought down from Mount Sinai were written, he says, with the finger of God.

'*Zoroaster*, whoever he was, believed what the patriarchs had believed before him, and the law which he taught was not what wise men had agreed upon, but what Ahuramazda, the Wise Spirit, had revealed to him, as a friend to a friend.

'*Confucius* resented being called the founder of a new faith. "I am a transmitter," he said, "not a maker. I believe in the ancients and love them."

'Even *Buddha* declared that he had come on the same path on which many had come before him; though he, alone of all religious teachers, knew of no heavenly friend to reveal to him what he, the Enlightened, knew.

'And *Mohammed*, when he first taught Islam, that is, Surrender, only proclaimed anew the old God of the fathers, of Abraham, Ishmael, Isaac, and Jacob; what he wrote was not his own, but the words which Gabriel had spoken to him when showing him "the eternal original of the Koran."

'What should we learn from these prophets who from distant countries and bygone ages all bear the same witness to the same truth?

'We should learn that though religions may be founded and fashioned into strange shapes by the hand of man, religion is one and eternal.

'From the first dawn that ever brightened a human hearth or warmed a human heart, one generation has told another that there is a world beyond the dawn; and the key-notes of all religion — the feeling of the infinite, the bowing down before the incomprehensible, the yearning after the unseen — having once been set to vibrate, have never been altogether drowned in the strange and wild music of religious sects and societies.

'The greatest prophets of the world have been those who at sundry times and in divers manners have proclaimed again and again in the simplest words the simple creed of the fathers, faith in the unseen, reverence for the incomprehensible, awe of the infinite — or, simpler still, love of God, and oneness with the All-father.'

TO LADY WELBY.

July 25.

'I was away from Oxford when your letter arrived, and now I am in the midst of sorting, destroying, and answering letters previous to our departure for Scheveningen next Monday. You will excuse therefore, I hope, if to-day I only say that I shall always be truly interested in anything you may write to me. Several friends who have opened the first volume of the *Sacred Books of the East* have congratulated me on the happy extract from Bishop Beveridge.

'I wonder whether you would find, what I have found through life, that nothing helps us on so well as some kind of drudgery, some mechanical work to which something can be added every day. When the day is over one feels that *that* at least is done. Extracts from books one reads, carefully arranged under more or less general headings, even a mere index of names, &c., become very useful by-and-by; anyhow they give us regular occupation, which seems to me one of the greatest privileges which men enjoy before women. A collection of passages from the New Testament to show what Christ himself taught on the great questions which occupy us to-day, or what the Apostles taught, would be valuable still, in spite of all that has been written by theologians by profession. Christ spoke to men, women, and children, not to theologians; and the classification of His sayings should be made, not according to theological technicalities, but according to what makes our own heart beat. . . .'

TO THE SAME.

July 27.

'I send you my volume of the *Upanishads*. I am afraid that the rest of the volume, beyond what I had sent you before, will disappoint

you. But we must face the facts. Of one thing I feel very certain, that this translation of the *Sacred Books of the East*, which some of the good people here consider most objectionable, will do a great deal towards lifting Christianity into its high historical position. I look forward to the time when those who objected to my including the Old and New Testaments among the *Sacred Books of the East* will implore me to do so.'

The end of July Max Müller went with his wife and three children to Scheveningen for bathing and sea air; from thence they made excursions to Leyden and Haarlem, whilst the Gallery at the Hague was a constant pleasure. Three or four days were given to Amsterdam and the glorious pictures there, though the dark little rooms at the *Trippen Huis* (the Museum was not then built) prevented real enjoyment of them. On the other hand, the many private collections, where the pictures still hang on the very walls for which they were painted by Rembrandt and the other Dutch artists, gave them the greatest delight. Max Müller had a genuine love of the realistic Dutch School. From Amsterdam the party went on to Dessau to visit his old mother and other relations, and then for a few days to Dresden.

Soon after his return to Oxford, Max Müller received the following letter from a perfectly unknown admirer in New Zealand, who had heard that Max Müller was not always quite strong and up to work. It shows us how his books had made him friends in the most distant corners of the world.

NEW ZEALAND, *June*, 1879.

'Very recently I gave up an employment which injured my health, and yet it would be easier to replace a host like me than to supply *your* place among the workers of this world. Every one besides the University of Oxford has an interest in you, and there is no one who would not join me in wishing to hear of your being away amusing yourself on the Rhine, or in Switzerland, or Italy, instead of overworking yourself at Oxford.'

In October Max Müller went to Birmingham, to lecture at the Midland Institute. His *Lecture on Freedom* was republished in his *Selected Essays*, and is in the new edition of *Chips*.

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. *October* 25.

'I send you the volume of Kingsley's works which contains my "Farewell." You ought to have known that man; he was so firm, so true, so healthy, through and through. You will no doubt have read his biography. I think I wrote to you about it some time ago. There was to be a German translation of it, but I have never seen it. His book, *Roman and Teuton*, is weak on many points, but you often catch glimpses of the old spirit. He had to work too hard, and so many things had to remain unfinished. *Hypatia* is his great book; also, in another way, *Alton Locke, the Tailor*. At Birmingham I had about 4,000 hearers, and all in full sympathy. I saw there so much machinery, and I wondered why an animal could not invent a machine factory, and why it is still necessary that man should always have to act the part of a mechanical tool. The greatest of all triumphs seems to me the machine which works absolutely alone, and turns out millions of steel pens with which *we* put the world in motion.'

TO THE SAME.

Translation. *November* 23.

'We are in the depth of winter here, and one enjoys staying indoors. Christmas comes round again, and that makes me think of the Christmas stories which you sent me. They are prettily told, and may perhaps have a good effect; but I am always sorry for children when they are frightened, and then sooner or later is added the disappointment joined to the feeling of having been duped. Oh, how many stupid experiments we make in bringing up our children!

'I have thought much about the principle attacked by Virchow. I do not mean the evolution principle, the oldest of all human knowledge, but that of caution in teaching new truths. I must confess I have always had the same feeling here that Virchow has. In my lectures I have always fought shy of announcing didactically my own views, or new views of other learned men — *Summa debetur pueris verecundia*. Addressing learned men themselves, I feel I can say anything. They can defend themselves. But in speaking to students and pupils, I never think it quite honest to communicate to them as a teacher that of which I am personally absolutely convinced, but which other learned men still oppose. I know it is a way to cultivate pupils, but it is not fair to the truth. There is still so much old wine to nourish the young with, that new wine can well be set aside awhile. There is another thing which, ever since my own student days, has

been odious to me, when Haupt, for instance, would not only criticize other professors in the presence of his students, but even insult them. It is cowardly and vulgar to do so, I said to myself; and I think many of the students felt the same. At all events, the impression has remained for life; and I think that, during the twenty-five years of my professorship, I never mentioned one of the other professors by name, or ridiculed or abused another in the presence of my hearers. Even had I felt inclined to do so, I should hardly have ventured to do it in the presence of my young students, for I know they would have felt it to be vulgar and cowardly. Of course the evolution theory can by no means be suppressed. To me it seems the oldest theory of the world. All knowledge strives to comprehend the causes and the becoming. True history is only another name for the doctrine of evolution. But to teach that there are four or five beginnings, as Darwin says, or one beginning, as Häckel says, or that man descends — historically — from a monkey; all that I could not teach, not even to students, for I know that they would take it very differently from what I meant by it. The true and honest investigator is, in spite of his own convictions, always conscious of the possibility of error. He has always before his eyes the *cum grano salis*. The pupil thinks and feels differently. He takes for granted what I deliver to him, unless I make clear to him that certain opinions are but opinions; and that I, as a teacher, help him honestly and impartially to form an opinion of his own. All this draws me to Virchow, and makes me withdraw from Häckel. But personally I feel drawn towards Häckel; there is something strong and open in him, while Virchow is no longer what he was more than thirty years ago, when I knew him. The air of Berlin is bad, and has already corroded much that is good and great.'

To M. Renan.

December 4.

'I am truly glad to know that you will come to England next year, to deliver the Hibbert Lectures. We could not have, as yet, a chair of Comparative Theology in our Universities here, but these Hibbert Lectures, if properly managed, will produce the same effect. You, I hear, will soon have such a chair at the Collège de France, and that, no doubt, will give a new sanction to a branch of study which has long been looked upon with very unreasonable suspicion. Much, however, will depend upon the first occupant of that chair. You have often, in France, carried out the excellent principle of founding a chair as soon as there was a man qualified to fill it. When you had a Champollion,

you founded a chair in Egyptology. But who is to be the first Professor of Comparative Theology? He ought to be a man of mature mind, who has lived through the various phases of religion, and who can understand others because he has learnt to understand himself. He must be an historian, because he ought to be able to sympathize with every effort of religious thought, however perverse and strange it may seem to the outside world. Our science is in its first and empirical stage; what is wanted is a careful collection of facts, from which hereafter inductions will flow by themselves. Our danger consists in the great temptation to make Comparative Theology subservient to the theological theories of the day. Our study requires fearlessness, but it likewise requires skill. Professor Tiele at Leyden is doing excellent work as Professor of Comparative Theology. He treats his subject as an historian, but as an historian who has a heart. He began life as a pasteur; he went himself through many mental struggles, and it seems to me that, owing to this, he can treat the struggles of others, be they fetish worshippers or Buddhists, with a discriminating and appreciative sympathy. Would not Réville be pre-eminently qualified for your new chair, for the same reasons? He too began life as a pasteur, but he never sacrificed his freedom of thought. And now that the pulpit has become too narrow for him, he ought to have the broader elbow-room of a professorial chair. You know, no doubt, his writings, and you are the best judge of his style. To me I confess his style has all the mellow flavour of Lafitte. But even if on this point I should be wrong in my judgement, I cannot be mistaken as to the soundness of his knowledge, the maturity of his thoughts, and the judicial impartiality of his judgements. What a Professor of Comparative Theology ought before all things to be able to do, is to watch and describe the unbroken continuity of thought, which connects the most modern and the most ancient forms of religious thought. The controversy lately carried on between M. de Harlez and M. Darmesteter, with regard to the origin and growth of the Zoroastrian religion and its relation to the Vedic religion, depends entirely on the power of observing the uninterrupted transition from one shade of thought to another. Different as *urbanité* may be from *urbs*, or *sauvage* from *silva*, there is a living nerve which connects the two extremes, and fortunately language is there to prove continuity. We do not say that Jupiter is the sky, but we say, without the sky (*dyu*) there would have been no Jupiter. We do not say that the struggle between good and evil in the *Avesta* is the struggle between the light of the blue sky and the thunderstorm, but we do say that the contrast between light and darkness was the first mental

germ that developed afterwards into the contrast between good and evil. Accepting the extremest premisses of Materialism or Positivism, to be able to show how, by slow degrees, they lead inevitably to the highest abstractions of religion, morality, and philosophy — that seems to me the chief object of the study of ancient religions. But for that work you require the tact of psychological observation, a mastery of language for rendering the minutest shades of thought, and that wide human sympathy which alone enables the true historian to put old thoughts into new words, old wine into new bottles.

'I do not think it wise to move that the University should confer an honorary Degree on you. It was given to Taine, because people did not know his opinions. With you it is different. There would be opposition, controversy, strife, and anger; and for what?'

TO HIS SON.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD,
December 15, 1879.

'MY DEAR BOY, — Your letter made me very happy. It was the best birthday present you could have given me. And I know it made you happy too. Depend upon it, nothing will ever make you so truly happy as the feeling that you have done your best — that you have tried to do your duty, and not so much for your own sake, but for the sake of others. That is a happiness which nothing can take away from us. Even if we fail — and we all must fail sometimes, for there are many good and clever boys and men in the world — but even if we fail, we feel satisfied so long as we can honestly say to ourselves, "I have done my very best." At present, my dear boy, this life may seem very happy to you, but it will not be so always. Young as you are, you have felt what it is to have one, whom we love dearly, taken from us. We do not mourn for her — she is happy, and she has been spared many of the hard struggles of this life. We mourn for ourselves, because we miss her so much, and we know she would have made our life so bright and happy. But we must learn to be ready to give up everything, however dearly we love it, when God bids us to do so. Sooner or later we know we shall have to leave all those whom we love on earth, till we meet again as God's love and wisdom may order it. But what a comfort it is to know that, even when we are gone, we shall not be forgotten, but that our children, in all their trials and troubles, will think of us, and say, as you said when you thought of dear Ada, "We'll do our best, for their sake; we'll never do anything mean, for their sake."

Though I am an old man, I often say that to myself when I think of dear Ada, and thus I feel that she is always with me. Learn to do the same, not only now, but for the whole of your life. Think always what those whom you loved and who loved you on earth would think of you, and then you will never go far wrong.'

TO HERR VON STRAUSS UND TORNAY.

Translation. OXFORD, *December* 16, 1879.

'MY HONOURED FRIEND,—Only a line to thank you for your *Shi King*, and to congratulate you heartily on the publication of this perfect piece of work. When I see you working on so bravely, I feel ashamed of myself, and take fresh courage. But often when I think of all that has still to be done, I lose all hope, and should like to retire into the forest. To-day is a sad day. You will remember. Three years are gone; three years less to wait.

'I hope you and your dear wife are suffering less from the cold than we are. Only Wilhelm keeps well, and cuts figures on the ice. He is very happy at his school, and to-morrow we expect him for the holidays. With best wishes for a happy Christmas to you and yours, from me and my wife. Yours ever.'

TO M. RENAN.

December 30.

'I have been sharing your fate; I have been in bed with cold, and what is worse, a very troublesome liver. I am better at last, but not quite myself yet. I am glad that you have decided to lecture in London, and I only hope the Trustees will make all proper arrangements. With one or two exceptions, these gentlemen are about as fit as Gambetta for electing a Professor of Comparative Theology. You will have to be very careful, or you will get into hot water in London. With regard to your subject, you ought to consider yourself perfectly free. What I should have liked would have been a description of the first deterioration which the personal teaching of Christ suffered, when percolating through the thoughts and the civil institutions of the Roman world; when it became for the first time of this world, and had to make those concessions which every religion has to make when it wishes to gain majorities. Then to show that we, in our nineteenth century, are no more Christians than Constantine was; that by taking all that is metaphorical for real, and all that is real for metaphorical, we have produced a religion in

many respects worse than the old heathen religions; that we are still thousands of years away from the simple teaching of Christ — that might tell, particularly coming from you ; but you know best. As to my own Hibbert Lectures, they begin to tell in India; in England people do not understand them. My whole heart is in them, and I do believe them. I shall be glad to know your opinion when the time comes. I see and understand all the complications of the new chair at the Collège de France; there is in Réville something sound and solid. In his hands the chair would be safe; others might follow.'

Towards the close of the year Max Müller received an invitation from a society of students at the University of Vienna to give them a course of lectures. The invitation was a great gratification to him, but he was quite unable to comply with the request, and answered as follows: —

Translation. OXFORD, *December* 31, 1879.

'HONOURED COLLEAGUES, — Only to-day am I able to answer your welcome and valuable letter, and the reason of the delay is the same which makes it, alas! impossible for me to accept your kind invitation to give some lectures to the German students in Vienna. I have not been well for some time, and my doctor tells me that if I want to go to Austria, the waters and the quiet walks at Karlsbad would be far better for me than the wine and the brilliant society of the beautiful imperial town. I feel that myself. Not that the wings of the spirit are broken yet; on the contrary, they are stronger than ever. But the wings of the body long for rest, and a flight to Vienna is too much for me now. You happy ones will hardly be able to understand this. You can fly like the young eagles without thought of your wings.

'But let me thank you warmly, for your letter has not only given me pleasure and refreshed me, but has also done me more good than many a spoonful of physic. That you, young German students of Vienna, know my name at all, and that you believe that I might have something worth saying to you which you would like to hear, has certainly surprised me much. When I was as young as you are now, I made up my mind to wander to England, in order to publish, where alone it was possible at that time to publish, the *Rig-veda*, which I consider the oldest literary monument of the whole Aryan family. As we all, as you know, belong to this Aryan or Indo-Germanic

family, the *Rig-veda* is, so to speak, our own oldest inheritance, and to make such an inheritance and jewel accessible again to the European scientific world after many thousand years, seemed to me a work worthy the labour, even should its completion occupy my whole life. The work is done, and if you care to visit the Royal and Imperial Library at Vienna, you will find there, at the head of the whole Aryan literature, six massive quarto volumes, my edition of the *Rig-veda*, together with the *Sanskrit Commentary*; and close to it, perhaps, the work of an Austrian professor, Professor Ludwig of Prague, whose lately-published German translation of the *Rig-veda* has won for him a place of honour among the best Sanskrit scholars of Europe.

'But this edition of the *Rig-veda*, a complete edition of which did not exist formerly even in India, and many another work of the same kind which I have written for the inner circle of science, form only a sort of substructure of which nobody either sees or hears anything except the architects of special departments. They are like granite blocks, which, buried deep under the surface, lie forgotten, while others continue to build upon them and erect pillars, arches, and bridges which astonish the whole world. It is only in my brief leisure hours that I have been able occasionally to bring to light some of the results of my researches; and that some of my writings have reached as far as Vienna and have found friends there, is indeed a real and unexpected joy to me. I send you for your library my lately-published *Essays on Comparative Religion*. You may find something in them, which will show you better than a few lectures from me could have done, what is the highest goal of all my work.

'Let me, honoured colleagues, press your hand in spirit and thank you for the pleasure you have given me.

'I remain with warm sympathy, your sincere friend.'

The year had been a very hospitable one in Max Müller's house. We find among his visitors this year Dr. James Martineau, Von Schlötzer, his old friend, Mr. Stillman, the *Times* correspondent, Dr. Kielhorn from India, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, Baron Roggenbach, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and many less-known names.

Two new interests entered into Max Müller's life during the following year. His daughter Mary had now left school, and for her sake there was much more society in the scholar's

house than hitherto, and he was brought socially into more general acquaintance with younger members of the University. This year, too, brought him into almost daily intercourse with Bunyiu Nanjio and Kenjiu Kasawara, two Japanese who had been sent by the High Priest of their Monastery to study Sanskrit in Oxford, the knowledge of the original language of the sacred books of the Buddhists having entirely died out in Japan, where they only possessed Japanese translations of Chinese translations of the original Sanskrit. Nanjio had arrived in Oxford early in 1879, and brought an introduction to Professor Max Müller, and Kasawara followed in October, but their knowledge of English was still very imperfect, and it was necessary for them to learn the elements of Sanskrit and perfect their English before they could profit much from Max Müller's instruction. From this time on they read constantly with him, and it was at his instigation that Nanjio caused a search to be made in Japan for original Sanskrit MSS., which ended in the discovery of five texts, one of which was the oldest Sanskrit text (sixth century) which had then been discovered. By Max Müller's advice, Nanjio prepared a complete catalogue of the gigantic Buddhist Canon, which was printed at the University Press, and is of great value to all who study Buddhist literature. Max Müller has given a full account of Nanjio and Kasawara in the new edition of *Chips*, Volume II. Certainly, till Nanjio left England in 1884, they were a great interest in his life. Kasawara had to return to Japan in 1882 in bad health, and he died soon after his return. He parted with his teacher, for whom he had a very strong feeling of affection, apparently unmoved, and yet he wrote afterwards, 'When I left you the other day, I walked up and down the road, looking at your house, where I had passed the happiest hours of my life.' 'The life of my Buddhist friend,' wrote Max Müller, 'was one of the many devoted yet unfulfilled lives which make us wonder and grieve. . . . He might have been a most useful man on his return to Japan.'

TO M. RENAN.

January 15.

'I was truly pleased when I heard of Réville's appointment, though I fear several of my friends at Paris are displeased. I have had some correspondence with the editor of the *Times* about your lectures. Everything in England depends on the *Times*, everybody respects what the *Times* says. I am glad to say that the present editor is personally on our side, and that is of great importance; though it does not follow that the paper itself will not have to make some reserves. The editor has seen you, and talked with you at Florence; he knows your books, and is full of sympathy for you and them. The difficulty in England is that few people read books, and form their own opinions; a clamour is raised and everybody joins in it. Now as to your position here, it will be, as you know, a difficult one, because the two strongest parties, the clerical and the materialistic, are opposed to you. I share that misfortune with you, and I hope I always shall. But it was important to have the *Times*, if not as your partisan, at least not as your enemy, and that, so far as I can see, will be the case. The editor is anxious to give a full report of your lectures, as he did with mine, but he says that, in order to do justice to your beautiful French, he cannot allow your translation to be done during the night by some young man from stenographic notes, but he must have your French MS. and give it to be translated by a really competent person. He wishes me to ask you whether you agree to his proposal, and I believe it is essential to the success of your lectures that some such plan should be adopted.'

TO BRYAN HODGSON, ESQ.

'I have received two volumes of your *Collected Essays*, for which please accept my best thanks. Many of them are old friends of mine, and I am glad to see them all together and so well got up. How little has been done in that field[1] since you left it, and yet how much is still to be done, and how amply would anybody's labours be rewarded who would follow your example. I suppose you have given away all your Nepalese MSS. I have been reading some of them lately, the *Sukhavatîvyûha*, &c., with two Buddhist priests from Japan, who came here to learn Sanskrit. They are slow, but I expect they will do some good work by-and-by.'

Max Müller had been very poorly all the autumn and early part of the winter, as the following letter shows: —

[1] *Languages, &c., of Nepal.*

TO HERR VON STRAUSS UND TORNAY.

Translation. *January* 30.

'I am so terribly in arrears with my letters through my long illness, that I prefer to begin with the last, just received. I am only sorry it does not bring me as good news from you as I am accustomed to receive. Anxiety about those who are dearest is more wearing than anxiety about oneself. It is a real joy to see how bravely you work on. Since October I have been able to do nothing but what was absolutely necessary. A troublesome liver has asserted itself, an illness I have long expected to inherit, and have only kept it at bay so many years by constant exercise and most careful diet.

'The worst is the depression which one cannot subdue. One has no appetite, either physical or mental, and when one hopes it is passing away, the misery begins again. A few days ago I was kept in bed with severe pain, but to-day I feel much better. I tell you all this to explain why I have lain quite fallow, read nothing but novels, and written nothing. I have taken up your *Shi King* several times, but I could not manage it. I wished to write something about your *Essays*, but nothing came of it, and there is a perfect St. Gothard of letters and books in my library, so that I despair of ever driving a tunnel through them. The will is there, and I look forward to the Spring. The essay on "Personal Freedom" will appear in the February number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*. The introduction I sent you was not to my *Sacred Books*, but to a great American illustrated work (of little value), *The Hundred Greatest Men of the World*. In a weak moment I undertook the *Founders of Religions*, and had to keep my promise, well or ill. My family are all well. My wife is in London, for a little change; she has been nursing me a long time. Wilhelm is at school a mile from here, and gets on; the two girls are growing up, each in her own way. All seems like *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* (a calm sea and a good voyage), and yet one never gets any rest.'

The following letters show how constantly Max Müller was appealed to on subjects that were not immediately connected with his own work, or at all events with the work he had on hand at the moment, and how little he shrank from the correspondence involved by such appeals. At the end of January Professor Blackie wrote a private letter to Max Müller from

Edinburgh on the teaching and pronunciation of Greek, at the same time publishing in a Scotch paper a long letter to Professor Jebb of Glasgow on the same subject, without having first told Professor Jebb that he was intending to do so. Max Müller wrote back to Professor Blackie: —

January 30.

'MY DEAR BLACKIE, — Thanks for your paper. You are perfectly right. The difficulty, however, is to find willing and capable teachers — the boys would learn it fast enough. It was the same with the few simple rules of Latin pronunciation. I know that at one school the boys got on capitally with the new pronunciation: it was the masters who would or could not learn it, and who naturally prevailed. I knew my Greek accents fairly well before I came to England. It was in England, when trying to make myself understood, that my Greek accent-conscience became demoralized. I should not like now to undergo a public examination in Greek accents, I mean those that depend on etymology and usage, and not on general rules. Boys will generally do what is right, if they never hear what is wrong. There is the difficulty. Wishing you all success, I remain yours very truly.'

This letter Professor Blackie immediately asked and got leave to publish. The following letters from Max Müller explain themselves: —

TO PROFESSOR (NOW SIR R.) JEBB.

OXFORD, *February* 5.

'I was answering Professor Blackie's letter to me, and had only glanced at his printed letter to you which he enclosed. (1) I have always thought that accent in Greek, as in Sanskrit, was originally, as its name tells us, by-song, cantilena, or, if you like, change of pitch. That was quite compatible with quantity. (2) Afterwards accent became more strict. Even that was compatible with quantity, and I see no reason why boys should not be taught to say ἄνθρωπος without saying ἄνθροπιος. (3) In Greek poetry stress is surrendered to rhythm. It is sometimes the same in modern music. I heard only last Sunday "apóstolic," instead of "apostólic," in a chanted Choral. Having always defended these three points, I wrote to Professor Blackie that on them I thought he was right. Not having seen what has been written before by you and by him, I

could not have expressed any opinion about it. Nor should I like to do so now. Professor Blackie's way of expressing himself is strong. He has used much stronger language about my hallucinations than what appears in his letter to you. . . . When Professor Blackie asked me whether he might publish my note, I wrote to him that he might, for though I did but vaguely recollect what I had written, I hoped my short note contained nothing that could give offence to anybody. I should regret very much if you thought that my remarks referred in any way to you personally; I was thinking simply of the matter under discussion, without any cognizance of who the parties were who defended one or the other view. . . .'

TO THE SAME.

February 8.

'I should be very glad if you took no further notice of that short note of mine, which I allowed Professor Blackie to publish. It will lead to a reply from him, and what can be gained by a newspaper controversy on such a point? If, however, you think it necessary to reply, I must ask you to publish the whole of my three points. I have not seen your paper in the publisher's annual, but I gather from the correspondence in the *Scotsman* that there are some points where your views differ from mine. I am in favour of teaching boys to pronounce Greek, ancient as well as modern, according to the accents, only warning them that there is no need to pronounce, for instance, the penultimate short, because the antepenultimate has the acute, and is pronounced by us with stress. This seems to me the point of practical importance for schools. I know the difficulties, but I know what can be done even by *one* determined teacher. In reading metrical passages the accents must yield, and I know of no evidence that, at the time of Sophocles, the Greeks retained the accents, as stress, in their recitation of poetry. Nor do I think that at that time Greek accent was still cantilena, pure and simple, though it is difficult to be positive on that point, or to determine the time when in Greek the change took place from cantilena to stress.'

TO THE SAME.

February 12.

'I am very glad and grateful that you have decided not to notice my letter to Professor Blackie. If you knew how many letters of that kind I have to write, I believe you would make allowance for my not having read the whole controversy to which Professor

Blackie's letter referred. I must have expressed myself badly in what I wrote about Greek poetry at the time of Sophocles. What I meant to say was that at his time — so far as I can judge — accent in conversation and prose in general was stress, but that in poetry the stress of rhythm prevailed over the stress of accent, as it does with us sometimes when the time or the beat in music does not agree with the accent or stress of each word sung to it.'

The following letter was written in reply to an inquiry from the Duke of Argyll: —

OXFORD, *February* 17, 1880.

'. . . As to sacrifices, I must take a little time to think. The fundamental idea in the earliest Vedic Hymns is simply, Give me something, cattle, children, health and wealth, and I shall give thee something. What? Something that is dear to me, and what therefore you too will like. I like my food, so before I begin to eat, there is a morsel for you. I like my drink, so here is a libation for you. Even when they said they were going to offer to the gods a goat or an ox, that meant generally that they and their friends were going to have a feast in honour of the gods, but the gods received very little. Pigs, sheep and oxen, *Su-ove-taurilia*, were all eatable animals. The Scythians ate the horse, and therefore they sacrificed it. But however dear a dog or a cat or a bird might be, we seldom hear of their being sacrificed. So the nature of the sacrifices depended much on the nature of the food.

'Another class of sacrifices were those to the Spirits of the Departed. To them was frequently given what had been dear to them in life, and then neither dogs nor horses, neither slaves nor wives were spared. In cases where some of these grand- and great-grandfathers became gods, bloody sacrifices might easily grow up.'

TO THE SAME.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD,
February 22, 1880.

'MY DEAR DUKE OF ARGYLL, — I do hold that Man was evolved, not however from a beast, but from a child, which actually represents a stage much lower than the highest beast, but potentially a stage out of the reach of any beast.

'I also hold that our so-called Kantian categories are evolved; they are there potentially, but they want the objective world to become actual. What I call the Infinite is that which by its

pressure calls forth that form of thought, that category, which Kant would call the category of substantiality. Without that category we should have nothing but predicates; *i.e.* thought would be impossible. All names of God are predicates, Πρόσωπα, personifications — it does not matter whether they are Sun, Fire, Sky, Enlightener, Warmer, Protector, Dyaus, Ζεύς, Jupiter, Jehovah, Allah, or Father — all are names, some purer, higher, truer than others, but all predicates — and of what? Of that nameless Something which presses on us on all sides, on our senses, on our mind, on our heart, but which from its nature must be nameless — *ein Gott an sich* — Προσωποποιούμενον, but not Πρόσωπον. To say that God is a person, or many persons, represents no doubt a very early, and to us very natural phase of religious thought. But person means so many things. If our body is still felt as our person, God and the gods are black and white as men. But as we surrender one element after the other as not essential to our personality, our body, and sex, our senses, our imaginations, our language, our age, such as childhood, manhood, and old age, we at last arrive at that true self of which we may predicate many things, but of which we may in truth only say, "It *is*, and therefore it thinks." The Hindu added a third indefeasible predicate. (1) Sat, (2) Kit, (3) Ânanda = (1) Being, (2) Perceiving and all that flows from it, and (3) Blessed. All the rest are human marks, names, concepts — all true to a certain point; all false, if stretched too far. It always struck me as a wonderful guess at the Divine, when in the *Bhagavat Gîta* the Supreme Spirit is made to say: "Even those who worship idols, worship me." St. Paul's "Unknown God" springs from the same source. It was because I wanted a Substance for all Divine ideas that I traced the presence of the Infinite, or the Nameless, or the Unknown, as the antecedent though unconscious *sine quâ non* of all later assertions about it; and I still think that unless we hold to that, we worship εἴδωλα which will be broken some day or other, but that which can never be broken, is that of which the εἴδωλον is but the εἴδωλον — the name but a name — and for which I find no better name than the Infinite, or Indefinite, or Indefinable.

'I shall try to put together some of the more important passages about sacrifice in the *Veda*. But sacrifice again means so many things that it is very difficult to put into order what, from its nature, is chaotic, poetic, and free.'

It was at this time that Max Müller made epistolary acquaintance with Mr. Lowell through the letter on 'Jade'

given in the *Autobiography*, an acquaintance that ripened into real friendship when Mr. Lowell came to England. Unfortunately none of Max Müller's letters to his brilliant correspondent have been preserved, except the one which follows: —

OXFORD, *February* 3, 1880.

'I have been laid up for some time. I am what ill-natured people in Germany said of Bismarck, *Leber leidend*, and *Leider lebend*, and while that lasts one is fit for nothing. I feel better now, but am always afraid of relapses till this cold weather is over.

'Your remarks about Jade are very true. I should have written once more to the *Times*, but I felt jaded, and I was afraid the readers of the *Times* might share that feeling. Otherwise I really felt it due to our troglodyte ancestors to say a few words for their common sense, and not to let people believe that they kept their green jade tools because they reminded them of green fields! Why, the man or the clan who possessed one of those small jade scrapers, or knives, or scissors, was a Rothschild among beggars! You can cut an iron nail with those jade chisels,[1] and they show no dent. Diamond only will tell on them. A man who possessed one of those treasures could eat a dozen of oysters and crack ten times as many marrow bones as his neighbours who had flint knives only, which broke at every blow, and had constantly to be renewed. It was like a Krupp gun compared with old Bess. Of course, any swell or family of swells who possessed such a diploma of nobility would keep it as long as they could keep anything, and, as you say, even when it ceased to be useful, sentiment would protect it, as it protects an old razor, though it has long ceased to be useful. The wonderful fancies about jade begin in the sixteenth century. If you should come across some of the books written by the Court physicians of Charles V and others, the cures which they describe as effected by wearing jade are marvellous. These were men as great as Gull and Paget, only 300 years ago. They describe cases which they watched for ten years and more, and give the names of their patients, and describe how the *calculi* passed away in shoals as soon as the patient touched the jade! Are we so much wiser than our fathers?

'I hope the rumour is true that you will soon exchange Madrid for London. What capital use your country makes of that pre-historic institution of Ambassadors lying at Foreign Courts!'

[1] '*Pace* Sir John Lubbock, for *chisel* has nothing to do with German *kissel*, nor is a *chisel* a survival of a sharpened flint. — M. M.'

It is needless to give a full account of Max Müller's correspondence with Keshub Chunder Sen, head of the Brâhma Somâj of India. He has himself, in his biographical sketch of his friend, printed in *Chips*, Volume II, new edition, entered into the whole controversy of the Kuch Behar marriage and the subsequent split in the Brâhma Somâj, and to that the reader is referred. The deeply interesting interview between Keshub Chunder Sen and Dr. Pusey in 1870 will be found there *in extenso*, and the sketch closes with several long and valuable letters that passed between Max Müller and his friend. These are all the letters from Max Müller that have been preserved. During the year 1880 several letters passed between Max Müller and Miss Collet, editor of the *Brahma Year-Book*, who upheld the Sadhâra*n*a Somâj, which had separated from the Brâhma Somâj.

TO MISS COLLET.

February 29.

'I return the papers with many thanks. I see and appreciate your argument in favour of justice towards the Sadhâra*n*a Somâj, but I cannot easily give up a man whom I once trusted. If it is, as you suggest, softening of the brain, has not that poor brain suffered in a noble cause, and is it likely to recover under hard words? However, let us wait and see.'

In February Max Müller read a paper before the Asiatic Society in London on the hitherto unknown Sanskrit text discovered in Japan, a dialogue on Sukhâvatî, or the Paradise of the Buddhists, which was listened to with great interest, and was fully reported at the time in the *Athenaeum*. It was one of the texts discovered by the agency of the Buddhist priests mentioned in the beginning of this Chapter, an account of whose studies in Oxford was new to the majority of Max Müller's hearers, and attracted great attention.

So long ago as the year 1870 Max Müller had tried to draw the attention of the Colonial Office to the great importance of encouraging missionaries and others living in our more distant colonies in collecting lists of words and preparing papers on the native languages, especially in the various Australian colonies.

'In countries where there are no histories, no traditions, no ancient monuments, language is frequently the only witness of the past, and the only guide by which the historian can discover the origin, the relationship, and the early migration of races.' Lord Kimberley sent copies of Max Müller's letter to the Governors of all the Australian Colonies and New Zealand. The Governor of New South Wales, Lord Belmore, speedily replied that his Government had expressed their willingness to obtain the required information in New South Wales, and in November, 1871, Lord Belmore transmitted to the Colonial Office a full report on the Language, Social Laws and Customs, and the Religious and Mythical Traditions of New South Wales. These were sent to Max Müller, who, in returning them, spoke of the valuable information they contained, and urged that as other reports came in, selections from them should be published from time to time:—

'If such a plan had been followed during the last hundred years, many difficulties in the history of the colonies could be cleared up, which now must be left to mere conjecture. Languages that have since become extinct might still be studied. Strange customs and traditions, which now puzzle the ethnologist, might be traced back to an intelligible beginning, and an accurate knowledge of really wild-grown and autochthonic forms of religion would be of the greatest advantage for a comparative study of religions, a branch of inquiry which will become more important with every year.'

He ended by saying that £1000 yearly would probably cover all expenses of printing, as there would be a certain sale of such reports, both at home and abroad.

The following reply came back:—

'SIR,—I am directed by the Earl of Kimberley to acknowledge your letter of February 7, and to thank you for the remarks you have been good enough to make respecting the collection and publication of reports on native languages and customs in the colonies.

'His Lordship regrets that it is not possible for the Colonial Office to undertake to give effect to your suggestion, but he thinks that possibly the Ethnological Society may be in a position to do so, and your letter will be communicated to that Society.'

In 1874 Max Müller tried again to rouse an interest for these researches in the Colonial Office, and finally in 1880, when he was told that times were very bad at the Treasury, and that the only hope lay in stimulating *private* action and expenditure by an appeal through the papers. This labour Max Müller did not feel called upon to undertake, and the opportunity with Tasmania, where the natives have now died out, has been lost for ever.

To Lady Welby.

March 29.

'I put your letter aside for some time, and now that I have read it again, let me begin with the beginning. In the ordinary sense of knowledge, we cannot have any knowledge of God; our very idea of God implies that He is beyond our powers of perception and understanding. Then what can we do? Shut our eyes and be silent? That will not satisfy creatures such as we are. We must speak, but all our words apply to things either perceptible or intelligible. The old Buddhists used to say, the only thing we can say of God is No, No! He is not this, He is not that. Whatever we can see or understand, that He is not. But again I say that kind of self-denial will not satisfy such creatures as we are. What can we do? We can only give the best we have. Now the best we have or know on earth is Love, therefore we say God is Love or loving. Love is entire self-surrender, we can go no further in our conception of what is best. And yet how poor a name it is in comparison of what we want to name. Our idea of love includes, as you say, humility, a looking up and worshipping. Can we say that of God's love? Depend upon it, the best we say is but poor endeavour—it is well we should know it—and yet if it is the best we have and can give, we need not be ashamed. And we should feel the same as to the language of other religions. Their language may strike us as very imperfect, but at one time or other it was the best they knew. Many old and savage nations saw God in the Dawn, and from what you write I think you can sympathize with them—suffer, so to say, the same language which they suffered. They knew nothing greater and higher in the world, and I believe they were right. And that name for Dawn was sometimes used by them for the feeling of love also; "it dawns" meant "I love." There is some truth in that too, not the whole truth—that we shall never grasp in words—but some spark of it. Wher-

ever I see such sparks, whether in ancient times or in the talk of children around us, I feel my heart warmed. I see the ray of truth, and I shut my eyes to all the darkness and coarseness that often surround the light. We cannot know, we cannot name, the Divine, nor can we understand its ways as manifested in active and human life. We ask why there should be suffering and sin; we cannot answer the question. All we can say is, it was willed to be so. Some help our human understanding may find, however, by simply imagining what would have been our life if the power of doing evil had not been given to us. It seems to me that in that case we, human beings as we are, should never have had a conception of what is meant by good; we should have been like the birds in the air, happier, it may be, but better, no. Or if suffering had always been reserved for the bad, we should all have become the most cunning angels. Often when I am met by a difficulty which seems insoluble, I try that experiment and say, Let us see what would happen if it were otherwise. Still, I confess, there is some suffering on earth which goes beyond all understanding, which even the truest Christian love and charity seems unable to remove or to mitigate. It can teach us one thing only, that we are blind, and that in the darkness of the night we lose our faith in a Dawn which will drive away darkness, fear, and despair. Much, no doubt, could be done even by what is now called Communism, but what in earlier days was called Christianity. And then one wonders whether the world can ever again become truly Christian. I dare not call myself a Christian. I have hardly met ten men in all my life who deserved that name. And again, I say, let us do our best, knowing all the time that our best is a mere nothing. This may answer some of your questions, but many questions must remain unanswered, though we all ask them again and again.'

To M. RENAN.

March 31.

'I hear from all sides that your lectures will be a great success. I am truly glad; I hope that everything has been well arranged with the *Times*. Mr. Chenery will meet you here at dinner on Saturday. Prince Leopold, the youngest son of the Queen, and a very clever and well-informed man, will come to take tea with you on Monday. I am afraid you will be tired out, but now and then that cannot be helped. Depend upon it, you are doing a great work, which will leave its trace behind. It will be such a pleasure to have you here in a safe and quiet harbour.'

After his Hibbert Lectures were over, M. Renan and his wife came to stay with Max Müller, and at the same time another new friend, Miss Hopekirk, the brilliant pianist. Prince Leopold spent a whole afternoon with the Max Müllers to meet the Renans, with whom H.R.H. was delighted, as indeed were all who had the chance of meeting the agreeable Frenchman.

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. *April* 18.

'. . . I have had very little time for work here; one visitor followed the other. We went to Brighton, but had to return after a week there to receive Renan in Oxford. He is a very old friend of mine. Before the world knew him, he was known to me. In 1845–6 he was assistant at the Bibliothèque Royale, when I collated my *Veda* manuscripts there. He has had a hard life, and has to thank himself for everything. He is a true-hearted man, a little foggy and sometimes clouded by his language, though the latter certainly produces beautiful colour effects. Here the opinions about him were much divided. Some of my friends refused to meet him at my house. Tyndall and Herbert Spencer they are able to digest here, and yet they go far beyond Renan, who really is a mystical, religious nature. However, all went off well. I have been harshly treated in the papers, but that does not matter; the good cause progresses here also. When Renan left, Professor Elze arrived from Halle; he is a Shakesperian, an old school friend of mine. A few days after Bret Harte announced his visit, and so forth day after day, time flies and work remains undone. I long sometimes to enter a monastery! I hope you and your work succeed better.

'I am very well pleased with the elections here, one can breathe freely again; I myself could never trust Disraeli, though he seems to have been liked by certain gentlemen in Berlin.'

On April 19 Max Müller joined in the greetings sent to Mr. Emerson on the occasion of his seventy-seventh birthday. His letter was as follows:—

7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD, *April* 19, 1880.

'The translator of the *Upanishads*, Moksha Mùlara, sends greetings and best wishes to his American Guru, Amarasùnu, on his seventy-seventh birthday, and encloses an extract from an *Upanishad* lately discovered:—

'Old age and decay lay hold of the body, the senses, the memory, the mind — never of the Self, the looker on.

'The Self never grows tired — the body grows tired of supporting the Self.

'The Self never grows blind — the windows of the senses become darkened with dust and rain.

'The Self never forgets — the inscriptions on the memory fade, and it is well that much should be forgotten.

'The Self never errs — the many wheels of our own small watches grow rusty, but we look up to the eternal dial in the heavens above, which remains right for ever.

'MAX MÜLLER.'

After Commemoration Max Müller's wife and elder daughter went to Ober-Ammergau for the Passion Play, he being himself too busy to go with them. They returned home by Dessau to see the old mother.

TO M. RENAN.

July 3, 1880.

'I wished to read your Lectures before writing to you and thanking you for them; this I have done at last, and I feel now that nothing could have been better than the intellectual campaign has been from beginning to end. I felt doubtful sometimes how it would succeed; yet I had sufficient faith in the good qualities of the English public to hope that you would be satisfied. I did not expect that all would have gone so well, without a single accident; the right people have praised you, and the right people have abused you, and depend upon it some permanent good has been done. I was delighted to have you and Madame Renan under our roof; I only wish I had seen more of you, and had time for some exchange of thought, but the hurry of life gets worse and worse, and I often long for the days when one could live for oneself, when nobody knew us, when we sat in the Bibliothèque Royale copying and collating manuscripts, and reading one book at a time till it was finished. There is one line in your Lectures which I should like to have explained. Can we say even hypothetically, "Si l'infini n'est pas une chimère"? Surely, if there is any reality at all, it is that which is not finite, that which is not visible, that which is not comprehensible. The names which we give to it are chimerical if you like, still they always show "une bonne volonté"; we do our best, we cannot do more, nor can we, such as we are, do altogether without these names. Every generation thinks

it has said *le dernier mot*, that is not so; anyhow, we shall never understand the *dernier mot*, unless we try to understand *le premier mot*, and all our labours, yours and mine, seem to be always directed to that end, to represent, in fact, the etymology of religion; but the etymon must be a root, a real root, not an abstraction, still less *une chimère*. I think that is your own feeling, as far as I can see from your works, and I was therefore struck by that sentence, and have been thinking about it for some time. My wife and daughter are still away; they were quite overpowered by the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. We have lost far too much of the reality of Christ, and I have always thought that your work has done most good by restoring that reality, so far as it can be, in diametrical opposition to Strauss; and yet a few days ago I was told by a distinguished French theologian, that you had only repeated Strauss. I told him that he was utterly and entirely wrong, and I believe he saw it himself.'

The rest of this Long Vacation, except a short visit to his brother-in-law at Taplow, was spent quietly in Oxford with his wife and children. Daily drives and excursions, picnics on the river, long walks, and lawn-tennis parties, in all of which the father shared, made this an enjoyable summer. There were constant visits, too, from friends both young and old. Max Müller was chiefly occupied through the year with correspondence on the *Sacred Books of the East*, and he gave up much time to his Buddhist pupils. In the autumn he prepared two volumes of *Selected Essays* on Language, Mythology, and Religion, which were published in 1881.

To his mother he writes in September: —

Translation.

'Old age begins to make itself felt, things do not go as formerly, and yet there is so much to do. One longs for rest, but one cannot have it here; perhaps it is best as it is. . . . It is not easy to make one's way through life. I often wonder still how I managed it. My life was often a hard battle, and yet I am glad it was; and the little I have done I owe very much to the necessities I had to meet.'

Early in October Max Müller went to Birmingham to be present at the opening of the Mason Science College. In returning thanks for the visitors at the great luncheon, he said: —

'You know that I am not a man of science in the usual, though far too narrow, sense of the word. But, although the science to which I have devoted the whole of my life, the science of man, is not yet formally represented in this college, depend upon it it will enter in; it is there already, it lurks in every corner, and I trust it will soon fill the whole college with its genial warmth and its quickening impulses. You mean to teach mathematics. Can you teach mathematics without teaching the laws of thought, without telling your pupils something about such men as Thales, Pythagoras, and Euclid, who were ancient Greeks, but who were men of science for all that? You mean to teach physiology and biology, the laws of life and of nature. Are you likely to leave out the very crown of nature, man — to leave nature, like *Hamlet* without the Ghost, a nature without its spirit? A true college of science could not live if it were to exclude the science of man. Man is the measurer of all things, and what is science but the reflection of the outer world on the mirror of the mind, growing more perfect, more orderly, more definite, more great with every generation? To attempt to study nature without studying man is as impossible as to study light without studying the eye. I have no misgivings, therefore, that the lines on which this college is founded will ever become so narrow as to exclude the science of man, and the science of that which makes man, the science of language, and what is really the same, the science of thought. And where can we study the science of thought, that most wonderful instance of development, except in the languages and literatures of the past? How are we to do justice to our ancestors except by letting them plead their own case in their own language? Literary culture can far better dispense with physical science than physical science with literary culture, though nothing is more satisfactory than a perfect combination of the two. The spirit in which this college has been founded strikes me as a truly liberal spirit — a spirit of faith in the future, a spirit of confidence in youth. Much as I admire the enlightened generosity of the venerable founder of this college, nothing I admire more than that one clause in the statutes which states that, with the exception of a few fundamental provisions, the trustees not only may, but must, from time to time so change the rules of this institution as to keep it always in harmony with the requirements of the age. We who are growing older ourselves know how difficult it sometimes is for an old man to have faith in youth and confidence in the future. Yet that firm faith in youth, that unshaken confidence in the future, seems to me to form the only safe foundation of all science, and on them, as on a corner-stone, every college of science ought to be founded.

The professors of a college of science should not be conservative only, satisfied to hand down the stock of knowledge, as they received it, as it were, laid up in a napkin. Professors must try to add something, however little it may be, to the talent they have received; they must not be afraid of what is new, but face every new theory boldly, trying to discover what is good and true in it, and what is not. I know this is sometimes difficult. Young men, with their new theories, are sometimes very aggravating. But let us be honest. We ourselves have been young and aggravating too, and yet on the whole we seem to have worked in the right direction. Let us hope, therefore, that the professors of this college will always be animated by the spirit of its founder; that they will never lose their faith in progress, never bow before the idol of finality. Let them always keep in the statutes of their own mind that one saving clause in the statutes of this college — to keep pace with the progress of the world.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

November 27.

'Last Sunday I stayed at Prince Christian's to meet the young Prince Wilhelm and his bride. I was there from Saturday to Monday, and like both the young people, especially the young princess. Her sister too was very pleasant, and they all seemed so happy together. In January they are coming to Oxford. Last week the Japanese Minister was here with us, a very interesting man; and next week comes the American Ambassador, Mr. Lowell, a celebrated writer. We get little rest, though we refuse many invitations.'

Towards the close of the year an important correspondence began between Max Müller and Dr. Legge on one side, and the Bishop of Victoria and various missionaries in China on the other, on the translation of the Chinese word 'Shang-ti,' by God, in Volume III of the *Sacred Books of the East* by Dr. Legge; the missionaries contending that 'Shang-ti' should be rendered by 'Supreme Ruler' or 'Ruler on High,' not by God, as 'the God of Revelation,' '*Jehovah* of the *Christian* Scriptures!' The letter of expostulation sent to Max Müller was signed by twenty-four missionaries, and transmitted to him by Dr. Burdon, Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong. The point in question had been under dispute for 300 years, and the transla-

tion, as being used in the *Sacred Books of the East*, appeared to come with authority, whereas the missionaries, headed by Dr. Burdon, contended that the question was still a matter of dispute.

Dr. Legge had written and published a letter to Max Müller, giving at length his reasons for translating 'Shang-ti' by 'God,' and stating that a large number of missionaries in China agreed with him. Dr. Legge was one of those who did not hesitate to say that God has never left Himself without witness 'to the many millions of the Chinese race, which the narrower spirit of those who condemned his translation was ready to deny.'

In answer to the Bishop of Victoria, Max Müller wrote:—

'DEAR BISHOP,—I send you enclosed my answer to the letter which you forwarded to me, signed by yourself and a number of Protestant missionaries in China. I should feel truly glad if the explanations I have offered might lead, if not to a solution of our difficulties, at least to a mutual understanding of our motives, and I hope that you and your friends will absolve both Dr. Legge and myself from the charge of unfairness which seems implied in your letter.'

Max Müller's answer enclosed to the Bishop was given in full in the *Times* of December 30, 1880. He says in this letter that in his first article in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1852, he had said that it was impossible to find in Chinese a more adequate rendering of 'God' than 'Shang-ti.' The missionaries advocated 'Supreme Ruler' as the fit rendering of 'Shang-ti,' and Max Müller very fitly asks, 'Would this expression have evoked in the minds of Europeans any conception different from that of God?'

The following letter to Dr. Happer, an old missionary in China, gives a summary of the question:—

TO DR. HAPPER.

December 12, 1880.

'A great accumulation of work which I could not put off has hitherto prevented me from answering your letter. Before doing so

I naturally wished not only to read your two papers on the proper rendering of "Shang-ti," but to have time for reconsidering the whole question, and more particularly to hear what Professor Legge had to say in defence of his rendering of the Chinese "Shang-ti" by "God."

'Professor Legge, not wishing to wait any longer, has in the meantime published his reply to your paper, and I hope during the Christmas holidays to find some leisure for writing down my own views on the subject. I feel bound, however, to tell you that I am not altogether an impartial judge, for so long ago as 1851 I expressed my decided approval of "Shang-ti" as the right name to be used for God in Chinese. I did so at the end of an article on "Comparative Philology" in the *Edinburgh Review* (October, 1851), in noticing Sir George Staunton's essay, "An inquiry into the proper mode of rendering the word *God* in translating the Sacred Scriptures into the Chinese Language"; and after maturely reconsidering the question, I still think that, as the nearest equivalent of God, "Shang-ti" is freer from serious objections than any other name in Chinese.

'The question, however, is a much larger one, and affects not only the Chinese, but the translation of almost every volume of the *Sacred Books of the East*. I feel truly grateful therefore to you and your friends for having given me an opportunity of stating my own convictions on that important subject more fully and more freely. In a short letter I can only say that it seems to me that the same spirit which enabled Paul to say at Athens ὃ οὖν ἀγνοοῦντες εὐσεβεῖτε, τοῦτο ἐγὼ καταγγέλλω ὑμῖν, should embolden missionaries in China and all over the world to say, "Whom you ignorantly worship, whether Shang-ti or Tien or any other name, Him declare I unto you."'

The following letter from Arinori Mori, at this time Japanese Minister in England, is of interest as giving the view of an enlightened Buddhist on the 'Shang-ti' question. Arinori had been staying with Max Müller, and delighted every one by his bright, joyous manner. It was he who, years before, when Minister in the United States, had rushed into Max Müller's rooms asking him in ten minutes to fix on a state religion for Japan. He was very different now, and with all his high spirits there was an earnestness of purpose about him which inspired his host with a feeling of strong regard.

It will be remembered that, on his return to Japan a year or two later, he was made Minister of Public Instruction, and was murdered in the streets of Tokio by a fanatic of the old conservative school.

JAPANESE LEGATION, LONDON, *November* 22, 1880.

'DEAR PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, — I scarcely need to say that my recent visit to Oxford greatly benefited me, and that I immensely enjoyed myself during my stay under your kind care and most hospitable roof.

'I have since read with much interest the copy kindly given me by Dr. Legge of his letter addressed to you on the "term-question" *Shang-ti*. I venture to express that Dr. Legge's translation of the term into *God* is on the whole correct, though in some cases the word *God*, when rendered by *Shang-ti*, may not be intelligible to the Chinese or any of the Far Eastern people, as being used to represent a living, sympathetic Being with all His attributes of love and tenderness. It is true that *Shang-ti* has been regarded as the Supreme Being and the Dispenser of all justice and benevolence, but never as so sympathetic a Being as is held by the Christian faith.'

CHAPTER XXV

1881–1882

Speech at University College, London. Prize Fellowships. Deaths of Carlyle, Stanley, and other friends. Visit to the Hartz and Dessau. Oriental Congress at Berlin. Paris. Speech at French Institute. Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. Lectures at Cambridge on India. Dr. Pusey. National Anthem in Sanskrit.

THE whole of this year was one of strenuous work to Max Müller. He had undertaken to make a translation of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, in honour of the centenary of its first publication; he was retranslating Buddha's *Dhammapada* or *Path of Virtue*, from the Pâli; and he prepared with his Buddhist pupils one of the texts from Japan which was published in the Aryan series of the *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, the starting of which undertaking was mainly due to Max Müller's initiative. In addition to this, the editing of the *Sacred Books of the East* was continuous work, involving the reading, and sometimes correcting, of innumerable proof-sheets, besides constant correspondence with scholars offering to take part in the great work, or with others who were dilatory in fulfilling their contracts. As Max Müller was suffering the whole year from what threatened to become scrivener's palsy, he had to dictate almost everything, whether letters or books. Happily, rest and careful treatment warded off the complaint, and he never had any return of it after this year.

TO MISS COLLET.

January 23.

'I have always admitted that Keshub Chunder Sen has been weak, though I could show you that, after the first step had been

taken, he was more helpless than weak. I do not believe that the Hindus do not care for truth; on the contrary, if left to themselves, I believe (with Col. Sleeman) that they are more truthful than any other nation. Their whole literature from beginning to end is pervaded by reverence for truth. From what I know of Keshub Chunder Sen, I should never suspect him of an untruth.'

In another letter to Miss Collet, Max Müller writes: —

'Yet I have felt that in spite of many whirlpools, eddies and waterfalls, the main stream was flowing on in the right direction, and that really good work is being done in India, both by Keshub Chunder Sen and by his opponents.'

To the end Max Müller preserved his faith in Keshub Chunder Sen, and did all he could to uphold him and his work against the attacks made on him in India and England.

'Two points only seemed to me of real importance in the teaching of his last years, first the striving after a universal religion, and the recognition of a common substance in all religions; secondly, the more open recognition of the historical superiority of Christianity as compared with more ancient forms of faith. Keshub Chunder Sen rejoiced in the discovery that, from the first, all religions were but varying forms of one great truth. This was his pearl of great price. To him it changed the whole aspect of the world, and gave a new meaning to his life. That the principle of historical growth or natural evolution applied to religion also, as I had tried to prove in my books on the Science of Religion, was to him the solution of keenly-felt difficulties, a real solace in his own perplexities.'

There is little doubt that it was Keshub Chunder Sen's strong leaning towards Christianity, in which he was before his time, which annoyed the rationalists in India, and called forth some of the attacks made on him in England.

In the spring of this year Max Müller was asked if he would join 'The Club' if there were a vacancy: 'the most distinguished dining-club in this country,' wrote one of the members; 'it consists of the primates in politics, literature, art, and science.' Max Müller was very much gratified at the wish expressed, but he felt, delightful as it would be, the effort of going to London to attend the ten dinners each session of

Parliament would hinder his work too much, and he most reluctantly refused the intended honour.

In February Max Müller attended a great dinner at University College, London, on the occasion of the opening of the north wing, just added to the buildings. Lord Kimberley, as President of the College, was in the chair. It was a large and noble gathering, and among the speakers were Lord Sherbrooke, Professors Henry Smith, Roscoe, and Huxley, Sir F. Leighton, Sir John Lubbock, Sir G. Jessel, and the President of the Royal Society. The toast of the British Universities was proposed by Professor Tyndall, to which Max Müller replied. After assuring his hearers that the majority of people at Oxford had no feelings but those of sincere rejoicing at the rise and growth of what he might call the young Universities, the Universities of the future, he went on to explain a scheme that was then much in his thoughts, for throwing open the 150 Fellowships left in Oxford, after providing for all the wants of tutorial and professorial teaching, to the whole of England. The scheme is fully explained in a paper, extracts from which are given below, which he sent up in March to Professor Tyndall, asking if any of his scientific friends would sign it. It had not, as yet, been shown to any one. The paper is interesting as a scheme that, if carried out, might have put England on a par with France and Germany in the encouragement of scientific and literary research.

'We, the undersigned, beg to submit to the Commissioners of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge that it would most effectually serve for the promotion of learning, if the so-called Prize Fellowships were thrown open to general competition. It may be desirable to confine other Fellowships, to which tutorial and other college duties are attached, to persons familiar with the spirit of the two Universities, but with regard to Prize Fellowships there seems to be no reason why the field of competition should be limited to candidates brought up at Oxford and Cambridge. The wider the field, the greater would be the value attached to these Fellowships, and the greater also the gain for the two Universities in attracting towards themselves the best talent of the whole country.

'The undersigned would likewise suggest to the Commissioners that these Prize Fellowships should not in future be bestowed without some definite duties being attached to them, and that, as a rule, they should not be tenable for more than five years. . . .

'Holders of Prize Fellowships, if they have done good work during the first five years, should know that they may receive a second Fellowship in addition to the first, both tenable again for five years, and that after ten years, if they have produced some valuable work, and wish to devote themselves entirely to the prosecution of scientific studies, they may look forward to a third Fellowship, and become Professors in the University, under regulations similar to those now proposed by the University Commissioners.

'By thus concentrating the resources which the two Universities possess in their Prize Fellowships (representing, after all deductions are made, an annual sum of about £100,000), the Commissioners might make these Fellowships not only a reward for work done by school-boys and undergraduates, but an incentive to new work. A recognized career would thus be opened to young men of talent, wishing to devote themselves to the prosecution of independent investigations, and to the advancement of sound learning, who, under present circumstances, have either to face years of uncertain adventure, or accept employment detrimental to the scientific character of their work. And the Universities would more truly fulfil their double function of transmitting and enlarging knowledge, by training a class of students really qualified to fill professorial chairs, and to maintain in the future the high position of English scholarship and learning.'

TO PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

OXFORD, *March* 16.

'I may have made in the paper I sent you the same mistake which I find I made in some others. The sum I want to secure to science is not £10,000 a year, but £100,000 a year. We may put down the Prize Fellowships in each University as at least 150—that leaves a large margin for tutorial and professorial Fellowships.

'300 to 400 Fellowships, each of about £300 a year, gives about £100,000. Is not this worth an effort?'

Professor Tyndall was much interested in Max Müller's scheme, and, though himself ill from overwork, wrote that he thought the statement admirable, and would send it on to

those likely to be interested in the subject, whilst he himself would gladly sign it. A few days later Professor Tyndall wrote again, 'I have set your scheme afoot, and I think you will not lack backers.'

TO THE SAME.

March 26.

'I was very sorry to hear of your being pulled down. This won't do. Who is to fight, if you give in? I shall get little if any support for my proposal here at Oxford. Some people think it high treason. I believe, on the contrary, like many kinds of high treason, it would be a blessing to Oxford, and open a future to English science such as we can hardly imagine as yet. You hardly know what a Crypto-Anglicist I am, and how firmly I believe in the future of England. But really English genius has had no chance, and it is a perfect marvel to me when I see what it has achieved, even when dancing in chains. The waste of power here at Oxford is fearful. I have known dozens of young men who might have done any amount of solid scientific work, and who dwindle away into judges or bishops. What I want is not only a *carrière ouverte*, but a *carrière assurée* for students and scholars. I am afraid we shall not carry this proposal now, but even to have mooted it, may do some good hereafter.'

Carlyle had died in the February of this year, and the statue referred to in the following letter was to him. The statue now stands on the Chelsea embankment, near to Cheyne Row where Carlyle lived, and is a sitting life-size figure in bronze.

TO PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

OXFORD, *May* 4.

'Well done, royally done! taking *royally* in its etymological meaning — *rex* being a leader, a straightforward *director*, the leader of a forlorn hope, the right man, when right (*rectum*) has to be vindicated! Really, when one hears people talk about Carlyle and Disraeli, all landmarks of right and wrong seem to have vanished.

'I have no misgivings about the statue, though the price charged seems rather high. I also should prefer bronze to marble in this climate.

'Froude will be glad to serve on the Committee: he is sure to exert himself. Lowell will help and contribute. We shall have a small Committee here, but we want printed papers, &c. The fire must be stirred in the central place.'

TO HIS SON.

May 16, 1881.

'"Becoming independent" is one thing, "becoming rich" another. Everybody ought to try hard to make himself independent, but then a man must learn to be independent with little, such as Carlyle was — one of the most independent and honest men I have ever known. Don't forget that I took you once to see him — it is better than to have seen the Pyramids or Niagara.'

Max Müller had the strongest admiration for Carlyle. Soon after his death, he writes: —

'Think of the simplicity and frugality of his life, the nobility of his heart, the sublimity of his purposes. I have known many good and great men. I have never known one so strong and straight, so sturdy and striking as Thomas Carlyle — strong and straight like a pyramid, a mystery to the common crowd of travellers, and certainly not to be measured in its width and breadth, in its height and depth, by the small pocket-rule of "common sense!"'

The translation of the *Dhammapada*, which formed Max Müller's second contribution to the *Sacred Books of the East*, came out, as has been stated, this year, and seems to have been read by his old friend Mrs. Josephine Butler.

TO MRS. BUTLER.

OXFORD, *May* 18.

'DEAR MRS. BUTLER, — I am glad you appreciate Buddha, like myself. I feel I owe him much. As to a life, we shall never have that: we may know what his various disciples thought of him, but then a picture is never greater than the artist. We shall have to be satisfied with a few stones picked up here and there, and have to build up our own image. I shall send you some more of him, if you like. I expect Froude here in a few days: his son comes to matriculate at Oriel. I am not the least shaken in my belief in Carlyle: he was the greatest and truest man I have ever known, and that will do for me. What a loss Sandwith is![1] What would England be without its unknown worthies? He too sped through life straight as an arrow, and there are few left like him.'

[1] Dr. Sandwith was one of the defenders of Kars in 1855, under General Williams.

The following letter shows how completely Max Müller devoted himself to his Buddhist pupils: —

TO MR. NANJIO.

OXFORD, *May* 28.

'I had a letter from Lord Granville to-day, informing me that the two MSS. of the *Sukhâvatî-Vyûha* would be sent to me from Paris through the English Ambassador. I expect they will arrive in about a week. Would it not be better now for you and me to stay at Oxford till we have finished the collation of these MSS.? It need not take much time, unless the text should be very different — which, however, I do not expect.

'If we could finish this collation, and the printing of the Bodleian Catalogue before going to Paris, it would be well to do so, I think. But tell me really what you like to do, and I shall then see how I can arrange my plans. Though our departure for Paris may be delayed now, yet I am as anxious as ever to go there, and afterwards to Germany, and to take care of you on the journey to Paris and Berlin.

'What shall we put on the title-page?

"'Catalogue of Japanese and Chinese Books and Manuscripts, Prepared by Bunjiu Nanjio, Priest of the Monastery, . . . Japan."'

Just before Commemoration of this year a great sorrow came to Max Müller in the death of his friend Dr. Rolleston. Of all his friends in Oxford, he was the one with whom Max Müller was at this time the most entirely united, and till Dr. Rolleston's illness, which obliged him to leave Oxford for some months, only returning to die in a few days, they were constantly together. In their fearless love of truth, their power of affection, their buoyant natures, their powerful and intuitive grasp of any subject occupying their minds, they had much in common, and for years Max Müller felt the loss in his daily life. To escape Commemoration, for which he had no heart, he went to West Malvern, accompanied by his Japanese priests. It was on this visit that an incident occurred which Max Müller was fond of narrating. Coming home one evening along the ridge of the hills, they stood still to watch one of those glorious sunsets which are so often to be seen from the Malvern range. 'The western sky was like a golden curtain, covering we know not

what, when Kasawara said to me, "That is what we call the Eastern Gate of Sukhâvatî, the Land of Bliss." He looked forward to it, and he trusted he should meet there all who had loved him, and whom he had loved, and that he should gaze on the Buddha Amitâbha — the Infinite Light.' A lady who heard Max Müller describe this scene, sent him the following lines: —

'We walked and talked together, and before us
The golden glory of the sunset shone.
Then a great raptured silence brooded o'er us —
The glory glowed with gems — the orb was gone.
Then spoke my friend, with reverent voice and low,
"Yonder! the wondrous Temple's eastern gate!
Within (he eager gazed) fain would I go,
Beyond those shining bars my fathers wait."
I hung my head. My Christian eyes had seen
But a grand painting, crimson, green and gold;
While he, a Buddhist — *by my side* — had been
Through pearly doors, looking on Light untold.
And now, whene'er I see a glorious sunset sky,
I think — beyond that gate what splendid visions lie.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. MALVERN, *June* 27, 1881.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have been here for more than a week, enjoying the beautiful fresh air of the Malvern Hills. I longed for rest, for blow after blow had come upon me lately through the deaths of my nearest friends and acquaintances. Bernays was an old friend of mine, of whom I saw much at the Bunsens. His was a clear mind; he was a splendid Greek scholar, and he was faithfully attached to me. Then, after various other losses, came the death of Professor Rolleston, which was so tragical. You remember him, do you not, and his ethnological museum? He mentioned your name often. . . . Occurrences like his tragic death, and his wife's sad state, are beyond our understanding — we cannot tackle it. It seems something must be out of order to produce such convulsions of life. And so we become poorer and poorer. To-day, again, I hear of the death of a Swiss friend, Fritz Kraus, whom you may remember as the translator of Shakespeare's sonnets — to me a dear friend. And all this is because

we grow old, but we cannot help wondering why we ourselves have to remain so long imprisoned here. I try to work as much as I possibly can: that gives me an aim to live for. Kant is difficult, but interests me deeply.'

TO B. MALABARI, ESQ.

June 30.

'I was grieved to hear of the death of your child. I know what it is — there are few who do not know that grief. Even in the *Rig-veda* there is a simple prayer, "Let us die in order that the old may not weep for the young." It is a great problem why it should be so, and yet nothing lifts us so much above the cares of this life as love for those who have gone before us, and who are nearer to our hearts now than they were when we could see them every day. To die young is a great blessing — that thought ought to comfort those who are left behind to mourn.'

TO MR. NANJIO.

OXFORD, *June* 28, 1881.

'I was glad to hear that you had arrived safely in Oxford, and I hope your stay at Malvern will have done you some good. I am very anxious that you should acquire a thorough knowledge of Sanskrit, and I am glad to see that you are both making good progress; but there is still much before you, and you will have to work hard. If I sometimes seem impatient, you ought to know that it really arises from my wish to see you get on. You asked me for the meaning of K.M.: it means Knight of the Order of Merit. I have received many orders and ribbons, but that is the one I value most; there are only twenty Knights and they elect themselves, they are not made through the favour of kings or ministers, but after a Knight has been elected he receives his decoration from the Emperor of Germany. Carlyle, the great historian, who died this year, declined to accept the Grand Cross of the Bath from Lord Beaconsfield, but he accepted the Order pour le Mérite, because it was given him by his peers. All these things no doubt are vanities, but they also produce some good, because scholars all over the world exert themselves to gain that distinction, and thus it encourages them in their work.'

Early in July Max Müller heard of the death of Professor Benfey, Sanskrit Professor at Göttingen, who only the year before had celebrated the Jubilee of his professorship. 'The

death of Benfey was a great shock,' he writes; 'he was a wonderful worker.' This was followed by the loss of another Oxford friend, the Librarian of the Bodleian, 'Bodley Coxe,' as his friends loved to call him.

But a far deeper sorrow fell on Max Müller, the shadow from which long rested on him. On July 18 his loved and valued friend Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, died, after a very short illness. Max had known him from the time of his own arrival in Oxford in 1848, and had paid him several visits at Canterbury. They had become intimate friends during the years 1856 to 1863, when Stanley was Canon of Christ Church. His marriage and removal to Westminster made no change in their mutual affection. His wife, Lady Augusta, welcomed her husband's friends in the heartiest manner, and the Deanery was a London home to the Max Müllers. 'One could speak to him unreservedly, almost thoughtlessly,' Max writes. 'One knew he believed all one said. . . . It was a treat to speak with him, and to find that he really took one for better than one was — it made one better.' 'I miss Stanley very much. He always remained true to one. After he had once trusted a man, he seldom dropped him again.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. OXFORD, *July* 23.

'I cannot tell you how sad I feel — all strength and joy seems to have left me. How I wish I could have a good cry! Well, we have to pull ourselves together. If I only could get away! On August 6, I hope to go with my wife and children to the Hartz mountains, to meet my old mother, aged 81. . . . On Monday I am going up to London for the funeral. I am afraid of it, but I did not want to miss it. The sympathy all over England is wonderful.'

It had long been settled that the summer should be spent in Germany with the old mother, and she fixed on the Hartz as the place where they would meet and spend the holidays together.

TO LADY WELBY.

August 2.

'I feel very weary. This year has taken away almost all my friends in England and in Germany, and I wonder why I am left. We must not let our friends die, and I trust Stanley will long live among us. I have never known a better man — his very weaknesses arising from the best motives.'

A list exists in Max Müller's writing with not less than twenty-five names of friends who had passed away this year in England and Germany.

The time in the Hartz was a great success, Goslar, Hamburg, and many other beautiful and interesting spots were visited, including Quedlinburg on the way to Dessau, where a happy week was spent with the relations: the last time they were all to be together. The Max Müllers went on to Dresden, and saw many of their valued friends, and from there Max Müller went to Berlin for the fifth Oriental Congress, and his wife and children returned to England.

TO B. MALABARI, ESQ.

September 4.

'I am deeply interested in the effect which my *Hibbert Lectures* will produce in India. When writing them I was often thinking of my friends in your country more than of my audience at Westminster. The views which I have put forward in these lectures on the origin and on the true nature, character and value of religion, are the only possible solution of the difficulties which trouble you, or at least all who are honest among you, and which trouble us in Europe. Do not suppose that I say this from any selfish motive. Truth is not mine nor yours: we can only bear witness to it, we cannot make it. All I may truly say of myself is, that I have devoted my whole life to the study of religion and religions, and that the views put forward in my *Hibbert Lectures* are the result of the studies which have not ignored any one of the objections raised against religion whether in England or in India. We must look for that religion which is at the root of all religions, and of which every historical religion is but an imperfect expression. If we once understand why every expression was imperfect, we shall have to bear with every religion — we shall

look in each for that with which we can agree, and leave the rest to Brahmans, Dasturs and Popes. There is no religion which does not contain some truth, none which contains the whole truth — for religion is the light of truth as reflected in human mirrors — and however pure and spotless your mirror may be, there is none which in reflecting does not deflect the rays of light that fall on it. The first duty which every student of religion has to perform is to make himself acquainted with the books on which each religion claims to be founded. Hence my publication of the *Sacred Books of the East*, *i.e.* of the world, for all religions come from the East.'

Max Müller was a delegate to the Congress from the University of Oxford, and, as such, delivered an address at the opening meeting, in which he dwelt on the services rendered by Oxford to Oriental learning in the publication of the *Sacred Books of the East* and the *Anecdota Oxoniensia*.

The next day Max Müller gave a detailed account of how he had discovered some Sanskrit texts, hitherto unknown, in Japan, and he showed the fine facsimiles that had been sent him. Professor Weber congratulated Max on his discovery, and, in an able speech, dealt with its great importance for Sanskrit studies.

But much as he enjoyed the Congress, all Max Müller's letters from Berlin are full of expressions of fatigue and his longing for rest. 'You don't know what a beehive it is, not to say wasp-hive!' As much time as he could spare was given to his old friend of early days at Bunsen's, Karl Meyer, who was very ill. They never met again. Lepsius, too, who was to have been president of the Congress, was too ill to take any part in it.

His two Japanese pupils, who had met him at Berlin, accompanied him to Paris. From there he writes, on September 19, to his wife: —

'This place is full of memories, and I walk about often as in a dream — so many gone, so many almost forgotten, till some little thing brings them back to one's memory. It was a hard struggle I had to go through here, and with no definite prospects, risking all on one card. I passed the spot where I remember saying to

Schlötzer (it must have been in 1846), "Two things I must get, to be a Member of the French Institute (1869) like Humboldt, and to be a Knight of the Order pour le Mérite" (1874). He shouted! Well, I got both, and he will soon be Prussian Minister at Rome, where Bunsen was. Thus goes the world. But the dream of a reality is often happier than the reality of a dream.'

On September 23 Max Müller took his seat as a Foreign Member of the French Institute, to which he had been elected eleven years before, but his friends had not thought it wise for him to attempt it sooner, the feeling was so strong against all Germans, and even now there was a decided attempt to make it uncomfortable for him; those who had not known him in old days talking loudly when he began his address; but after a time his perfect self-possession, and the interest of his subject (the discovery of the Sanskrit texts in Japan), had their effect. Unfortunately, most of his old friends, who would have given him a cordial reception, were still in the country.

He wrote to his mother:—

Translation. PARIS, *September* 27.

'Last Friday I took my seat as a Foreign Member of the French Institute. There was much speechifying, and I had to read a long paper *in French* about the Sanskrit MSS. which I got from Japan. The Japs were there, and when I mentioned their names, bowed and smiled. All seems to have gone off well. I was elected in 1869, but had never taken my seat. There are only eight Foreign Members.'

TO HIS WIFE.

PARIS, *September* 30.

'My address in the Academy was no joke: since Humboldt no German has spoken there. How different is everything now to 1846, and how many are no longer here! I have seen my old lodging. It is wonderful how well all has gone with me. I began with nothing, and yet have accomplished something. That is the great thing, that one feels one has brought the world a step onwards, finished a little raw work, and carried through a few new ideas. Now may others carry the work still further.'

On his return to Oxford, Max Müller found a letter awaiting him from the Dean of Christ Church, asking if he could be

persuaded to offer himself as a candidate for the vacant Bodley Librarianship. It needed little consideration for him to decline such a post. It would have taken all his time, and the great work on which he was embarked, the *Sacred Books of the East*, must have been abandoned. He felt the same about the Wardenship of All Souls, for which some of his friends urged him to stand, and which became vacant this year by the death of his connexion, Dr. Leighton.

Max Müller was appointed a Curator of the Bodleian for the second time at the close of the year.

TO DR. TYLOR.

November 7.

'No, the *Wacht am Rhein* was not my father's; it is of later date. The poet seems to have been little known, but he received, I believe, some pension from Government before he died. I believe his name was Müller, if that is a *gnâman*. I wish you would stand for the Bodleian Librarianship, or for part of Rolleston's Professorship.'

On November 9 Max Müller received an invitation from Cambridge to deliver a set of lectures there in the next Lent Term on some Indian subject, with special view to the Indian Civil Service students. The invitation was accepted, and was the origin of the seven lectures entitled, *India — What can it teach us?*

From the time of his return from Paris Max Müller had been printing his translation of Kant, which he had finished in the summer. Many of his friends wondered at his 'wasting his time on a mere translation.' He has fully answered their objections in the noble Preface to the translation, where also he mentions his own indebtedness to Kant: —

'While I am looking at the last lines I have written, it may be the last lines that I shall ever write on Kant, the same feeling comes over me which I expressed in the Preface to the last volume of my edition of the *Rig-veda*, and its ancient Commentary. I feel as if an old friend, with whom I have had many communings during the sunny and during the dark days of life, was taken from me, and I should hear his voice no more. The two friends, the *Rig-veda* and

Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, may seem very different, and yet my life would have been incomplete without the one, as without the other. The bridge of thoughts and sighs that spans the whole history of the Aryan world has its first arch in the *Vedas*, its last in Kant's *Critique*. While in the *Veda* we may study the childhood, we may study in Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* the perfect manhood of the Aryan mind.'

A second edition of Max Müller's translation was called for, and was brought out in 1896, with the help of Dr. Adickes, who not only gave Max the benefit of all the important new readings and emendations which he was incorporating into his own standard edition, but also pointed out passages where he felt the exact meaning of Kant's ambiguous style had not been correctly rendered.

TO PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

OXFORD, *December* 19.

'I have received an invitation to attend a meeting of the Carlyle Monument Committee on the 22nd. It is almost impossible for me to go to London, nor do I think that I can be of much use. But I am quite decided on one point — we must not allow ourselves to be beaten. If you meet a flock of geese chattering and hissing, the only thing to be done is to walk straight through them. What you have to consider therefore, if there is still a deficiency, is whether some of us should go to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and collect, or whether we should appeal to Germany and America.

'Secondly, we ought to find out for how little a good bronze statue can be produced. I spoke to a firstrate artist at Dresden, who has put up several colossal statues in bronze (he is married to an Englishwoman), and I understood him to say that it could be done for £1,300. Will Mr. Boehm do it for that, and, if not, are we bound to him, and cannot we apply to anybody else?

'I am full of work just now — five proof-sheets a day. However, I hope *Kant* will be out in January, and then I shall be free again. Just now I feel like a tunnel with three or four trains rushing and foaming against each other.'

In his Christmas letter to his mother he shows how much his work often weighed upon him. 'We march forwards as

long as we can, and when at last "Halt!" is called, we are glad to rest!'

All through the early months of 1882 Max Müller was busy preparing for his lectures on India for Cambridge. Two of them were also to be given at Birmingham, at the Midland Institute.

As a new year's gift a beautiful paper was sent to him, *Leaders of Modern Thought—F. Max Müller*, giving an account of his life and works, and the spirit that had influenced those works. Some notable extracts follow: —

'We all, as Max Müller has well said, make for ourselves a life-plan; we all belong to an army, and carry a war-plan in our heads, which decides and guides us in the choice of our own march. Here is a scholar who belongs to the noble army of those who fight for the conquest of truth in the battle-field of man's spiritual being, and when he asks himself, what is the right, or at least the most fruitful method in the study of man, he soon becomes convinced that, in order to know what man is, we must, before all things, consider *what man has been and how he has become what he is.* And what has made the poet's son the pride of those in England and Germany who say with Pope, "The proper study of mankind is man"? It is his "godly enthusiasm," the deep, poetic glow, that "infinite susceptivity," and, above all, unflinching loyalty to truth which pervade all his work, and which carry us away with an irresistible charm, so that he has become a veritable *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν*!'

After a sketch of Müller's life, the article ends thus: —

'Many are the roads along which the nations have passed on their march to the City of God, and it is to surveying and mapping them out that this great leader of modern thought is devoting the rest of his life, which, let us hope, may be a long one. "To watch the dawn of religious consciousness in mankind must always remain one of the most inspiring and hallowing sights in the whole history of the world; and he whose heart cannot quiver with the first quivering rays of human thought and human faith is unfitted for the study." Yes, brave heart, noble and beautiful words: work on, and God be with thee!

'To him who, on a memorable occasion, asked in stirring tones:

"Hab'ich mich je in England als Fremder betrachtet ?"[1] let us ever say, No, and we hope you never will!'

Though adverse criticism moved him very little, discriminating appreciation of his work was a spur and incentive to his affectionate nature, and cheered him on through many a tough and dry bit of work, whilst each year the solemn feeling deepened that the time left him might be short, and there was 'still so much to do.' He writes in January: —

'To delight in doing one's work in life, that is what helps one on, though the road is sometimes very stiff and tiring — uphill rather it would seem than downhill, and yet downhill it is.'

TO MR. NANJIO.

January 1.

'I was very glad to have your wishes for the New Year, and the two Chinese poems, which I shall keep as a remembrance when you are gone. I hope the work you are doing will bear fruit by-and-by. Though we cannot understand how our deeds ripen, they certainly do ripen, and good work bears good fruit, and bad work bears bad fruit. That is a very old lesson, but there are few better lessons to learn and preach. I have been very busy of late, and have not been able to help you as much as I wished, but I hope we shall now begin again to work in good earnest.'

TO B. MALABARI, ESQ.

OXFORD, *January* 29.

'As I told you on a former occasion, my thoughts while writing these Lectures (the Hibbert) were with the people of India. I wanted to tell those few at least whom I might hope to reach in English, what the true *historical* value of their ancient religion is, as looked upon, not from an exclusively European or Christian, but from an *historical* point of view. I wished to warn against two dangers, that of undervaluing or despising the ancient national religion, as is done so often by your half-Europeanized youths, and that of overvaluing it, and interpreting it as it was never meant to be interpreted, of which you may see a painful instance in Dayânanda Sarasvatî's labours on the *Veda*. Accept the *Veda* as an ancient

[1] 'Have I ever felt myself a stranger in England?'

historical document, containing thoughts in accordance with the character of an ancient and simple-minded race of men, and you will be able to admire it, and to retain some of it, particularly the teaching of the *Upanishads*, even in these modern days. But discover in it "steam-engines and electricity, and European philosophy and morality," and you deprive it of its true character, you destroy its real value, and you break the historical continuity that ought to bind the present to the past. Accept the past as a reality, study it and try to understand it, and you will then have less difficulty in finding the right way towards the future.

'From letters I have received I know that my *Hibbert Lectures* have been read in India. In fact, one of the best reviews of them appeared in the *Theistic Quarterly Review*, published in Calcutta. It was written by Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. But the number of people born in India who can read English, though growing from year to year, is still small, and it was therefore a great satisfaction to me when I heard from you that there was a chance of my Lectures being translated into some of the Indian languages.

'Accept now my sincere thanks for all you have done, and for what you still mean to do.'

TO MR. NANJIO.

February 8.

'I can assure you it has been a real pleasure to me to have had you and your friend Kasawara as my pupils. I must sometimes have seemed impatient to you, but you know that it was only due to my wishing you to get on more rapidly. I can quite believe that you found Sanskrit very difficult, but you have mastered it now so far, that if you had to leave Oxford, which I hope will not yet be for a while, you will be able to get on by yourself. I always hope that you have some great and useful work before you when you return to Japan. Every one of us must try in his own sphere to be a real Buddha, devoting his life to the good of other people. I know you will do that, and that the work which we have done together will bear some fruit, even after we are called away from this life.'

The following letter contains the first idea of a collected edition of Max Müller's works, though it was many years before the idea was carried out, and the *History of Sanskrit Literature* was never written, if a new work was intended. Nor was a new edition of *Ancient Sanskrit Literature* pub-

lished, Max Müller feeling he had not time to read up the books written on the subject since 1861.

To C. J. Longman, Esq.

February 9.

'I wish very much to be guided by your advice as to a collected edition of my works. I am at work on a course of lectures on Ancient India, to be delivered at Birmingham, and at Cambridge; they will grow into a book. And if life lasts I have a final book on the *Logos, Language, and Reason*, on the stocks, which will finish my work. Now you know best what is the right thing to do. The *History of Sanskrit Literature* will take me more than a year to prepare, so we might have the new edition of the lectures at once, and the next volume in the autumn.'

About this time began the correspondence, extending over many years, with Mr. Horatio Hale of Ontario: unfortunately but few of the letters on either side have been preserved.

To Horatio Hale, Esq.

February 14.

'It is a great pleasure to me to receive your letter and your paper on *Hiawatha;* that paper is full of instructive hints, particularly as bearing on the state of so-called savages, before they are brought in contact with so-called civilized men. Such evidence is, from the nature of the case, very difficult to obtain, and therefore all the more valuable. To my mind the structure of such a language as the Mohawk is quite sufficient evidence that those who worked out such a work of art were powerful reasoners and accurate classifiers. But it was evidently not in language only that savages had achieved great things, but, as you show, in political organization also and in family laws. I often wonder that so few American scholars work at these Indian Antiquities, as if they were less interesting than Sanskrit or Hebrew, and I hope indeed that you will find time to arrange what you have collected for publication. In many respects savages were much wiser in arranging their passage through life than we are, our struggle for life has become far more savage than theirs was. Still it is very difficult to come to a clear conception of the ascending and descending scales of civilization, and the traces of the fallen angel and the rising ape are curiously mixed together. Language is the greatest puzzle; for if that is to be looked upon as the work of

ascending monkeys, we get so near the edge of the glacial period that no gorilla could have lived, much less invented Gerunds and Supines.'

Early in March Max Müller delivered his two lectures before the Midland Institute at Birmingham, and then returned home to finish the course for Cambridge.

The following shows some of the difficulties with which Max Müller had to contend as editor of the *Sacred Books of the East*. The *Manu* was undertaken by Professor Bühler, and forms Vol. I of Series II = Vol. XXV.

TO PROFESSOR BÜHLER.

Translation. *April* 25.

'. . . I received to-day a letter from Burnell, who, after all, is giving up his translation of the *Manu*. He has kept me for six years in uncertainty about it.

'Now before I write about it to others, I should like to ask you first of all whether you will undertake the *Manu*, and, if possible, *before* the *Yagnavalkya Parâsara?* Jolly wants to publish a text; he has undertaken, besides that, some other *Smritis*, as you see. I should therefore like best a translation from your hand, not only because it would be the best one, but also because you would finish it sooner than anybody else. Jolly is going as Tagore Professor to Calcutta, and his literary work will, I fear, suffer a little. So think about it, and send me a speedy answer. You have, in any circumstances, time till the summer of 1884.'

The hard work was telling on Max Müller, and yet he could give himself no leisure. He seldom worked at this time less than ten hours a day, not counting the time that went in correspondence.

To his daughter Beatrice, who had spent the winter in Paris: —

April 18, 1882.

'MY DEAR OLD PUSSY, — I was so pleased with your letter that I want just to write a few lines to you, though Mama will be with you soon. I know you will enjoy your time together at Paris, and you ought by this time to be a capital guide. Yet, as you say, there

is no place like home, and no happiness like happiness at home. I want you to do your very best to make our home bright and happy. You know how we love you, and how devoted your mother is to all of you. Young as you are, you know how quick this life passes away, and how suddenly often those whom we love best are taken from us. Therefore let us try not to waste one day or one hour — to think of others more than of ourselves, never to be hasty or harsh. Life has many troubles and sorrows: let us try not to add to them ourselves. You know what I mean, and I know you will do your best to make our home bright and happy. I shall have very hard work before you come home, and hope to get through it without any interruption. Mary will be gone before you come back, so you will have to be Martha, and help Mama as much as you can.

'Ever your loving Father.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. *April* 19, 1882.

'Here in England my translation of *Kant* is much discussed, and praised and blamed. I am not at all disturbed by such things, but work on quietly. Next month I go to Cambridge, and have still a good deal to do for my Lectures, and am often very tired and languid. We can make no plans for the summer, till I see a little more clearly ahead with my most pressing work. It is often almost too much for me, but one cannot refuse the work when it comes to one.'

Happily he had less call on his time this spring in the way of social duties; his daughters were both away for music and painting lessons, and his son at school.

In April he writes to tell his elder daughter that he had been to London to attend Darwin's funeral in Westminster Abbey: —

April 27, 1882.

'Darwin's funeral was a great gathering, though not so great as when Stanley was buried. It was the mourning of the mind in Darwin's case, in Stanley's the mourning of the heart.'

TO PROFESSOR BÜHLER.

Translation. *April* 29.

'. . . I have sent some time ago a request to the Japanese Government, that my two Buddhists might be sent to India, Nepal, Thibet,

and China, in order to look for MSS. They are quite prepared for this now, and, being priests, they hope to get admittance everywhere. But it must all be kept very secret. I am full of hope, though I may not live to see the fulfilment. . . .'

The hope expressed here was never fulfilled. Kasawara died soon after his return to Japan from ill health in this very year; and Bunyiu Nanjio, though sent to India and Corea to look for MSS., has not yet been sent to Thibet.

TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

May 5.

'I have always been glad that you took to music, and it gives me great pleasure to listen to your playing, and think of the time when I was young and enjoyed nothing so much as music. There is also a higher kind of music which we all have to learn, if our life is to be harmonious, beautiful and useful. There are certain intervals between the young and the old which must be there, which are meant to be there, without which life would be monotonous, but out of these intervals and varieties, the true art of life knows how to build up perfect harmonies. . . . My life is often a life of great effort, and probably will be so to the end, . . . but when I think of other families, I feel how grateful we all ought to be for our quiet happy home. There lies one great sorrow on us, but even that may be a blessing, by drawing some of our affections away from this life to a better life — of which, it is true, we know nothing, but from which, when we see the wisdom and love that underlie this life, we may hope everything. We are meant to hope, and to trust, and that is often much harder than to see and to know. I say again — that the greatest of all arts is the art of life, and the best of all music the harmony of spirits. There are many little rules to be learnt for giving harmony and melody to our life, but the thorough bass must be — love.'

In May the lectures began in Cambridge, where Max Müller spent some weeks, being joined after a time by his wife and daughters. The lectures were crowded, and the whole visit was one of great enjoyment and refreshment. Especially delightful to Max Müller was the society of his old friend Professor Cowell, who wrote on his friend's return to Oxford, to tell him how greatly he had enjoyed the lectures, and felt sure

they would do good, in creating a new interest in the subject. 'You have helped to stir people up, and set them thinking and inquiring.'

Professor Cowell entirely agreed with Max Müller as to the early age at which Indian civil servants were and are chosen. 'I sometimes fear,' he says, 'that our civilians are selected at too early an age to have developed literary tastes, but your lectures will rouse them, if anything can, to take a real interest in ancient India.'

The following letter refers to this time: —

TO MRS. MAX MÜLLER.

BANGALORE, *December* 25, 1901.

'I do not know whether you still remember it, but I had the pleasure and privilege of passing a few hours in the company of your late illustrious husband in the middle of May, 1882, at your hospitable residence in Oxford. To you and to your husband it was only one of the numerous visits Indians of all castes and creeds, of all shades and colours, paid to the great Rishi of Oxford, but to me it has been one of the most memorable incidents of my whole life. I still preserve as sacred and valuable relics two or three letters which he kindly wrote to me when I arrived in London. In one . . . he invites me to Cambridge to hear him deliver the series of lectures which have since become famous — *India*. These letters I jealously guard from any mishap or accident. . . . The relations between England and India are becoming closer every day, and no man has contributed so much to bring them nearer in *mind*, *heart*, and *soul* as your late illustrious husband. To have lost such a friend and companion is a gap that can never be filled up. Allow me to assure you that your sorrows are deeply and sincerely shared by the Hindus. May the New Year bring some new consolation!

'Yours sincerely,

'NISHIKANTA CHATTOPÂDHYÂYA.'

The lecture on the 'Truthfulness of the Hindus' attracted special attention and discussion, both at the time it was delivered, and afterwards when the whole work was published. Max Müller fully entered into the feelings of Thoreau, 'It takes two to speak truth — one to speak, and another to hear.'

Of course, the assertion that, never having been in India, he could be no judge of the matter, was made over and over again, both in public print and in private letters. The *Times*, in reviewing the book, stated that 'One of the first lessons which a civil servant has to learn is to distrust native testimony. . . . Perjury is in the Indian air.' It was therefore all the more gratifying to Max Müller to receive a letter from no less an authority than Sir Lewis Pelly, saying that he agreed with nearly every line of that particular lecture. Sir Lewis says: 'Individually I have found among Hindus, Mussulmans, Armenians, and Jews, the most simple and practical goodwill and fidelity, and in looking back on a long service in India, Persia, and Afghanistan, my sole regret is that, owing partly to ignorance, . . . I did not more thoroughly appreciate my Eastern friends.' Max Müller also heard from a gentleman who had been for many years in a large house of business in Calcutta, who writes: 'I have ever been saying, in an imperfect way, what you say in a perfect and thorough way about our Indian brethren. I found all of them so loveable and honest; and never suffered loss through one of them to the value of a knife.' The Indian *Mirror* reprinted this particular lecture, which was read with warm appreciation in every part of India, and added greatly to the affection felt there for Moksha Mûlara. The lecture called forth innumerable letters, not only from India, many of them couched in quaint language, but also from English and Scotch clerks and employés in many of the great commercial houses throughout India, endorsing Max Müller's views, and speaking with genuine admiration and appreciation of the natives with whom they were in constant contact.

TO PROFESSOR BÜHLER.

Translation. *June* 8.

'. . . I am grateful to you that you have relieved me of the anxiety about *Manu*. I have given notice to the Delegates, and as an agreement about *Manu* had been made years ago, it is unnecessary to make another with you, unless you wish for it. . . . I had become

responsible particularly for the Law-Books, and it was unfortunate not to be able to carry out my programme. Sir H. Maine has just read a paper at the Royal Institution on the *Sacred Laws of the Aryas*, where he attacks me for having fixed the date of *Manu* at 1300 A.D., and I only said, "it did not appear earlier than the *fourth century*, A.D." . . . My little Buddhists are as accurate as machines: I have only discovered one mistake in their work, and even that seems to me to be a mistake of the printer.

'I always feel the want of time to master the tremendous material on all sides, and work cannot be done so briskly as in former times.'

The following letter is in reply to one from Messrs. Longmans, who were anxious to put their firm more in touch with school-book trade in India:—

July 1.

'I think your plan is excellent, if you can find a really intelligent traveller. The persons responsible for every kind of school in India are the Directors of Education in each Presidency. You see the work they do in the Annual Reports presented to Government. These are to be seen at the India Office. The Universities at Calcutta, and the various colleges at Bombay, Poona, Madras, Benares, Allahabad, Lahore, &c., are represented by senates and chancellors, but the persons to apply to for information would be the Registrars. There is a publishing department under each Director of Education, and you can see from the published reports how much they spend, and what books they patronize. I believe these book departments have not answered well, and in several cases they are to be discontinued. Dr. Leitner, Registrar of the Punjab University, told me so, and I see from the papers that the Punjab University has just appointed me Honorary President of the Publishing Committee, to be established in connexion with the Oriental College at Woking; what that means I do not know yet. Anyhow, the question of school-books is being agitated at the present moment, and an able agent might do good service. I ought to tell you that I have long urged the Clarendon Press to establish depots in India. I tell you this that you may not suspect me of serving two masters. If you want any further information, I shall be glad to give it. Letters of introduction to the various Governors would, of course, be useful. I dare say you know Mr. Grant Duff and Lord Reay. I know the Registrar of Bombay, Mr. Peterson, and at Lahore, Dr. Leitner, and at Benares, Dr. Thibaut. The Missionary Schools might also be approached through the Missionary Societies in London.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. OLD WINDSOR, *July* 9.

'This whole week we have been on the move, and are now paying a visit in the country not far from Windsor and Eton, at Sir Charles Murray's, whom you may remember as English Minister in Dresden. W. comes to-day from Eton, and stays till to-morrow. B. is also here. Our host is a most interesting man, and the house is full of beautiful things. Last Monday we were in London for a great wedding: a cousin of G.'s, a young clergyman, married a daughter of the Duke of Argyll. It was a beautiful wedding. Then we were invited to Harrow, to the Speech Day, and to a party at the Archbishop's of Canterbury, and the great evening party at the Royal Academy. So you see how it goes. I could not stand it long. We stay here till Monday, and then I hope for rest in Oxford. . . . You don't remember how old I am, and that one's old body does not bear as much as formerly. My work, too, does not go as easily as it once did, and yet I have so much to do. New editions of old books, the twelfth of my *Lectures on Language*, and two other books, the *Hibbert Lectures*, and the *Introduction to the Science of Religion*. Then my Lectures at Cambridge must be printed. In fact, it is often too much, and I hardly know how the time goes.'

The following was written on this visit in Lady Murray's album by Max Müller: —

THE GRANGE, *July* 10, 1882.

'It is well that there should be here and there a few pure and bright and loving eyes that can only see what is pure and bright and lovely in this world. It is well that there should be here and there a few truly musical souls that can perceive through discords, which jar on other ears, the higher harmonies to which all discords are meant to lead. But for such eyes as discern the perfect in the imperfect, and for such ears as catch the higher harmonies in passing discords, life would seem a confused scrawl — mere noise and tumult. The human soul can lend its own purity, brightness and loveliness to everything which it sees and hears, and, like the dawn, lift the dark veil of the night and spread its own heavenly splendour over the face of the earth, and light up, and warm, and quicken every heart that comes within its reach.

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

On returning from this visit, Max decided not to go abroad at all this year, but stay in Oxford at work. His children

preferred doing so, and a very happy Long Vacation was spent in their own home. Oxford was by no means deserted, and picnics and lawn-tennis parties and long days on the river made the time fly by to the young people, whilst the busy father worked on in his quiet library, sharing in all their pleasures whenever he could spare the time.

It was in this year that Max Müller was elected a Perpetual Delegate of the Press. He took deep interest in the work, and was assiduous in attending the meetings, till he resigned in 1896.

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD, *July* 13, 1883.

'Allow me to thank you for what you said last night about Prince Louis Lucien Buonaparte. I am sorry to hear that the Prince required this assistance. I remember him as a wealthy, independent man, and I know he might have had a great deal more if, by a kind of honourable instinct, he had not kept aloof, as much as possible, from the Napoleonic Court. I was at Oxford when he was made a D.C.L. The Prince has done excellent work. He has been chiefly a collector, but his materials will last and will be consulted long after many of the now popular theories on the Science of Language shall have passed away. I have seldom known a French scholar so hardworking, so persevering, and withal so modest. He ought to be proud in accepting from your hands and from the English nation, what he was too proud to accept from his Imperial cousins.

'I enclose a short article containing my translation of "God save the Queen" into Sanskrit. I have submitted it to the few remaining native scholars in India, and shall not publish it definitely, before I have received their remarks. I have many friends among educated natives in India, and they speak and write to me, perhaps, more freely than to others. Nothing, I may say, has given me so much confidence in the future of India, as the thorough appreciation of Lord Ripon's sober government by the people of India. I am not thinking so much about the so-called Ilbert Bill, as about the preceding years when I felt very doubtful whether, after the rather Oriental régime of Lord Lytton, Lord Ripon's quiet industry, honesty, and far-seeing statesmanship would be appreciated. I believe there is a strong desire in India that Lord Ripon should remain, and, great as the sacrifice might be, it would, I believe, not be too great

for the interests which are at stake. There is, as yet, less commotion in India than there would have been, if those most concerned were not convinced that Lord Ripon will never yield to sentimental, not to say selfish or partisan clamour.

'I wish Mr. Mozoomdar, who is now in England, could have seen you. He is the right hand of Keshub Chunder Sen, and in intellect is far the stronger of the two, though most loyal to his leader, who is over-excited and occasionally strange in his utterances. Still, they are working in the right direction, and it is a pleasure to help them in ploughing, sowing, and watering, though we can never hope to see the harvest.'

TO HIS MOTHER.

Translation. *July* 23, 1882.

'It is an experience that comes to one only late in life, how gladly many people welcome death. I am seeing an old man here, whose mind is still quite vigorous, but he speaks of his death as of a quite ordinary event. And so indeed it is — nothing more ordinary than birth and death. The sad thing is when the old are left, and the young go first. . . . My work grows over my head!'

TO MR. NANJIO.

July 23.

'Perhaps when you are in Japan you may be able to publish the Sanskrit text of the *Saddharma-pundarîka*. I shall quite miss you when you are gone, but I hope your stay in Oxford has not been in vain, and that you will help your countrymen forward, though not quite so fast as they seem to be going at present. I still hope to find time to publish the *Sukhâvatî-Vyûha* before you return to Japan, but I want to publish it jointly with you, so as to have your name on the title-page with my own, and I hope to be able to do the same for the *Dharma-Samgraha* with Kasawara, so that there will be a permanent memorial of your stay at Oxford, and of our work during the last three years. If only I had a little more time!'

During the summer the Parsee, Mr. Malabari, who had made himself well known in connexion with the question of infant marriages in India, conceived the plan of getting Max Müller's *Hibbert Lectures* translated into the vernaculars of India. He could not defray the whole expense himself, and hoped to do so by collecting money in the chief cities of

India. He was at once encouraged by receiving 1,000 rupees from the enlightened Maharanee of Cossimbazar. He himself undertook the Gujarati translation, and made arrangements for translations into Sanskrit, Bengali, Marathi, Hindi, and Tamil.

One more visit was paid during the vacation, to Max Müller's brother-in-law at Taplow. 'We were forty-two relations in church to-day,' he writes to his mother. Bathing in the Thames was the great amusement during this visit, Max Müller's daughters being expert swimmers and divers.

TO MR. BELLOWS.

TAPLOW, *August* 21.

'I am always glad when I hear from you, and I only wish it was oftener. But we seem to be growing more busy with every year, instead of finding more rest. Your business, you say, is large; so is mine, as you will believe when I tell you that at the present moment I have nine volumes passing through the press — not all my own, yet all entrusted to my care. I hope to find your paper when I return to Oxford. Your study of Barclay's *Apology* might be useful to students of the English Language if you were to send your observations on the change of meaning in certain words to Dr. Murray, editor of the great English Dictionary to be published by the University Press. He would be most grateful for them. I hope you and yours are quite well; your little Max must be grown up by this time. My boy is at Eton; my two daughters grown up; my wife well, and I myself as well as, at my time of life, I have any right to expect.'

In September this year Dr. Pusey passed away. In spite of their almost diametrically opposite views on theological questions, Max Müller had long felt the force of Dr. Pusey's character, who, in his turn, showed in many ways his appreciation of his younger colleague's gifts and attainments. The following letter to the editor of the *Times* shows the feeling the two men entertained for each other: —

OXFORD, *September* 23, 1882.

'SIR, — You are no doubt quite right in what you say, in your important article of to-day on the future of Hebrew scholarship at Oxford, that "Dr. Pusey was kept aloof by his theological preposses-

sions from Ewald and all his school." But it may interest you to hear that, in one sense at least, Dr. Pusey was a pupil of Ewald's. Professor Ewald, the last time he was staying with me at Oxford, told me that when Pusey was studying in Germany, he (Dr. Ewald) acted as his private tutor in Hebrew. When Professor Ewald paid his last visit to Oxford, then an old man, but working twelve hours every day in the Radcliffe Library, and complaining every evening that the Library was not open long enough, he expressed a wish to see Dr. Pusey, and to renew his acquaintance with him. Unfortunately Dr. Pusey was not at Oxford at the time, but when he returned and I told him of Dr. Ewald's wish, a kindly smile played round his lips, and he said he would have been most glad to see him. I did not often trouble him with foreign visitors, but whenever distinguished scholars wished to be introduced to him, he was always ready to receive them, and to receive them with a courteousness peculiarly his own. I shall never forget a long and deeply-interesting conversation which he had with Keshub Chunder Sen. They had a long struggle, but they parted as friends.

'Dr. Pusey, as we all know, could be as intolerant as Athanasius, but, apart from what you call his theological prepossessions, he always retained through life a genuine respect for real scholarship, even for that much derided "original research." He often showed the warmest sympathy for true and earnest students in every field of Oriental philology. He took a deep interest in the discoveries of cuneiform scholars, and fully appreciated their bearing on Hebrew scholarship. He cared to know what the *Veda* and the *Avesta* had to teach us, and he was not afraid of new sciences, such as Comparative Philology and Comparative Mythology. Even when he had no time to study new subjects himself, he was always anxious to hear the latest news.

'Almost the last lines I had from him were meant to express his approval of *The Sacred Books of the East*. No one would have been surprised if the editor of the Library of the Fathers of the Christian Church, had objected to this new Library of the Founders and Fathers of all Non-Christian Churches being published by the University Press. Far from it. "*I was very glad*," he wrote, "*to see the plan of translations in which your name appears. It must be of good service; but the older one grows, the narrower one's little pyramid becomes, if it is not too absurd to speak of a pyramid at all, except to say that in one's old age one has to add only little stones.*"

'Your obedient Servant.

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

TO HORATIO HALE, ESQ.

October 8.

'Yes, I received your letters and the Montreal newspaper, and felt much interested in both. I feel sure that you will be doing a real service to scholars, if you can arouse a truly scientific interest in the study of American languages among your countrymen, but the study must be taken up in a scholarlike spirit. It requires not less, but not more accuracy than Greek and Latin. I wish I had a young army of scholars about me, and could order them about to explore where I know that treasures are to be found, though I am too old to dig for them. If anything I have said to you can help towards stirring up young explorers, please make any use you like of it. I had some correspondence with a gentleman who is preparing a Grammar of the Mohawk language. I sent him what I had collected myself from the mouth of a Mohawk here at Oxford.'

Some time after the Queen had assumed the title of Empress of India, a society was formed in London, called 'The National Anthem for India Fund.' Their object was to collect the best translations of 'God save the Queen' in the various vernaculars of India, so as to spread the knowledge and use of the National Anthem throughout that vast country. The committee numbered among its members many names of distinction, but the most active among them was Canon F. Harford. Rajah Surindro Mohun Tagore, a great authority on Indian music, was applied to for help, with several other distinguished Hindus. Though Sanskrit is no longer a living language, as it still serves as a medium of communication between learned natives of different parts of India, just as Latin was used in Europe in the Middle Ages, it was felt there must be a Sanskrit translation. Max Müller had not been asked to help, but the Sanskrit translation sent in having no rhymes, was to Max Müller's musical ear incapable of being used to the well-known air of the National Anthem. He had himself made a Sanskrit translation, which he submitted to a Pundit at that time in England, and to many of the most learned Sanskrit scholars in Europe. He then sent the perfected translation to his friend Keshub Chun-

der Sen, with an explanatory letter. Max Müller sent his translation to the London committee, and Canon Harford wrote, 'A thousand thanks for the beautiful Sanskrit, which goes perfectly to the measure of the English words and music,' and he also calls it 'an admirable translation.' His translation was sent to the Queen, who took much interest in the whole project, and it was Max Müller's translation that was, by Her Majesty's special desire, used at the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in the Albert Hall in 1886, when the second verse of the National Anthem was sung in Sanskrit, notwithstanding the machinations of some of Max Müller's detractors and enviers, who tried to alter the arrangement made by the Queen herself, by saying that it was invidious to choose Sanskrit and leave out Persian and Arabic, also spoken in India. The correspondence still exists, and the animus is very clear. Her Majesty did not agree to the change desired, and therefore Max Müller's translation of the second verse was sung.

To aid the National Anthem Fund a concert was given at Grosvenor House, in which the different translations were sung with the various arrangements of the air by Costa, Cusins, Arne, Rajah S. M. Tagore, Dr. Bull, Turle, Benedict, and Bridge; one of the solos being sung by H.H. Princess Hilton Singh, expressly to show that native ears and voices could accommodate themselves to Western music.

To show how well Max Müller had preserved the rhythm and swing of the tune, we give his Sanskrit translation: —

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

1

Râg*ñî*m prasâdinîm	The Queen, the gracious,
Lokapra*n*âdinîm	World-renowned,
Pâhi*ś*vara	Save, O Lord!
Lakshonîprabhâsinîm	In victory brilliant,
*Ś*atrûpahâsinîm	At enemies smiling,
Tâ*m* dîrgha*ś*âsinîm	Her, long ruling,
Pâhi*ś*vara	Save, O Lord!

2

Ehy asmadîśvara	Approach, O our Lord,
Śatrùn pratiskira	Enemies scatter,
U*kkh*inddhi tân	Make them fall!
Ta*kkh*adma nâśaya	Their fraud confound,
Mâyâś*k*a pâśaya	Tricks restrain,
Pâhy asmadâśraya	Protect, O thou, our refuge,
Sarvâñ *g*anân	All people!

3

Tvadratnabhûshitâm	With thy choice gifts adorned,
Râ*g*ye *k*iroshitâm	In the kingdom long-dwelling,
Pâhîśvara	Save, O Lord,
Râ*g*yaprapâlinîm	Her, the realm-protecting,
Saddharma-śâlinîm	By good laws abiding,
Tâ*m* stotramâlinîm	Her, with praises wreathed,
Pâhîśvara.	Save, O Lord!

The following flattering review of Max Müller's translation appeared in an Indian paper the following year: —

'Professor Max Müller's love of poetry has led him to attempt a Sanskrit translation of "God Save the Queen." For Sanskrit the rendering strikes us as being exceedingly simple and felicitous, though it is not full. Even if the author had not appended his name to the verses, they could only have been ascribed to a poet as well as a scholar possessed of keen musical instincts. The translation, as a whole, is faithful without being servile. Max Müller has brought out the spirit of the Anthem more than its words, and yet its tune or tone approaches the original quite as much as the spirit. Most of the Sanskrit words are exact equivalents of the English, and what is more, some of these are classical Sanskrit taken bodily from the sacred literature of India! No reader of taste can help doing homage to the intellect which can grapple with the knottiest points of grammar, and yet find time to court the most timid of the graces.'

It was always a keen satisfaction to Max Müller, and repaid him for much hard labour, when he heard that his work was appreciated and of real use in India. Such a gratification came to him this year at the Inaugural Convocation of the Punjab University at Lahore, at which the Viceroy, Lord Ripon,

was present. In his speech on that occasion Lord Ripon said: —

'I have been very much struck within the last few weeks by reading a remarkable paper, written by one who has a right to speak about Oriental literature: I allude to an article in a late number of the *Contemporary Review* by Professor Max Müller. If I were to speak of Indian Literature, Indian Philosophy, and Indian Science in the language in which Professor Max Müller speaks of them in that Essay, doubtless I should be accused of exaggeration and partiality; but no man can bring any such charges against that learned person, who knows better than most people what he is talking about on this matter, and I commend to all those who have any doubt about the solidity of Oriental learning and the lessons it has to teach, not to India and to Orientals alone, but to Europeans also — to study the short Essay to which I have adverted (cheers). Gentlemen, I thought it worth while just to put down a few words which Professor Max Müller employed in that article in reference to the study of Sanskrit. What does he say? He says: "The study of Sanskrit will open before you" — he was especially addressing young students about to come out to India in the Civil Service — "larger layers of literature, as yet almost unknown and unexplored, and allow you an insight into strata of thought, deeper than any you have known before, and rich in lessons that appeal to the deepest sympathies of the human heart." Gentlemen, I need no other proof of the soundness of the policy pursued in the foundation of this University than is contained in these words of the great Oxford Professor.'

The Viceroy's speech was commented on by most of the Indian papers, from one of which comes the following extract: —

'It is now about nine weeks since we briefly noticed Professor Max Müller's Cambridge Lectures sent us in advance proofs. What we then said has been said again by the *Times of India* this week, said with more clearness and cogency, and to much better purpose. The time is coming for a real, living union between the West and the East, and Max Müller, if his valuable life lasts him, may live to be the officiating high-priest!

'Lord Ripon's reference at Lahore to the value of Max Müller's work is of peculiar importance, not indeed because proceeding from the Viceroy of India, but because it is the deliberate utterance of a

scholar and statesman who has thought deeply for himself, and who has acted up to his convictions as few Englishmen of the age have dared to act. There is not a common platform of thought between Professor Max Müller and the Marquis of Ripon; but one of these representatives of different schools is ready to recognize what is best in the public character of the other. It is only when we look for this spirit in India and find it not, that we fully realize the gulf between the intellectual status of Europe and of India. But, as we said above, those who are labouring to fill the gulf have no reason to despair.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. OXFORD, *November* 19, 1882.

'Two books are finished, the third I am still working at. I have had much to disturb me. . . . Family cares are cares of which you know nothing; all that leaves you much freer. One of my Japanese pupils has returned to Japan. Three other Japanese are on their way here, one has arrived already; they all want to learn Sanskrit. Will that seed sprout some day? However, it gives me an insight into human nature, which it is not always easy to obtain. They are the orbits of small planets, but very perfect in their own sphere. I am publishing a large book with one of the Japanese, a full catalogue of the Buddhistic Bible, as they read it in China and Japan. It will be ready this year. I hear so little of Kant here now. The philosophers in England are against him — he does not suit them. However, that cannot be helped, they will have to hear of him. The difficulty lies with the public — if that is lazy, as it is here, how can one expect that they will read Kant? They read Mill and Spencer, that is less weighty and is also called philosophy. Well, we must not expect the impossible. Times get more and more shallow, I do not quite know why.'

TO LADY WELBY.

December 13.

'Your note is quite right, only instead of saying that *holy* is the same word as *whole* and *hale*, it would be more accurate to say that they are closely connected or derived from the same source.

'Heiland is the Old Saxon Heljand, *i.e.* the Heal-ing or Healer, he who makes whole, for to *heal* also is derived from the same root.

'Your lines about Shadow and Substance remind me of Plato's parable of the Cave. Do you know it?'

TO KLAUS GROTH.

Translation. *December* 17.

'MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, — By chance the *Gegenwart* came into my hands, and with it your last poem, "Min Port." I know your port, and I know how much of what is good and beautiful goes in and out there, and it brought back to me the remembrance of all the beautiful days at Düsternbrook. Well, the past is not passed; it belongs to us more than the present, we feed on it as long as we live — past happiness and past woe. We have just now lived through sad memories again; perhaps we may in time be able to bear it better, but the burden is very heavy still.

'My children have grown up; my boy is fifteen and a half, and bigger than I. He thrives well, and the two girls give me much pleasure; my wife is well, and I, well, I get old and have still much to do, work that will never be finished, others will do it better.

'And how are you and yours? Are there still any old friends left who remember us? What a happy time that was, no discord whatever! Yes, that is what life would be, if only human beings would let it be. Well, give our love to all, and any who may remember the birds of passage — they are no more as swift as they were, but nevertheless they would dearly like to fly over the sea once more.

'New courage for the New Year; and a Happy Christmas, including the memories of past ones.

'Ever your faithful.'

CHAPTER XXVI

1883

Death of Mother. Stay at Dessau. The McCalls. Summer amusements. Bristol. The Wye. Duffryn. Ilbert Bill. Râmabâi. Daughter's marriage.

THE New Year opened on Max Müller and his family quietly at home. It was a year of less incessant literary labour, little being worked at except the *Sacred Books of the East.*

TO MONCURE CONWAY, ESQ.

OXFORD, *January* 5.

'I do not like the expression, the Bibles of the World; and I believe I have never used the word Bible except with reference to the books of the Old and New Testament. It sounds to me conceited. We might as well speak of the Vedas, or the Korans of the World. However, I know it is a favourite expression, and has now become so common that it will be difficult to suppress it. I saw the other day that some Buddhists in Japan meant to start what they call a "Bible Society" for printing and distributing portions of the *Tripitaka*. I prefer to speak of "Sacred Books." Strictly speaking, "Sacred Books" are such only as have received some canonical sanction, and form a body of writings to which nothing could be added. They need not be considered of divine origin or revealed, but they must have been formally recognized as authoritative by a religious body or their representatives. However, you know well that there are many books *sacred* which are not *canonical*, and it was in order not to exclude them from my Series that I prefer the title *Sacred Books of the East.* My First Series of twenty-four volumes is almost finished; my Second Series of twenty-four volumes more than filled, and there will be work for many more Series after we are gone.

'With best wishes for the New Year.'

TO DR. PROWE.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD, *January* 8, 1883.

'Your letter and your good wishes for the New Year have given me great pleasure; they reminded me of old times, which hardly seem to belong to us any more. How long the ways of life seemed then that lay before us, how short it seems now! Well, we will march on till we hear the call — Halt! What we cannot finish here, others that come after us will do better. I rejoice to hear that your *Copernicus* will soon be completed. I think it will be appreciated in England.

'I have just undertaken a new Series of *Sacred Books of the East*, that will remain as a foundation for coming generations.

'I have also completed a volume of Lectures at Cambridge — *What can India teach us?* This, I think, will cause much discussion, for I have attributed the whole Sanskrit literature, with the exception of the Vedic, to the year 400 A.D.; for me they are just as interesting at this later date as at the earlier one, but it will be a severe blow to the old Indian pedants!

'We were all very well last year. I felt up to a great deal of work, so that I remained here during all the vacation. My old mother is young in mind, though her body is feeble from great age. I hope to go to Dessau this year and stay there for some time; but it becomes more and more difficult to disentangle oneself from all the threads here.

'Our best congratulations on the engagement of your daughter. The separation is sure to be hard, but, though far from each other, one can remain united in spirit.

'And so with Good Luck! for the New Year,

'I am always your old faithful.'

In sending the two following letters to the editor, Mr. Verney wrote: 'Here are two old letters from your dear husband, very characteristic, chiefly because of their kindness, but also from other points of view. The receipt of these letters was a turning-point in my life, and has directed it into the channel of my last seventeen years' work. Constantly I feel the gap which his absence leaves in all sorts of ways. . . . He was one of those men whose personality was the chief influence in his life — even greater, I think, than all his many achievements com-

bined. The combination of young sympathy with mature and masterly work, was never more perfectly shown than in him. This is what gave him his personal influence over others.'

TO F. VERNEY, ESQ.

OXFORD, *January* 16, 1883.

'MY DEAR VERNEY,—The Siamese Minister, Prince Prisdang, wishes for an English secretary, adviser, guide, bear-leader, or whatever else you like to call it. He must be a man of business, man of the world, of good family and all that. Lastly, he must be able to speak and write French. The salary is, to begin with, £800 a year. I do not know whether you still find the Law a Pool of Bethesda, and would think of applying for such an appointment. It has its interesting sides, for the King of Siam and his two brothers are men of intelligence. One of them is working hard at Oxford. Please send me a line to say what you think of it, and how Mrs. Verney would like it. Kindest messages from all of us, and *do* pay us another visit here, if you can, if only for a Sunday.'

TO THE SAME.

February 26.

'I am quite delighted to know that you consider the Siamese scheme likely to succeed. Nothing is so difficult as to find an Englishman who will treat an Oriental as an equal, as a gentleman—if you can do that, you will be surprised what good material there is in them. I may have been fortunate with Orientals, or it may be due to my having always treated them with respect and confidence, but I can honestly say that I have learned to respect and to love several of them. One thing I feel certain about, and that is, that they delight in being trusted, and you as a lawyer know what I mean—that it requires two people to speak the truth. Please come to us, when you can see the young Prince here. I like what I see of him, but I think he wants a freer and larger atmosphere to develop in; he sees very little of Oxford, and wants encouragement. He seems to me to come from a good stock. Kindest messages from all of us.'

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *January* 18.

'DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—I am afraid I am taking a very great liberty in sending you my last book on India. I must confess I have

long wished for an opportunity of engaging your interest in behalf of India; I do not mean the mere surface India, with its grotesque religion, its pretty poetry, and its fabulous antiquity, but the real India that is only slowly emerging before our eyes; a whole, almost forgotten act in the great drama of humanity, very different from Greece, from Rome, from modern Europe, and yet not so different that in studying it we cannot feel that *mutato nomine re nobis fabula narratur*. The discovery of that real India, of that new intellectual hemisphere, is to my mind a far greater discovery than that of Vasco da Gama's. It was a misfortune that all the early publications of Sanskrit texts belonged really to the Renaissance of Sanskrit literature. Kâlidâsa's plays, which were supposed to be contemporaneous with Virgil, belong to the sixth century; the Laws of Manu, which Sir William Jones placed 1280 B.C., cannot be older than 300 A.D. But there was an older literature in India, the Vedic and the Buddhistic, which are only now being slowly disinterred, and it is there that we can watch a real growth from the simplest beginnings to the highest concepts which the human mind is capable of, it is there that we can learn what man is, by seeing once more what man has been. As a very old admirer of yours, I should be glad if I could make you look at the work which Sanskrit scholars have lately been doing; but this is only one of many wishes, the fulfilment one may desire, but one hardly expects. In fact, I should not have ventured to say even so much, if I did not know that you have only to put my book aside, and may feel assured that I am not so unreasonable as to expect even a line of acknowledgement from your Secretary. The one thing which every one in England wishes for you is rest, well-earned rest; and asking your pardon for even this short interruption, I remain with sincere respect,

'Your very old admirer.'

To Rev. G. Cox.

7 Norham Gardens, Oxford, *February* 13, 1883.

'I have been wanting to write to you from day to day, but from day to day I could not find one quiet hour for a quiet letter, and even now I know I shall be interrupted before I have said half of what I wish to say.

'I am glad that you have looked at my last book. I have tried to make it more complete than my former books, for it may be the last that I can write on that subject. I knew from former conversations that you did not see the true object of the Âtman or Self, and I con-

fess it is difficult to describe it. The beauty of the Hindu system seems to me to lie in this, that it does not anticipate the Âtman, but allows in perfect honesty various stages or *âsramas* leading to it. You remember that fine passage: "All those who worship idols, worship me." The doctrine of the Âtman does not condemn religious mythology; it says, by all means call it Heaven, or Cause, or Father, or Judge — it is all that, but it is more. So you yourself, you are a child, a boy, a man, a woman, a father, a mother, an Englishman, a clergyman, a Christian; wise or foolish, good or bad; but all this has come, has begun, will change, and you are something else, something higher — what? the Self, the Spectator, the Witness, he who could look on while he seemed to be a son or a father, nay, who could see his self in his fatherhood and childhood, but know himself distinct from all these phases. A man need not go into a cave, because he has found his true Self; he may live and act like everybody else; he is *giwan-mukta* — "living, but free." All remains just the same, except the sense of unchangeable, imperishable self which lifts him above the phenomenal self. He knows he is wearing clothes, that is all. If a man does not see it, if some of his clothes stick to him like his very skin, if he fears that he might lose his identity by not being a male instead of a female, by not being English instead of German, by not being a child instead of a man, he must wait and work on. Good works lead to quietness of mind, and quietness of mind to true self-knowledge. Is it so very little to be only Self — to be the subject that can resist, *i.e.* perceive the whole universe, and turn it into his object? Can we wish for more than what we are, lookers-on — resisting what tries to crush us, call it force, or evil, or anything else?

'Well, this is about what an educated Hindu would say, who believed in the *Vedânta*, the end of the *Veda*; but if he heard you say that there is a Father who knows, a Ruler who rules, a Judge who will vindicate righteousness, he would say, Certainly, but there is more, there is a higher concept for all this. Mythology, religion, philosophy, all these are not illusions, they are stages, and right stages, as much as youth and spring are stages to manhood. We all mean the same, but we express it differently, and we are separated by such long periods of growth, that when a Japanese Buddhist speaks to me I cannot understand him, unless I go back for ages, begin with his beginnings, learn his language, *i.e.* the history of his thoughts. And now I must go to attend Henry Smith's funeral. Much of what he was, or seemed to be, will be hidden in the churchyard; his work will work on, for nothing can be lost; his Self, his

Âtman, that is where it always was, before it was incarnate on this atom of a planet, but where mythology ends, language ends, and all we can do is to be silent and to trust.'

The following letter from one of Max Müller's most earnest admirers and friends in India is interesting, as showing the extraordinary memories possessed even to this day by natives of India. It was a point on which Max Müller often dwelt; but his statements occasionally seemed to some of his hearers as if they must be exaggerated. Here we have the same statements at first hand: —

FROM SHANKAR PANDURANG PANDIT.

BOMBAY, *February* 28, 1883.

'Mr. Kane has kindly agreed to take the enclosed photograph to you from me. You will perhaps not recognize me sitting on a chair with a volume of your *editio princeps* of the *Rig-veda*. The most important figure in the group is the blind man who is sitting in front of me, on a stool covered with a panther skin. He was left blind — entirely blind — by a fell attack of small-pox when he was an infant. He is now about thirty-six years old, and lives with and on the kindness and bounty of his brother, a distinguished member of the Bombay Uncovenanted Civil Service. Blind Kesavabhatta, you will be interested to hear, is a most excellent Vaidik. He knows by heart the *whole* of the *Rig-veda Samhitâ*, the *whole* of the *Aitareya Brâhmana*, the *whole* of Pâṇini's *Ashtâdhyâyî*, and the rest of the *Dasa Granthas*. He can repeat from beginning to end not only the *Samhitâ* text, but also the *Pada-pâtha* and the *Krama-pâtha* too. I have often examined him with your editions of the *Samhitâ* and *Pada* texts in my hands, and found him perfectly accurate in his recitations. He never requires any help to refresh his memory, but is always ready to begin wherever you like. You might tell him to begin at such and such chapter, giving him simply the numerical reference to the passage, and he will at once commence to recite from the passage you have before you in your book. No accent, no letter, no pause, no sound is misplaced, everything is recited in the most correct method. How do you think he managed to master the enormous quantity he can repeat backwards and forwards? His father devised an ingenious plan to educate him. He employed a Vaidik to teach him. He also kept a poor Brahman boy, who was

brought up along with Kesavabhatta, and who, after the Vaidik Guru had given his lessons daily, sat down with his manuscript of the *Veda* to learn by heart the same with his blind companion. The latter thus learnt by rote whatever the Guru taught, and whatever his companion read out to him. After about twelve or thirteen years Kesavabhatta became the perfect Vaidik that he now is, and is in his turn a Vaidik teacher!

'Yours truly, SHANKAR PANDURANG PANDIT.'

The following letter was written by Max Müller in reply to a letter from an American clergyman asking his name and influence in aid of the clergyman's efforts to promote Catholicity among all the religions of the world. The letter was read at a 'World's Congress of Religions' held soon after in New York, and which was the forerunner of the far larger 'Parliament' held at Chicago in 1893.

TO THE REV. M. K. SCHERMERHOPN.

OXFORD, *March* 6, 1883.

'It is always a great satisfaction to see the budding germs of the seed which one has helped to sow. I wish you all success in your endeavours after a religion of humanity, but success, to be solid, must not be too rapid. The true religion of the future will be the fulfilment of all the religions of the past — the true religion of humanity, that which, in the struggle of history, remains as the indestructible portion of all the so-called false religions of mankind. There never was a false god, nor was there ever really a false religion, unless you call a child a false man. All religions, so far as I know them, had the same purpose; all were links in a chain which connects heaven and earth, and which is held, and always was held, by one and the same hand. All here on earth tends toward right, and truth, and perfection; nothing here on earth can ever be quite right, quite true, quite perfect, not even Christianity — or what is now called Christianity — so long as it excludes all other religions, instead of loving and embracing what is good in each. Nothing, to my mind, can be sadder than reading the sacred books of mankind — and yet nothing more encouraging. They are full of rubbish; but among that rubbish there are old stones which the builders of the true Temple of Humanity will not reject — must not reject, if their Temple is to hold all who worship God in spirit, in truth, and in life.'

In the spring Max Müller had the satisfaction of seeing an important work, prepared by his Buddhist pupil Bunyiu Nanjio, published by the University Press at Oxford. It was a catalogue of the Chinese translation of the Buddhist *Tripitaka*, the immense literature which forms the Sacred Canon of the Buddhists in China and Japan, generally called the Northern Buddhists; and later in the year he himself, in collaboration with Mr. Nanjio, brought out in the *Anecdota Oxoniensia* the *Sukhâvatî-Vyûha*, the description of the Land of Bliss.

This year saw the beginning of an acquaintance, which soon ripened into intimate friendship, with an American family who came to Oxford and brought introductions to the Max Müllers from Mr. Lowell, at that time American Minister in London. 'They are just such countrywomen as I like to introduce to my English friends,' he wrote. Mrs. McCall and her two daughters spent the whole summer in Oxford, and were joined in the course of it by American friends of their own. For months the McCalls and Max Müllers met daily, and the pleasant lively intercourse was a special enjoyment to Max Müller, and aided him in recovering from the heavy blow that fell on him in April, a blow which for years he had anticipated with dread.

Early in April, whilst staying at Hastings with his wife and son, he heard of the alarming illness of his old mother, followed immediately by a telegram announcing her death. He started directly for Dessau, and being this year in stronger health, he was not prostrated by grief, as he had been at the time of his sister's death, and those who loved and watched over him could see him go without real anxiety. He arrived in time to see her loved face once more, and, surrounded by every member left of a once large family, he laid her to rest in the vault where his father had been laid fifty-five and a half years previously.

TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

DESSAU, *April* 18.

'I wish you had been able to see your dear grandmother once more, if only as I saw her, sleeping on flowers, covered with palm-branches,

taking with her some faded tokens of her early happiness, unchanged, calm and beautiful. All that is of the earth is then forgotten — all the little failings inherent in human nature vanish from our minds, we only see what was good, unselfish, and loving in that soul, and we think with regret of how much more we might have done to requite that love. How different life might be, if in our daily intercourse and conversation we thought of our friends as lying before us on that last bed of flowers — how differently we should then judge, and how differently we should act. It is curious how forgetful we are of death, how little we think that we are dying daily, and that what we call life is really death, and death the beginning of a higher life. Such a thought should not make our life less bright, but rather more — it should make us feel how unimportant so many things are which we consider all-important: how much we could bear which we think unbearable, if only we thought that to-morrow, either we ourselves, or our friends, may be taken away, at least for a time. Even you, in your great happiness just now,[1] should think of death, should feel that what you call your own is only lent to you, and that all that remains as a real comfort is the good work done in this short journey, the true unselfish love shown to those whom God has given us, has placed near to us, not without a high purpose. Love, which seems so unselfish, may become very selfish, if we are not on our guard. Do not shut your eyes to what is dark in others, but do not dwell on it except so far as it helps to bring out more strongly what is bright in them, lovely and unselfish. The true happiness of true love is self-forgetfulness and trust. I have only a little space left to tell you that a father's and a mother's love is always ready for a child, and that it grows with every year, as I know that my dear mother's love did for me, though I did not always deserve it.'

TO HIS DAUGHTER BEATRICE.

DESSAU, *April* 23, 1883.

'MY DEAR BEATRICE, — I knew that you would feel the death of your dear grandmother, for though you had not seen her often, and could not know much of her, you knew how fond she was of you. We are meant to live in three generations — grandparents, parents, and children; they have each their own purpose, and whensoever we lose one of them we feel that our life is changed.

'As long as my mother lived, I felt that I belonged to her; now I belong to no one, though others belong to me. You have no idea what a rich life hers has been, rich in joys, rich in sorrows, and rich

[1] She was just engaged to be married.

in love and sympathy for others. In her very last letter to me she was full of interest as to your singing. She always hoped you would have a voice like hers. When she was your age she sang at some of the great musical festivals, admired by the best judges. Singing lessons were then paid four *grosschen* a lesson — about sixpence, and yet people sang quite as well as now. I am glad to be able to stay here, it does me a great deal of good to be quite alone, and here in my dear mother's old rooms I am surrounded by many memories. It is quite extraordinary to see a number of things which I knew when I was ten years old, just the same now — not chipped or broken, looking almost new, and yet they have travelled from place to place, from Dessau to Leipzig, Chemnitz, Dresden, and back to Dessau. I know how unhappy she was when any accident happened to anything that reminded her of former days. Every letter that I ever wrote to her she had carefully kept. There is nothing in life like a mother's love, though children often do not find it out till it is too late. If you want to be really happy in life, love your mother with all your heart, it is a blessing to feel that you belong to her, and that through her you are connected by an unbroken chain with the highest Source of our being.

'Ever your loving Father.'

The following letter, about the duties of a young Oxford tutor, may be read with interest: —

DESSAU, *May* 12.

'There is plenty of work for a young Oxford tutor to do, and plenty of leisure. Most college duties are such that a man who has taken a First Class requires no further preparation. In giving lectures of a higher character a young man ought not to act simply as a teacher, but as a fellow student. Nothing is more useful to his pupils. But a man ought to reserve some hours every day for really hard work, in order to be able to take a position of his own in the University by-and-by. If he is only to think of making money, he will stunt the whole growth of his mind, and will suffer for it later in life. The career of a scholar is different from that of a lawyer. A scholar cannot lay himself out to make money; if he does, he simply ruins his chances of success. He must be able to work on quietly for years, if he is to achieve anything in the end.'

TO MR. NANJIO.

DESSAU, *April* 12.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — I thank you for your letter, which I received this morning. I have passed through very sad days; though my dear

mother had had a long life (she was eighty-three), yet parting with a mother is one of the saddest events in our life. *We* allow our affections to grow much stronger than *you* do; hence we suffer more, no doubt, but we also enjoy more. It is difficult to give up what we love very much, but it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all! Now that the sharpest pain is over, I settle down here to my work; I have many things to arrange before I can leave this place. I cannot make any plans yet, but as far as I can see, I shall stay here till the middle of June, till Term is over, and even then it is very doubtful whether I shall return to Oxford. I am very sorry for this, for there are several books I wanted you to read with me before you return to Japan, particularly the *Yoga* and *Sânkhya Sûtras*, which throw much light on the history of Buddhism. That cannot be now, unless you stay till the end of the year, so that we might meet again and begin work in October. If you like to come to this small quiet town, you could live here and work, and life is not dear here. But perhaps it would be better for you to copy some more MSS. at Paris. Perhaps it is best not to make any plans for the present: in a week or two I shall know better what to do and what to advise; I still feel rather tired and confused.

'I received your proof-sheets to-day, and shall look at them carefully and send them back to you ordered for Press.'

TO HORATIO HALE, ESQ.

DESSAU, GERMANY, *April* 12, 1883.

'MY DEAR SIR, — I have to thank you for your kind and considerate letter. I saw at once that —— had failed to understand what I meant, though he himself ought to have been the first to see it. In Greek and Latin we work under the eyes of a large Vigilance Committee; in Mohawk, &c., we must be our own Vigilance Committee. The same applies even to Sanskrit — many things would be impossible in Sanskrit scholarship if we had a strong and well-supported public opinion, as we have for classical studies. However, if your friend sees what is meant, no harm is done: but I have often wondered how it is that, in his capacity of a scholar, a man will often allow himself to say and write things from which, in his capacity as a gentleman, he would shrink instinctively. I am glad to hear of your projects. I feel sure that there is no time to be lost in securing the floating fragments of the great shipwreck of the American languages. When you have stirred up a national interest in it for the North of America, you should try to form a Committee for the South. The Emperor of Brazil

would be sure to help, provided the work is done by *real scholars*. I had some material lately sent me of a Tierra del Fuegian Grammar, which I handed over to Professor Grube, who has just published it in the Göttingen *Gelehrte Anzeigen*. I am just finishing an edition of the *Sukhâvatî-Vyûha*, a description of the Buddhist Paradise, which forms the Bible of the so-called "Pure Land Sect," which counts over ten millions of believers in Japan alone. There are twelve Chinese translations of it, all wrong. They will now have to wait a little longer in Japan for their Revised Version.

'Yours very truly.'

From Dessau Max Müller went for a day to Dresden. All the old grief of six years before seemed to return. He writes:—

'I went straight to the Kirchhof. It is the old feeling still. My whole life seemed to me intelligible, but when this blow came, I could not master it, nor can I now. We may still say that all is ordered by Love and Wisdom, but one feels it is a Love and Wisdom which we cannot approach, and *that* has shaken all my old ideas of life. One feels helpless, one cannot even guess. We may understand it all hereafter, yet life is something different from what we thought it was. How different with Mother. How natural all seems to be. How well ordained that she should be taken away before the sufferings of extreme old age set in. How willing she was to go, and yet how she enjoyed life to the very last. But dear Ada!—'

We get in the next letter the first idea of a monument to Wilhelm Müller, an idea carried out with such great success eight years later.

TO KLAUS GROTH.

Translation. DESSAU, *April* 19.

'At present I must quietly stay here, and in a week's time I expect my wife. Should you pass here or near us, on your way to Italy, I should certainly try to see you once more in this life. Now a question in confidence. It has been mentioned to me once or twice, that Dessau is thinking of putting up a monument to my father. Do you think it likely that, even now, subscriptions could still be collected for it in Germany? Do you know how much money is required for a statue? And where can we find the fitting persons for a Committee? Could I, as his son, take part in it? Nothing has been done so far, and I should like to ask advice from experts in this matter before anything is done. Would you ask Stockhausen, or Brahms, or whom else? Of course there is no hurry.'

TO M. RENAN.

DESSAU, *April* 21.

'I was called away from Oxford by the death of my mother, eighty-three years of age when she died, but as full of life and love as a young girl of eighteen. We have all to pay this debt of deep sorrow for what has been to all of us the greatest happiness in life; but whenever the time comes, the whole of our life seems changed once more, and we know what the next step must be. Another great trial is over, and we must now prepare for the last. If I had not left home at a moment's notice, I should have written to you before, to explain why my last three volumes of my *Sacred Books of the East* were sent to you, with a request to send them to the Académie des Inscriptions. The first series of twenty-four volumes is nearly finished, and when I proposed the second series, *mes amis les ennemis* did all they could to prevent it. They have not succeeded, and the second series will appear, but I shall be glad of an authoritative voice like yours to tell the English public the real purpose of this undertaking, Most of my English critics say "Les Bibles de l'humanité ne sont pas amusantes." Certainly not! they are not amusing; on the contrary, they are the very saddest books to read. But they must be read, they must be meditated on, if we want to know what kind of creature *homo sapiens* is. These bibles were considered by him as the best he could produce as superhuman and divine; let that be one lesson. But there is another, and a more cheerful lesson; amid all this *scoria* there are the small grains of gold — be good, be true, be patient, trust — the same everywhere, in the highest and the lowest religions, and these grains are the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, which will form the eternal religion of the world. These *Sacred Books of the East* will become in future the foundation of a short but universal religion, they will remain the most instructive archives of the past, studied or consulted when thousands of books of the day are forgotten, and yet my wise friends say *ce n'est pas amusant!* It reflects great credit on the University Press at Oxford, and the Secretary of State for India, that they have not allowed themselves to be frightened by this vulgar clamour; and a few words from you, addressed to the Académie des Inscriptions, on presenting the last three volumes, would be a great help to them, and to me. So if you could find time for saying a few weighty words, I should feel truly grateful.'

His wife joined him at Dessau for the month of May, and they had a quiet happy time, living in the old mother's rooms.

It was an early season, and the parks and public gardens round Dessau were in their full spring beauty, and the nightingales sang day and night, with a richness of voice hardly ever heard in England.

TO MR. NANJIO.

DESSAU, *May* 23.

'I hope you received the *Pall Mall Gazette* with a notice of your Catalogue. I trust I shall find the photograph of the palm-leaf on my return to Oxford. We shall then have it photo-lithographed, and publish it with the other small texts and inscriptions.'

'As to a commentary on the Bible, I shall tell you when I return. It is by far the best to read the New Testament without any commentary. It was sent into the world *without* a commentary; it did all the good it could do *without* a commentary; and all the mischief has been done by the commentaries. Therefore I advise you to read the New Testament as it stands, and if you have any difficulties, make a note of them, and I shall explain them to you. It is different with the Old Testament. That book requires notes to explain historical difficulties — but read the New Testament first.'

TO HIS WIFE.

DESSAU, *May*, 1883.

'It is a great change when one loses one's oldest friends, the whole flow of our thoughts has to turn in a new direction, and yet always turns to the old places, and finds they are no longer there. That makes us feel tired and heavy, and there is this constant undercurrent of disappointment, of looking for something which is no more, which does not fall in well with the ordinary current of life. And what a marvel life seems to be, the older we grow! So far from becoming more intelligible, it becomes a greater wonder every day. One stands amazed, and everything seems so small, and the little one can do so very small. One ought not to brood too much, when there is no chance of light, and yet how natural it is that one should brood over life and death, rather than on the little things of life.'

TO THE SAME.

DESSAU, *June* 9, 1883.

'It is very sad to break up an old household, and my mind is filled with memories of days long gone by. These sorrows of life are inevitable, but they are hard to bear, for all that. They would be harder still if we did not see their purpose of reminding us that

our true life is not here, but that we are here on a voyage that may be calm or stormy, and which is to teach us what all sailors have to learn — courage, perseverance, kindness, and in the end complete trust in a Higher Power.'

TO THE SAME.

'I shall be glad when I can pack up now and go home. It has been a help to me, living in these rooms and thinking of old times, and of all the love that my mother had for me. Hers had been a very hard life, opening very brightly, and then darkened by early widowhood, deafness, poverty, and many anxieties. Yet she enjoyed her life, and her love and sympathy for others made her forget the burden she had to bear. She had earned her rest. The vault has now been rearranged, the stone put in, the ivy replanted, and so it will remain. I had a very nice letter from Mr. Sahl, the Queen's German Secretary, telling me how much the Queen had felt for me, when she heard of my mother's death.'

Max Müller returned to Oxford by Mainz to see his friend Professor Noiré, and Neuwied, where he stayed at Segenhaus with the Princess Mother to meet the Queen of Roumania.

TO HIS WIFE.

SEGENHAUS, *June*, 1883.

'This place is most charming, the surrounding country perfect, and the people most delightful. There is the old loving Princess Mother, strong and kind and serene. Then there is dear Roggenbach, healthy, true, straightforward. Then the Queen, who has grown immensely — far more than I had any idea of. She has a quite exceptional power of thought and poetry, and will do something really great. She is sometimes quite possessed, yet with all that so womanly, so good, so kind-hearted, that it is a treat to be with her. Alessandri, the Roumanian poet, is very pleasant. Close to Segenhaus is the old Schloss Monrepos, where the Prince resides with his wife, very clever. We dined there to-day in great style, and afterwards had music and reading. They lead an ideal life — all seem so good and kind.'

The 'ideal life' at Segenhaus had a great charm for Max Müller. After breakfast the party separated till early dinner, after which came long walks or drives in the lovely forests,

generally with the Prince of Wied in a large brake with six horses. The Prince is an expert whip, but Max Müller occasionally found the pace at which they tore up and down the hills, a little trying to the nerves. After supper there was music, reading aloud, and brilliant conversation the whole evening. The quiet mornings were spent by most members of the party in preparation for these delightful evenings. Alessandri would appear with a new poem, the Queen with a new poem or tale, or some song which a Swedish composer, one of the party, had set to music during the afternoon, and which one of the ladies-in-waiting would sing; while the Princess Mother sat by, joining in the talk with her musical voice, and serene expression of face, and deep power of sympathy that seemed to lift those who were privileged to know her into a higher atmosphere, above the common cares and interests of life. The Princess Mother had known deep sorrow, but she had 'the heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize,' and there are many who owe their physical and moral health to her care and influence. She passed away in March, 1902, after a long illness, and those who had had the privilege of her friendship could only thank God, who had taken His saint to the eternal home, where her heart had long dwelt.

We have spoken of Max Müller's translation into Sanskrit of 'God Save the Queen'; on his return to Oxford he received a flattering review of his translation from India.

The Long Vacation was spent in Oxford, and, thanks to their friends the McCalls, was one of the brightest and pleasantest the Max Müllers ever spent, and Max Müller was the centre of all the enjoyment of the time. The following letter from a partaker in the happy social life at 7 Norham Gardens most aptly describes it all: —

HARROW, *April* 26, 1902.

'DEAR MRS. MAX MÜLLER, — I would I could transcribe some of the memories your letter evokes. Golden afternoons on the Cherwell, excursions by road and rail, evenings of music and "candy-pulling": in all these the Professor was our comrade.

'At the time of which I am thinking, some twenty years ago,

there was in Oxford a group of young folks who regarded your house as their centre. I know nothing either of the beginning or the end of this little coterie; it was in existence before my time, and continued after I had left Oxford. True, the members changed as residents moved away and generations of undergraduates passed, but its corporate life continued unimpaired, and in all the light-hearted frolic of that rout of young people of both sexes, the Professor took a part.

'Once induce him to quit his books, and he became one of us. How sadly we used to interrupt his work by some of those water-parties, for which he used to set out with an air of resignation and some few groans over a wasted afternoon, then as the distance between himself and his study increased, his expression would change from resignation to contentment, until when comfortably established in the stern of a boat (for he had a strong objection to toiling at the oar) he would at length assimilate himself with his surroundings and be as frivolous as any of us.

'On such occasions, when sure of his company, he would let himself go in fine flights of nonsense, but these things cannot be written down; enough to say that we were all young — and so was he.

'It was the Professor who showed us how to convert a water-lily into a chibouk by removing part of the yellow centre of the flower and filling it with tobacco which can be smoked through the stem. It works well, but the smoke has, as he remarked, "a botanical flavour."

'I have never met any one else who knew of this water-party trick.

'Music was a matter of course, in drawing-room, boat, or third-class compartment. Where no accompaniment could be had, we could always raise a glee or German student-song and chorus. In the latter the Professor was our leader and coach, as befitted one who had edited a Kommers-Buch.

'Of his musical talent and taste I need say nothing, except that he was a charming accompanist, but an uncompromising critic and a rigorous opponent of trash. But he had a keen appreciation of musical nonsense, provided it were clever nonsense, not that dreary stuff labelled and sold as "comic." I well remember his sitting down at the piano to improvise a fantastic accompaniment to a foolish little ditty which had struck his fancy.

'Ah well, those were happy days, and the memory of them has set my pen running beyond bounds. I had better stop.

'And sign myself,

'Yours sincerely,

'B. P. LASCELLES.'

Max Müller had been intensely interested in Henry George's books, *Progress and Poverty* and *Social Problems*, and was anxious to see them published and disseminated at a cheap rate.

TO MR. HENRY GEORGE.

August 21.

'I have sent you copies of a second cheap edition of *India — What can it teach us?* Between these they cannot sell less than 50,000 copies in a few months, mainly to people who could not have seen the book in more costly editions. I don't believe in piracy, but this is some compensation. I have spoken to —— about your works, which he expects to print in full. I am anxious to have you popularized as fully as may be, for I know you must exert a powerful and beneficial effect upon thought. To get it into the head of the average man that his race and his creed are not everything, is to melt away bigotry and prejudice and admit larger and nobler views.'

The following letter to his friend Dr. Hosäus, the Ducal Librarian at Dessau, shows that the idea of a monument to Wilhelm Müller was likely to be carried out at last: —

OXFORD, *August* 20.

'I rejoice to hear that it seems as if the idea, so often started, and then again forgotten, will at last be realized, and I am indeed grateful to you for taking so warm and active an interest in the plans for carrying it out.'

Dr. Hosäus became secretary of the central committee at Dessau, and spared himself no trouble about the monument.

TO MR. NANJIO (on hearing of Kasawara's death).

OXFORD, *September* 21.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — I am truly sorry for dear Kasawara, though I long expected it would end so. He might have been so useful, if he had lived. We must try to finish his work and publish at least his *Dharma-Samgraha* as a memorial.

'I hope he received my last letter; I should be so sorry if he had thought that I had forgotten him.

'I go to Bristol on Monday. My Lecture will be on Thursday.'

This lecture was on Râmmohun Roy, and was delivered in the Bristol Museum on the fiftieth anniversary of the Rajah's death. It will be remembered that he was buried at Bristol in the Arno's Vale Cemetery. On his tomb are these words: 'A conscientious and steadfast believer in the Unity of the Godhead, he consecrated his life with entire devotion to the worship of the Divine Spirit alone.' As founder of the body of pure Theists in India, Max Müller had a strong feeling of reverence for Râmmohun Roy.

From Bristol Max Müller with his wife and daughters made an excursion up the Wye, and then paid a visit to his friend Lord Aberdare, whose genial and instructive society was always a pleasure to him. They had much in common in literary tastes and political opinions.

On his return to Oxford he found the letter from Lord Ripon given below by permission: —

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SIMLA, *September* 3, 1883.

'DEAR PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, — I hope that you will excuse me for troubling you with a few lines to thank you very much for the able letter which you have addressed to the *Times* in reply to the Report of the Judges of the Calcutta High Court upon the so-called "Ilbert Bill," and also for the very valuable support which you have given to my policy in this country.

'I can assure you that I appreciate very highly the assistance which you have rendered to me. It is a great satisfaction to me to find that the course of policy which I am pursuing meets with your approval. I have need of all the aid which I can receive from England, for I am assailed here with a storm of bitter and unscrupulous hostility, which you, who dwell in a calmer atmosphere, can scarcely realize.

'Believe me,

'Yours faithfully,

'RIPON.'

In giving permission for the use of the above letter, Lord Ripon writes, 'I shall always appreciate most highly the support which he gave at that trying time.'

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD, *October* 11, 1883.

'It was extremely kind of your Excellency to think of writing to me to express your general approval of the letter which I had sent to the *Times* in answer to the Opinion of the Judges of the High Court of Calcutta. I was afraid the *Times* would go on quoting that Opinion as unanswerable, till people who did not take the trouble to read it, would believe that it was so. And yet it contained really very little to enable any one to form an opinion on the main point, namely whether, under present circumstances, it was safe to pass the Bill, or whether it was safe to withdraw it.

'It seems strange that people should entirely forget that those who enjoy the very exceptional privilege of living in India under English rule, must be prepared to submit to certain inconveniences. As a matter of mere sentiment, most people would naturally prefer an English to a native judge. But when, after what had gone before, the extension of the jurisdiction of native judges to criminal cases had become almost a matter of course, one wonders that people should not see how delicately the marvellous structure of English rule in India is poised, and should not hold their breath in discussing measures which those who are responsible for the safety of the Indian Empire have thought it necessary to recommend. Parliament, however, has shown great tact in declining hitherto to discuss the question, and I believe we shall hear little more about it, when the Bill has once become law. I am glad to see that Sir J. Stephen, in his last article in the *Nineteenth Century*, is trying to withdraw gracefully from a false position.

'Thanking you most sincerely for your extreme kindness, I have the honour to remain, my Lord,

'Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

The letter for which Lord Ripon sends his thanks had appeared in the *Times* of August 6. Max Müller ended it by quoting the 'really brave words of the Queen, uttered by Her Majesty when advised by one of the most conservative of English statesmen, the late Lord Derby': —

'And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted to office in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their

education, ability and integrity to discharge. We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects, and these obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil.'

To Lady Welby.

Duffryn, *October* 1.

'I was glad to hear that your book [1] has found so many friends, and that you have had to publish a second edition. Accept my best thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of it, which I shall find, I hope, on my table when I return to Oxford.

'Losing my Japanese pupil was a great loss to me in every respect. He might have done such good work. Now I feel that so much of the time I gave him is lost. He would have been a kind of submarine cable between Oxford and Tokio, and now it is snapped. With him Nirvâna had become a Paradise, an island with beautiful lakes, trees of gold and silver, steps of emerald and lapis, birds flying about and singing the praises of Buddha Amitâbha — Endless Light — who sits in the centre, while all who believe in him recline on large lotus flowers, lost in contemplation.

'You see human nature will have its way, even with Buddhists. What is most interesting is that this Buddha Amitâbha was once an ordinary mortal, and rose to his supremacy by endless lives devoted to virtue and truth. That supremacy may, in fact, be reached by everybody; only it will take a few *eternities* to reach it. There is a truly human element in all religions and in all philosophies; and it would be very strange if honest thought should not lead every one of us to the truths of Buddhism, or Platonism, or Christianity. The great delight of comparative studies is to find ourselves again in others. I keep to *Self*. The very misunderstanding of the word will often lead to its right appreciation. That appreciation is nowhere so perfect as in the *Vedânta*.'

It was in October of this year that Max Müller made the acquaintance of Pandita Ramabai, who came to stay at his house. He has given a full account of 'the truly heroic Hindu lady, in appearance small, delicate, and timid, but in reality strong and bold as a lioness,' in his *Auld Lang Syne*, Series II. Max Müller wrote to his elder daughter: —

[1] *Links and Clues.*

'We had a nice visit from Ramabai, a Brahman lady, who knows Sanskrit splendidly. She knows books as large as Homer by heart, from beginning to end; speaks Sanskrit correctly, and writes Sanskrit poetry.'

Ramabai paid the Max Müllers a second visit before she finally left England for America, where she collected sufficient funds to enable her to start a refuge for child-widows in India. She has now 1950 widows in her different homes. Her *Life of a High-Caste Hindu Woman* is well worth reading.

In November, on the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth, the University of Oxford was anxious to mark the event in some way, and the Vice-Chancellor wrote to ask Max Müller to deliver an address in the Sheldonian Theatre. He was, however, far from well, just at the time, and had to decline.

TO PROFESSOR MORITZ CARRIÈRE.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD, *November* 25, 1883.

'MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,—It was so good of you to send me your poems; we need poetry, though when we get old we think much more of the underlying thought than of the form that expresses it. Form, words, rhymes, all help our memory, and carry a perfume with them which reminds us of old and forgotten times, but the feeding and strengthening factor is always thought. At least so it is with me, who have read much poetry, with or without rhymes; what I am most grateful for, and always shall be, is the underlying thought.'

TO MR. NANJIO.

November 29.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—You may be right, but to me work is really a pleasure and recreation, and if I cannot work it makes me ill. However, I am willing to listen to the advice of my friends, and shall probably go away in the middle of December. On December 12 is my daughter's wedding, which you must see; after that I shall want some rest. I should like to go to Rome myself, but I always catch fever at Rome. You must know your own constitution, and take care of it. If we have finished the translation of the *Sukhâvatî*, take some rest. Finish the *Sanskrit Grammar:* it is easy and useful, and you can do it anywhere. I wish we had a few more students

of Sanskrit for Japan. You never know your own religion, unless you study its beginnings in the original books.'

The sixth of December of this year was Max Müller's sixtieth birthday, and many of the German newspapers took notice of the day, and sent him their congratulations and best wishes, and one paper ended by describing his family life as of 'the happiest; in his house in Oxford there reigns that content, that comfort, that, in other countries unattainable, "something," which distinguishes a true English home.'

Towards the close of the year Max Müller's elder surviving daughter was married to Mr. F. C. Conybeare, Fellow and Tutor of University College. In mental power she was the most like her father of all his children, and had she remained unmarried would, no doubt, have been of great assistance to him. But it was not to be.

TO LADY WELBY.

'A delightful book — how little we know of the untold wealth of the world! In the eyes of the world, who is Amiel? and is he not ten times richer than Lord Overstone? And what beautiful language too — not that I care much about the setting of the jewels, but even jewels can be spoiled by bad settings. Yes, Amiel is delightful, and I have to thank you for two very pleasant evenings from ten to twelve.'

Christmas was spent by Max Müller and his diminished family at West Malvern, for change and rest. Unfortunately the weather was very bad, constant fog hid the beautiful scenery, and it was only the society of their friend Lady Mary Fielding, and the run of her charming house, that made the visit endurable.

TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

December 24.

'I need not wish you a happy Christmas this year, for I know you have it. Enjoy your happiness while it lasts: you know enough of life to know that sorrows will come, nay, that sorrows are good for us. The beautiful sunsets here, which we watch from our windows,

would be nothing without the clouds — and so it is with our own sunset. At present you will not think so, but perhaps you will think of me twenty-five years hence, and understand then what I meant.

'Your loving Father.'

TO MR. NANJIO.

WEST MALVERN, *December* 27.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your letter was forwarded to me here. I can well understand how distressed you must feel at having lost your father, and that his wish of seeing you once more in this life has remained unfulfilled. However, you must feel comforted by the thought that your father was pleased with you, and that he felt proud of having a son who had done so much good work. I hope he saw your *Catalogue*, for that would have shown him that you had made good use of your long stay in England, away from your parents and friends. This is a very imperfect and uncertain life; we make plans and try to do something really good and useful; and then all our plans are upset by illness or by death! And yet we must not feel discouraged. No good work is ever quite lost; many labourers must be content to sow; others will come to reap the harvest.

'I can quite understand your adopted father's wish to have you back in Japan, and I am not going to dissuade you from it. You have still a year before you, and we may finish some of the work we have in hand. I hope I shall feel better when I return to Oxford, which will be in about a week. The weather is very bad here. I often think of the time when you and Kasawara were staying with me here. We must try to finish Kasawara's *Dharma-Samgraha* — we owe it to him.

'I feel very strongly that, if you wish the study of Sanskrit to be re-established in Japan, you should work hard at a *Sanskrit Grammar* and a small *Sanskrit-Japanese Dictionary*. If these are published in Japan, the study of Sanskrit will not die, even when you are gone; and I believe it will be a great benefit, if you have in Japan a few learned men, who can study the real history of Buddhism, and distinguish between what is old and what is modern.

'Accept my best wishes for the New Year, and believe that you will always have a true friend in me.

'Yours very truly.'

CHAPTER XXVII

1884–1885

Lectures in Birmingham and at the Royal Institution. Stay in London. Death of the Duke of Albany. Tercentenary of the Edinburgh University. Lecture on Buddhist Charity. *Biographical Essays.* Foundation stone of Wilhelm Müller Monument. Hawarden. Social life in the Oxford home. Work at Mainz. The Engadine. Italy. Letter to Schlötzer.

To his Cousin, Major von Basedow.

Translation. Malvern, *January* 2, 1884.

'Your letter and good wishes found me here on the Malvern Hills. The wedding, and all the business connected with it, had been a great strain on me, and my doctor sent me here for the good air. But we have had little but fog, and are here above the clouds. The past has been a sad year. I have not only lost my mother, but many old friends, and that made me value all the more the time I spent with you and my old Dessau friends and relations. May this year bring you fresh enjoyments and hide old sorrows! Life becomes more earnest and difficult, and it is not easy to keep the wherefore before one's eyes, when one wishes to walk straight on. We expect to go home to-morrow, as on Saturday we are going to Prince Christian's, near Windsor, to stay till Monday. Then I hope to shut myself up snugly for the winter in my room. Of course I have been very much delighted about the monument to my father, but could not help wishing it had come a year earlier, that my mother might have had the pleasure. Hosäus[1] has taken great trouble about it. I have kept myself purposely in the background, and shall continue to do so, as I can work for it far better in the second rank. I have seen one model, but the new one is said to be much better. We must hope for the best.'

The prospect of this monument to his father, the poet Wilhelm Müller, was for years a great delight and interest to Max

[1] Secretary to the Monument Fund.

Müller, and did all honour to the little town, the poet's birthplace, where the idea originated; though, as his son wrote to the Secretary, 'Make it quite clear in your prospectus that it is not merely a Dessau-native-place undertaking, but that we appeal to the German nation, and even further, to all true lovers of the arts of poetry and music.' The Greek Government gave the marble to mark their sense of the poet's services rendered to the cause of Greek independence in his *Griechen Lieder*, which belong to the classical literature of Germany. The Greeks sent over a block of the beautiful white marble of Pentelicus for the bust, and another of the most delicate tint of grey for the large pedestal. The whole rests on a substructure of very dark red marble. Jenny Lind, Sir Theodore Martin, Sir Robert Morier, Mr. Froude, and others warmly supported the collection in England.

The past year had been one of constant loss to Max Müller, and early in this year he heard of the death of his friend and correspondent Keshub Chunder Sen, on whom he wrote a beautiful obituary notice which was copied in several of the Indian papers.

'India has lost her greatest son, Keshub Chunder Sen. His was one of the few names known not only most widely among the two hundred and fifty millions who are said to inhabit the vast Indian Empire, but familiar even to European ears. Many of us saw him during his stay in England in 1870, listened to him, admired and loved him, and not a few have ever since remained united with him by the bonds of a real friendship. If we look around for true greatness, not in England or Europe, but in the whole civilized world, and if we try to measure such greatness, not by mere success or popularity, but honestly and, so to say, historically, taking into account the character of the work done, and the spirit in which it was done, few, I believe, would deny that it was given to Keshub Chunder Sen to perform one of the greatest works in our generation, and that he performed it nobly and well. . . . No doubt the controversy between his followers and opponents will continue long after his death. But if we deduct an equal share on both sides—on the side of exaggerated praise as well as on the side of unmerited blame—there remains a sufficient amount of independent contem-

porary judgement to secure to Keshub Chunder Sen the first place among his fellow countrymen, and a pre-eminent place among the best of mankind.

'As long as there is a religion in India, whatever its name may be, the name of Keshub Chunder Sen will be gratefully remembered, as one who lived and died for the glory of God, for the welfare of mankind, and for the truth, so far as he could see it.'

TO PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

OXFORD, *January* 17.

'I shall try again to tempt you and Mrs. Tyndall to pay us a visit at Oxford. Just now I am quite unfit for human society; I drag myself about with lumbago—looking more like one of our gorilla ancestors (*teste* Darwin) than like a rational being. And with all that, I shall have to lecture at Birmingham next Monday! I hope I shall be better for my Friday Evening Lecture. Do you know Miss S. D. Collet? I only knew her by correspondence, and fondly imagined she was a young lady of twenty. I find out she is as old as I am, and a great invalid. With all that, she is a most excellent lady, a great admirer of Râmmohun Roy. She is collecting materials for a life of the Râjah, &c., and she is very anxious to hear my Lecture on Râmmohun Roy—as if I could teach her anything new. Well, the question is, could I have two tickets, and could she and her brother be brought in when there is no crowd? Fond as you are of young ladies, I know you are kind to old ladies too, so if you could help Miss Collet, please do.'

Max Müller gave two lectures in January at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, on 'Religious Reforms in India,' before crowded audiences; and on February 1 he gave the last Friday Evening Lecture he ever delivered at the Royal Institution, on Râmmohun Roy, mainly founded on the Lecture given at Bristol in the previous autumn. After mentioning that, though Râmmohun Roy had clung to the *Veda* as revealed, his great follower Debendranâth Tagore had given up the belief in the divine inspiration of the *Veda*, the lecturer asked whether 'a kind of heavenly halo is really indispensable in order to secure Eternal Truth an entrance into the heart, and an influence on the acts of man: or whether, as some believe,

Truth — Eternal Truth — requires no credentials, but is to rule the world in her own right, nay, is to be welcomed all the more warmly when she appeals to the human heart, unadorned by priestly hands, and clad only in her own simplicity, beauty and majesty? To Râmmohun Roy the *Veda* was true, because it was divine; to his followers it was divine, because it was true. And which of the two showed the greater faith?'

To Miss Byrd McCall.

Oxford, *January* 27.

'My dear Friend, if I may say so; many thanks for those American sweets. Sweet presents are very nice, but sweet presence would be nicer! Instead of going to the Land's End, you might have spent the whole of this winter in the more civilized parts of England. We have had hitherto nothing but mild weather; to-day is the first day of East wind and snow. I hope Mrs. McCall has not suffered much from travelling about, instead of settling down in a quiet cosy corner in her town house. I had spun myself in like a silkworm, but alas! I had to come out at last. I had to lecture at Birmingham last week, have to go there again to-morrow, and on Friday I am to be executed at the Royal Institution in London—all old promises, given in a fit of good nature, which at last have to be fulfilled. B. will take care of me in London. She will escort me to see *Princess Ida*, and Miss Anderson, who is said to be "quite dazzling." In the meantime I have been diverted by another American whom everybody else abuses, Henry George. I wish you would read his last work, *Social Problems*. He must be a good fellow. If his remedy is impossible, that only shows that the case may be hopeless; but that the present state of abject poverty of millions, and the extravagance of a Vanderbilt, cannot be right, I feel as certain as Henry George. I have asked him to come to stay with us to meet the Vice-Chancellor, &c. There will be a good deal of cackle about it, Common-Room'ers and all the rest, can't be helped.'

To his Son.

Oxford, *February*, 1884.

'I agree with Mr. Henry George when he describes the present state of society as utterly wrong and unchristian. I mean the excessive poverty on one side, and the excessive wealth on the other. I

also think his observations on the growth of towns in America very instructive, and there is nothing to be said against the lesson which he draws, *i.e.* that *rising* towns should never alienate all their land and never alienate it altogether. A few streets in Chicago, if the land had been reserved, would defray the expenses of the whole municipality. But when he turns round, and says the same mistake has been committed everywhere in Europe, all one can answer is, Yes, but the mistake is beyond remedy; any attempt to nationalize the land, would produce civil war. Many things are desirable, but impossible. Henry George himself is opposed to all violence, and considers property sacred, but he is a fanatic, a man of one idea, and often lays himself open to misinterpretation. I believe he is a good and religious man.

'As to the Hindu Theatre, we have no Sanskrit plays older than about the fifth century A.D. Plays existed before religious performances, also secular representations of Episodes of Epic Poetry. In the plays which we possess of Kalidâsa and others, there are traces of Greek influence, and that is quite natural. Alexander and his successors introduced Greek artisans into India. Actors are especially mentioned. Indian coins show Greek workmanship and inscriptions. Indian astronomy is full of Greek termini-technici. Still the Sanskrit plays have preserved much of their national character, and it is chiefly in the stage arrangements that Greek influence is perceptible.'

Early in March Mr. Henry George came for two nights to Norham Gardens, where a large company were asked to meet him. The next day he held a public meeting, which was very much crowded, and where his views excited great indignation among the younger members of the University; and the scene at last became so disagreeable that Max Müller and his family left before the conclusion of the meeting.

The middle of March the Max Müllers moved to London for two months, and it was whilst they were there that the nation was plunged into grief by the sudden death of the Duke of Albany. To Max Müller, who had seen so much of the Prince at Oxford, and had hoped so much for science, literature and art from his enlightened patronage, it was a severe blow.

TO ROBERT COLLINS, ESQ.

25 PEMBROKE GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W., *March* 29, 1884.

'I must write you a line to say how deeply I feel with you and for you. You had done such a noble work. That young Prince, whom I so well remember when he first came to Oxford, had grown up under your care to be all that you could have desired or hoped for. Everything seemed so bright, so happy, so successful beyond all expectation. And now comes this sudden end, and all seems lost! But it only seems so. How this short life of ours will tell on our next, we cannot know. One thing only we know, that nothing good can ever be lost. And even here on earth that noble work to which you devoted the best part of your life will not be lost. Prince Leopold will remain a proud memory in the Royal Family, a bright example to the nation at large.

'Dear Prince Leopold! I am now an old man, and my memory is very like one of those Roman *columbaria*, full of urns and ashes and dear names. But Prince Leopold will always have his own niche there as a bright and loving soul, full of the noblest aspirations. You may well place on his beautiful pale head the victor's wreath of laurel which he has so well earned, both by what he has suffered and by what he has achieved; and you may feel, when you look at him for the last time, that your labour has not been in vain.'

Max Müller was a true mourner among the many who obeyed the Queen's commands to attend the touching funeral in St. George's Chapel. Attendance there prevented him from being present at a meeting at Kensington Town Hall on the Ilbert Bill. He wrote to excuse himself:—

April 4.

'I have received the Royal command to attend the funeral of the Duke of Albany to-morrow. This, I regret, makes it impossible for me to attend your meeting. I was particularly anxious to be present to congratulate you and all true friends of India, to whatever party they may belong, on the great triumph which you have obtained. Every great triumph is mixed up with some small disappointments, but these can be corrected by-and-by. The essential point is that the fundamental principle on which the Proclamation of the Empress of India rests has been maintained against all quibblings, that the honour of England is saved, and the Imperial word has been kept

sacred. Do not trust to party, but trust to the great heart of England, or if that sounds too poetical, trust to the good sense of the English people.'

The middle of April Max Müller went to Edinburgh, by invitation from the University, to attend the Tercentenary Festival of its foundation. His wife and daughter accompanied him, and they were the guests of his old friend Professor William Sellar. It was a wonderfully interesting assembly, and Max Müller met many foreign friends and distinguished *confrères*, as Count Suffi, once triumvir in Rome, afterwards teacher of Italian in Oxford, Karl Elze of Halle, a fellow Dessauer, Professor Virchow, Professor Villari of Florence, Georges Perrot, Pasteur, Pressensé, Professor Bunsen of Heidelberg, whom Baron Bunsen used to call 'his golden cousin,' Professor Cremona of Rome, Helmholz, and many distinguished Americans, not to mention leading representatives of all the Universities and scientific and literary societies of Great Britain. On the day that the honorary degrees were conferred, he, who had received such a degree in 1870, sat with the doctors of the University, wearing his blue doctor's hood. It was a brilliant scene for the spectators. Those who were to receive degrees filled the centre of the large hall, wearing the hoods, caps, and gowns of their respective universities. They looked like a bed of tulips presenting every imaginable hue, whilst the delegates from many of the European universities and learned bodies appeared in brilliant-coloured gowns with high birettas to match. There were receptions and entertainments of all sorts, and a very clever dramatized version of the *Fortunes of Nigel* given by the students, who also gave a ball. Max Müller attended nearly all the festivities except the students' symposium on the last night, for which he was too fatigued.

On his return to London he delivered a Lecture on Buddhist Charity, the first of a series of lectures on Ancient and Modern Charity,[1] the proceeds of which were devoted to the London

[1] Organized by the Rev. Brooke Lambert, of Greenwich.

Association for Befriending Young Servants. The lecture was published in the first volume of the new edition of *Chips*.

Soon after the return to Oxford in the middle of May the Prince and Princess of Wied visited Oxford to see the city, and consult Max Müller on placing their eldest son at an English school for a year. A suitable school was found, with his help, and the parents were full of gratitude for the counsel and practical aid given them by Max Müller, who threw himself as heartily into the quest as if his own boy were in question. It was this readiness to help on all occasions, no matter what the subject, that from earliest days won him so much esteem and affection.

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

OXFORD, *May* 25, 1884.

'The first thing I did after my return home was to read your book. It carried me on from beginning to end, and I could discover nothing in it of what your Grace called heretical. When I came to the chapters on the origin of religion, I soon perceived that our difference arose from the different points from which we started; your Grace starting from what ought to be, I from the little that is known to be in the oldest documents which we possess. I have tried to put down my thoughts on the subject in the enclosed paper. Before I publish it, I should be glad to know whether I have rightly apprehended and correctly represented your views.'

TO THE SAME.

OXFORD, *May* 30, 1884.

'I return my paper with a few answers and explanations to your marginal notes. It seems to me, as I said before, that we do not differ on any essential points, though we approach the subject in a different spirit. My view through life has always been, Let us know as much as there is to be known from history. There is a great deal more to be learnt from that source than we imagine, and the additions to our knowledge of the real historical growth of man, during our lifetime, have been enormous. They are far from being digested yet, and they are certainly more instructive than the mere surface *detritus* which we find among so-called modern Savages.

'Your Grace will say, that people want to know more, they want

to know the beginnings, or the first stages of humanity. I know they do, but they might as well wish to ascend into the Moon. By whom was the first man suckled, and from whom did he learn his language? Was there history before language, &c., &c.? The very absurdity of these questions shows that we are running our heads against a very old and very solid wall. Those who like may do it. I prefer to try to understand the earliest relics which have been left us — mere ruins, it is true — and to form from the character of these ruins some idea of the persons who built them. In the history of religion I try to read the education of the human race, and I have to sympathize with the childishness of the child and with the wanderings of old age, such as you may read in the *Nineteenth Century*, January and March, 1884. You see unity in Nature; I try to see unity, purpose, wisdom in History. I know quite well we may go wrong, and that our little wisdom cannot span the wisdom by which we are surrounded on all sides. But this shows that we were intended to trust, and this trust is the best of all religions. The names may vary — the purpose is everywhere the same.'

Another of Max Müller's early friends passed away this year, Professor Lepsius, the famous Egyptologist, a man of whom Henry de Bunsen wrote, 'Another Colossus of ancient days is gone! What a grand man he was!' Max Müller sent an account of his friend and his work to the *Times*, which he concluded with these words: —

'Taken all in all, Lepsius was the perfect type of a German Professor, devoted to his work, full of ideals, and convinced that there is no higher vocation in life than to preserve and add to the sacred stock of human knowledge, which, though it is seen by the few only, has to be carried, like the Ark of the Covenant, from battle to battle, and kept safe from the hands of the Philistines.'

Bunyiu Nanjio had left England in the spring of this year for Japan, visiting India on his way.

TO MR. NANJIO.

OXFORD, *July* 30.

'I should have written to you before, to thank you for your letter, but I waited till I knew that you were settled again in your old home. How happy you must have felt to see your friends and rela-

tions again after so many years. And how sad, at the same time, that your dear friend Kasawara was not there to receive you. Let me know how you found all your relations, and how you were received at your Monastery. Everything concerning you will interest me, and you must not mind speaking about yourself and your work. I hope you will find an opportunity of making all that you learnt in England useful to your countrymen. I hope you found all the papers and books that belonged to Kasawara, safe. Did he ever receive my letters? I have finished the *Sukhâvatî-Vyûha*, and have ordered twenty-five copies to be sent to the Japanese Legation in London to be forwarded to you. I have also worked at Kasawara's *Dharma-Saṃgraha*, but there is much to be done yet. However, Dr. Wenzel is helping me, and I shall certainly have the book published as a monument of our dear friend. I wait for your translation of the Chinese text about *Sukhâvatî*, which you took with you to revise. And please do not forget *Itsing!*

'We have been living here very quietly. We have now the Long Vacation, and I have plenty of time for myself. We have all been well, and I feel better than last year. On August 3 we celebrate our Silver Wedding, when we have been married twenty-five years! I hear that Mr. Bendall is going to Nepal, and possibly to Tibet, to look for Sanskrit MSS. Do not forget that at some later time you might do something useful by going to Tibet through China. I do not mean at present, but after some years.

'When you write to me, tell me how you found your wife and your parents. If you have photographs of them, please send me some, also of your temple, or your home. I like to know what your home is like. Try to get some pupils in Sanskrit, and do not forget that a grammar, and dictionary, and reading-book are necessary to keep up the study of Sanskrit in Japan. I am printing a volume of *Biographical Essays*, which I shall send you when they are finished.'

The only books of his own published this year were another volume of the *Anecdota Oxoniensia, The Ancient Palm-Leaves*, which Max Müller had prepared for the press with Mr. Nanjio, and finished after his return to Japan, to which Professor Bühler added an Appendix; and a volume of *Biographical Essays*, which, after being many years out of print, formed the second volume of the new edition of *Chips*, published in 1894. In defending himself from the charge of

writing about many men whose work in life is but little known, he says, 'Much of the best work in the world is done by those whose names remain unknown, who work because life's greatest bliss is work, and who require no reward beyond the consciousness that they have enlarged the knowledge of mankind, and contributed their share to the final triumph of honesty and truth.' Max Müller sent the book to a valued friend, who in thanking him, wrote, 'Kenjiu Kasawara is most affecting, and makes one look forward to a meeting in that "future state," as we call the great live Eternity which surrounds us all, and which such short careers as his, apparently incomplete to the vulgar eye, would assure one of, if there were no sermons, no Bibles, no priests. The whole book will be a treasure and delight to me.' These *Biographical Essays* were very well received. One review says of them: —

'Professor Max Müller belongs to the elder body of scholars who have devoted their lives to the solution of those world myths out of which religion and history, poetry and art, seem to spring. Whether we agree with or differ from him on the many unsettled questions which surround those thoughts which have not inaptly been termed the daughters of dead myths, it is very useful to us to know what are the views of one who is at once very learned and absolutely truthful.'

In speaking of the Essay on Kasawara, another review says: —

'A strange pathos is lent to this memoir by the untimely death of one of these, Professor Max Müller's two pupils, just when about to begin a work in Japan, the issues of which cannot be insignificant. The immense patience, diligence, dutifulness, in that little body, whom many of us may remember to have seen silently gliding about Oxford so short a while ago! The equal patience, kindness, and generosity of the Master, who had unwittingly drawn these children of an alien faith, older than our creed, and outnumbering the Catholic Church itself, across seas and lands to sit at his feet, and spell out, through two languages, their way back to the authentic fountains of their own spiritual force! Is all the effort wasted? Surely here too we may trust the "larger hope."'

TO B. M. MALABARI, ESQ.

September 5, 1884.

'I truly regret all the agitation in India and about India. It will ruin your country. The fault, however, lies not with you, but with the new race of English settlers in India. Unless they are taught how to behave, and kept under control by a strong hand, government in India will become impossible. The opposition in England, too, is much to be blamed. There are some politicians who would not shrink from saying: "Perish India, if only we can oust Gladstone!" What India wants, and will want for many years to come, is rest and quiet work. What would become of India if there were a second mutiny, and a successful one, it is fearful to contemplate. You will have civil war, plunder, utter barbarism. But I confess I do not blame the people of India; the whole blame for the present disturbed state falls on the English settlers in India, and on the scheming politicians in England. The India Council too works very badly, because they have neither independence nor responsibility. The present Secretary of State is a very clever man, but he cares chiefly for Parliamentary success. All this agitation about the proper age of candidates for the Indian Civil Service arises from a personal squabble. There can be no doubt that for English boys, to say nothing of Hindus, the age is too low. Let candidates compete from nineteen to twenty-three. If boys of nineteen can beat men of twenty-three, let them go out; they will be the exceptions, and exceptionally strong boys are worth having. What I know for certain is that India loses some of our best men here at Oxford, because they will not cram for an examination at nineteen. The curious result of the present state of things is that the boys who get their appointment at nineteen get tired of it when they are twenty-two, and think that they might have done better by staying in England; while some of our best, when they have taken a first class, would give anything for an appointment to the Indian Civil Service. With regard to your countrymen, I wonder that they care so much for the Indian Civil Service. If I were a Hindu, I should look out for very different work to benefit my countrymen. To tell you the truth, I do not believe in the efficiency of a *mixed* Civil Service. Oil and water will not mix — let the oil be at the top, there is plenty of room for the water beneath.

'You are losing an excellent man in Lord Ripon. If Lord Spencer succeeds, some people in India will find out that he has learnt how to

deal with selfish, noisy, and disloyal agitators in Ireland, and that he will govern India for the Indians, and not for interlopers.'

In October, enough money having been collected, the foundation-stone of the monument at Dessau, to Wilhelm Müller, was laid during a Philological Congress held at Dessau. Max Müller had prepared an address to deliver to the Congress, but as the time drew near he was so unwell, so entirely unfit for the exertion and excitement, that he had to give up the idea of going to Dessau. The stone was laid on October 2, in front of the Gymnasium where Wilhelm Müller had taught, and which his son had attended as a scholar. Some fine choruses composed for the occasion were sung, and a speech was made by Professor Gosche of Halle. The address prepared by Max Müller for the Congress was printed in the *Deutsche Rundschau* of April, 1884, under the title of 'Then and Now.'

'There are moments,' he says, 'when one's life suddenly appears strange to one. One would like to stand still to collect one's thoughts, and as one looks back on the past and forward to the future, one asks oneself in quiet astonishment, what the significance of the wonderful present may be. Such moments are rightly called epochs, for the Greek word *Epoché* means originally a halt, a standing still, also reflection and doubt; and then first a period of time in the movement of the stars, in the life of the individual, and lastly, in the history of mankind. I must own this quiet astonishment fills me when I suddenly find myself in my old native place, and in the midst of so many distinguished representatives of German science. Memory, with her dancing forms, rises so powerfully, that it is difficult not to be overwhelmed by her. Everything looks strange and yet so familiar, that I ask myself if the old man who stands before you to-day is the same who was born here sixty years ago, who learnt here first to know and love people, and who, even now, whenever he visits his living and dead friends here, is filled with a sense of home, which he feels nowhere else. But this is not the place or time to speak of myself, and of what I feel when I compare the Now with the Then.'

After presenting the first series of *Sacred Books of the East*, twenty-four volumes, to the Congress, to be placed in the

Ducal Library, Max Müller traced the progress of Sanskrit studies from the time he began to work under Brockhaus to the present time, and he ended by assuring his hearers that 'the Now was far better than the Then, and that in reliance on the young students round them, they might feel sure the Future would be better than the Now.'

TO H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN (absent in Germany on family affairs).

Translation. OXFORD, *October* 31.

'YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Many thanks for your kind note and for the offer with regard to the letters of Baggesen and Schiller. Though their correspondence is most interesting to me, I should not like to anticipate the possibility of its being offered to a relation of Baggesen, who probably would have much more time for this work than I. Should there exist any original letters of Schiller's, I should much appreciate some copies for my collection; the work in question, however, I should prefer being entrusted to other hands. . . . The Princess graciously invited my wife and myself last Sunday to Cumberland Lodge.

'I know the feeling of Germany towards England, and especially towards Gladstone. Such phases of feeling come and go, and in our hurried lives they quickly come to the fore and pass away again. In England the German hisses make no impression, because they have no reality. England has from time to time to pass through her crises, and no one can deny that neither her statesmen, nor her doctors always prescribe the right remedies. In spite of all this, I consider Gladstone the most experienced, honest, patriotic doctor. When one reads the discussions in Parliament, one might easily fear for England. But they are mere fireworks! The nation is of the good old stock, and woe to him who forgets this! England will never be conquered, not before the last Englishman, the last Scotchman, the last Irishman, aye, the last Irishman, the last Canadian and Newfoundlander, the last Sikh, aye, the last Yankee has fallen. Then, and only then, can Russia rule the world, for then there will be no more decent men. Bismarck knows what England signifies, and that in the whole history of the world no English and Germans have ever crossed swords. No danger threatens Germany from England: though Germany be ever so much in love with her neighbours right and left, John Bull will not be jealous. You see, I am a good Englishman, but also a good German.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, *November* 29, 1884.

'I was hoping to send you a good article about "Savages," but it could not appear in the December number, still you will find something from me in the December *Deutsche Rundschau*. I had to write the little preface for Réville, and so I am often put into harness. The words *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*, were used by a French general, who looked on from the distance, at the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. I think it was Canrobert. Tell me, why can I not get enthusiastic about the beautiful? To me the beautiful seems so comprehensible, and only the ugly needs explanation. Don't you pay any attention to me, however; in this I feel I am a layman or a heathen.

'I have little rest now; the University occupies me entirely, though I do not lecture. I long so often for rest, for an island, for a monastery, but nothing will come of this, I suppose. And so life slips by and we get old and useless; the best which we might be able to say, remains unsaid. But it must be said, and will be said, though we may not be here any more; younger ones than we will say it, better ones, later ones, who yet could not have any existence without us. Therefore, always on and on, though it may be much slower than in former years.'

TO HER HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MOTHER OF WIED.

Translation. OXFORD, *December* 6.

'YOUR HIGHNESS,—Indeed, that was not the meaning of my letter. I know Baron von Roggenbach is a nomad, and as I had been waiting to receive some business information from him, I thought that my last letter might perhaps be waiting somewhere for him unopened. I always consider it most unmannerly of authors, when they not only pay an uncalled-for visit to their friends, but expect to know by return of post whether the said call was pleasant and agreeable. I thought Your Highness might perhaps find something congenial in the *Biographical Essays*, and therefore I ventured to put my book on the table quite unnoticed. A thousand thanks for all the kindness of Your Highness' letter. How I should have loved to be again a spectator of the happiness of Segenhaus, and Mon Repos, but it was not to be!'

TO MISS BYRD MCCALL.

OXFORD, *December* 16.

'You would be surprised to see me here quite alone in our house. Mary and Beatrice started yesterday for Rome; Wilhelm and his mother went this morning to St. Leonards. I wanted to be alone, it is sometimes good for me; and so here I am, like a hermit in his cave. You know perhaps that to-day is the saddest day of the year to me, though whenever I think of her, I always feel how much she has been spared. Many thanks for your birthday message and all your kind wishes. I cannot complain at my time of life; though I have lost many old friends, I have found some young ones, and I feel as if I could still do some useful work. If only there were not so many unnecessary troubles in this life! Some troubles there must be, but why should people be silly and perverse, when the straight line is so easy? I have been so much thrown back in my work by all sorts of interruptions, that Italy disappears more and more from my sight. However, I shall not grumble, but work away till my task is finished.'

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *December* 20, 1884.

'Let me thank you first of all for two very bright and delightful days which I was allowed to pass in your family. But for the *Ate* that made me lay hands on your paper on *Athênê*, mistaking it for some proof-sheets of my own, which under the title of "The Savage" are to appear in the *Nineteenth Century* next month, they would have been days of unmixed pleasure to me. All I can do is to trust to the *Litae*, and to say once more, Please forgive! The titles of the books which I promised to send you are, *Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*, by the Rev. W. W. Gill; *Savage Life in Polynesia*, by the Rev. W. W. Gill. They give an account of the growth of what may be called popular epic poetry among the Polynesian Islanders. The distance between them and the Greeks is great; still there is a common element. The best account of the collection of epic poems from the mouths of the people in Finland and Lapland, chiefly by Lönnrot, is found in *Kalewala, das National-Epos der Finnen; Kalewipoeg, eine estnische Sage;* and Castrèn's *Vorlesungen über finnische Mythologie*. It is a pity that the *Kalewala* has not been translated into English; some portions of it are quite worth it. When we spoke of the accent in Greek, I wished to

point out how the coincidences between the Greek and the Vedic accentuation proved the extraordinary continuity of language, in spite of the enormous distance which separates Greek from Sanskrit. In the Vedic Sanskrit some rational principles can still be discovered which determined the accent; the fundamental principle being that the syllable, which people wished to accentuate logically, was accentuated phonetically, in the earliest stages of human speech. That principle was afterwards overlaid by false analogies, by tribal and personal idiosyncracies, by euphonic and metrical tendencies, &c., but faint traces of it are visible here and there both in Greek and Sanskrit.

'I refer to

οἶδα	= Sanskrit	Véda
οἶσθα	= „	véttha
οἶδε	= „	véda
ἴσμεν	= „	vidmá
ἴστε	= „	vidá
ἴσασι	= „	vihúḥ

We cannot explain in Greek why οἶδα should become ἴσμεν. The accent has become stereotyped. In Sanskrit it is still movable. It fell on the terminations in the plural because they were still felt as distinctive modifying elements, and the accent being on the last syllable, the vowel of the first syllable was lightened, or rather was not strengthened, ê became ɪ, oi, ɪ. The only explanation why in German we say, "ich weiss," but "wir wissen," is likewise supplied by the accent in the *Veda*. It will be difficult to explain why the Greeks said:

Ζεύς,	= Sanskrit	Dyaús
Διός	= „	Divás
Διΐ, but	= „	Diví
Δία	= „	Dívam or Dyâm.

'In Sanskrit the rule is general that, after monosyllabic bases, the really modifying case terminations have the accent, while the nominative and accusative, the simple subject and object, are not felt in the same way. Does it not seem almost incredible that the only two numerals which in Greek have the accent on the last syllable, viz. ἑπτά and ὀκτώ, should be the only two numerals which in Sanskrit accentuated texts are oxytone! If mere variation of accent can thus be preserved between Athens and Benares, need we wonder at other reminiscences affecting gods and heroes? The facts are there; the difficulty is how to explain them. Lastly, as to my cal-

culations as to the probable number of English-speaking people, two hundred years hence (published in 1876 from materials supplied by De Candolle and others), you will find them in a small penny pamphlet of mine which I forward herewith. How far Bismarck's Colonial policy may vitiate these calculations, it is difficult to tell, but I feel about English and German, what I feel about Sanskrit and Greek: wide apart as they seem to be, they draw their life-blood from the same source, and at every great historical crisis their common blood will assert itself.

'Your very sincere admirer.'

TO MR. NANJIO.

December 21.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter of *November* 6 today, and I answer it at once. I am glad to hear that you are well, and that you have found a position in your own country where you can make yourself really useful. Since you left, I have not had much time for Buddhism, I am working again at my translation of the *Rig-veda*. I sent you a volume of *Biographical Essays* which by this time has reached you, I hope. You will find something in it about yourself and poor Kasawara. I am sorry to hear that my letters to him are lost. . . . When you have time for work again, the translation of the third *Sûtra of Sukhâvatî*, and of *Itsing* also, would be useful. Whenever I receive these translations, I shall try to get them published in England.

'You will have to go by-and-by to Tibet, or send some one else to go there to look for MSS.

'Do not forget to look out for Sanskrit MSS. or inscriptions, in Japan and in Corea too. That poor country seems to be in a very poor state just now. I hope you will enjoy peace in Japan, and not think of conquest: you have plenty to do at home. I wish the European nations would learn that lesson, and not disturb the peace of the East; it is a shameful proceeding, and they are all alike to blame, French, Russians, English.

'I wish you a happy New Year, and a great deal of hard work, for that is the best medicine for this troublesome life.'

TO T. ALTHAUS, ESQ.

OXFORD, *December* 21, 1884.

'Thanks for your notes on Pattison; they contain some very true touches, and bring him visibly back to one's memory. I always

considered him the best-read man at Oxford. Anywhere but at Oxford he would have grown into a Lessing. I have just been staying at Hawarden, and to-morrow I go to Hastings to join Wilhelm and my wife. My two daughters are at Rome, and I am the only one here to send you our best wishes for the New Year.'

The new year found Max Müller back in Oxford with only his wife and son; his youngest daughter was in Italy with her married sister. Most of this year's work was devoted to editing the *Sacred Books*. Max Müller also brought out in the *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, with Dr. Wenzel's help, the *Dharma-Samgraha*, an ancient collection of Buddhist Technical Terms, which had been prepared by his late pupil Kasawara. He wrote a biography of his father Wilhelm Müller for the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, a translation of which was afterwards published in the new edition of *Chips*. He also edited and carefully corrected for press a translation of Scherer's *German Literature*, made by his elder daughter.

TO PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

January 10.

'You asked me whether the statistics about blue and black eyes and hair in different parts of Germany had been published in the shape of maps. I asked Professor Virchow of Berlin about it, and he writes to say that the maps are nearly, but not quite, ready. If you wish to see them at once, Professor Virchow says he could send a proof; otherwise he would send some copies, as soon as they have been finally revised. He adds, "I wonder whether Mr. Huxley remembers that I once had the honour of sitting by him at a Medical Congress in 1880?" He sends the journal which contains the statistics, which I forward herewith.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, *February* 7, 1885.

'. . . Do read in the *International Journal for Languages* an essay by W. von Humboldt. How much deeper a thinker he was than those of the present day!

'I am working hard on a volume of translations — *Vedic Hymns*; besides that, I am collecting materials for a work on mythology,

objective and subjective. I want this work to act as a pioneer for further work of the kind. Oh, that I could enter a monastery! Paltry society devours me, and yet it is a sort of duty not to be put entirely aside. Nothing is decided about Italy yet; new claims are constantly rising up, you cannot imagine how many.

'People here are a good deal depressed just now, but that is wholesome for them. The English nation is apt to be arrogant, and is never so great as when she is aware of this. The worst is that she will most likely send her physicians away, instead of attending to her own state, and dieting herself accordingly.

'It was impossible to prevent the fall of Khartoum: the mistake was in letting Gordon go there at all; it was a game of chance, such as a state should never attempt. The petty attacks from Germany are childish, and might in time produce evil consequences. Just as if the world were not large enough for all! The time for founding colonies is past now. The English colonies are no longer colonies, but do exactly what they like. Bismarck is sure to receive his answer, not from London, but from Sydney. *Quanta stultitia regitur mundus!* Well, it does not disturb me; we have to learn to do our work in spite of storms and thunder, and without storms and thunder the tree of humanity can take no firm root.

'How curious that the Schopenhauer memorial fund proceeds so slowly! I should have thought that he had numerous adherents now. You ought not to let the matter drop.'

TO DR. HOSÄUS.

Translation. *February* 8, 1885.

'I hope in the spring to get away from here for some time, though it does not look much like it. New demands on my time are for ever turning up. So one year goes after another, and life draws near its close before one has finished the half of what one wishes to do. I envy you in your quiet, peaceful post at Dessau. Here in Oxford one is disturbed on all sides, and one has but seldom a quiet hour.'

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

OXFORD, *March* 23, 1885.

'The *Vedic Hymns* give us many glimpses of the life of the people for whom they were composed. It is quite clear that they were a conquering race, entering India from the Punjâb. They called themselves *Âryas*, while the native tribes whom they dispossessed were called by them *An-âryas*, not Âryas, or *Dasyus*, enemies. In

my letter to Bunsen, "On the Turanian Languages," published in 1854 in his *Christianity and Mankind*, Vol. III, I pointed out that these indigenous races were black-skinned, and were called *Kravyâd*, eating raw flesh; *anagnitra*, not keeping fire; *a-nâsa*, noiseless, &c. These enemies had strongholds, and their wealth consisted chiefly in cattle.

'The Âryan conquerors were agricultural tribes. Their very name Ârya, as I have tried to show (*Encycl. Brit.* s. u. Ârya), meant ploughers, from *ar*, to plough, to ear. Even before the great Âryan separation, agriculture must have been known, for Greek ἄρουρα is the Sanskrit *urvara*. The Âryas in India call themselves Korihti's tribes, and that, too, is derived from *Karih*, to plough.

'The poets of the *Veda* begin to complain that the earth is not large enough for them. Thus *Rig-veda*, VI, 47, 20:—

'"O Gods, we have come to a country without meadows; the earth, which is wide, has become narrow."

'The wealth of the Âryas consisted chiefly in cattle, in cows, horses, sheep, and goats, and in men. Corn was cut with sickles, and afterwards threshed. Their settlements were called *urigana*, clearings, *grâma*, villages, while outside the *grâma* was the *aranya*, the thicket or forest. Towns, in our sense, did not exist, though strongholds and camps are mentioned.

'Each family had its house and hearth. Several families seem to have formed a *vis*, vicus, or *grâma*, pagus, and several of such settlements have formed a *gana*, *i.e.* kin or clan.

'We hear of *vis-patis*, lords of a vis, of *grâma-nis*, leaders of villages, and of kings, *râgan*, who are also called *gopâ ganasya*, shepherd of a clan.

'We even hear of leagues of five *ganas* or clans. Kings were both hereditary and elective. They led the armies, and received booty and tribute. We also hear of public assemblies, *samitis* or *vidathas*, held in a *sabhâ*, a public hall. The king was present. Discussions took place, and likewise social amusements.

'The cultivated land seems to have belonged to the village. Booty in war seems to have constituted the first private property. The possessive pronouns of the third person, *suas*, *suus*, existed before the Âryan separation.'

Early in April Max Müller received a letter from Lord Lytton, in which, after speaking of a translation of the *Mahâbhârata* by Protap Chunder Roy, the former Viceroy of India

says, 'Your own enterprise with the *Sacred Books of the East* is colossal. It takes one's breath away. Never was there an *Introducteur des Ambassadeurs* on so vast a scale, nor with such great personages dependent on his good offices.'

TO MR. BUNYIU NANJIO. *May* 10.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have waited a long time before answering your last long letter of February 28. I hoped I should be able to send you a copy of Kasawara's *Dharma-samgraha*, but the printing of the Index has been very slow, and I do not like to wait any longer. Now let me thank you for the seeds, which arrived quite safe. They have been sown and begin to sprout, and I shall often think of you when I see them in full bloom. I am glad to hear that you are actually Professor of Sanskrit, and have a number of pupils. I hope the study of Sanskrit will take root in Japan, you will then have a more intelligent study of Buddhism, and, more particularly, of the history of Buddhism. I hope you will go on with your translation of the third *Sûtra* of *Sukhâvatî-Vyûha*, and of *Itsing*; the latter would be very interesting in England, and I should gladly have it published here, and add some notes and a preface. The other text which you sent me may be even older than the palm-leaves of Horiuzi, to judge by the character of the letters. But I can do nothing with it till I get a faithful photograph of it. Perhaps you will be able to have that done for me. And do not forget to look out for other MSS. So many libraries in Japan seem to have been destroyed and dispersed, that old books and manuscripts may be scattered about anywhere, possibly also old inscriptions on iron or metal. My family is well, and they all send you kindest greetings. Wilhelm will matriculate in a few days at University College. My two dogs are still alive — you remember Waldmann and Männerl? Your poor countrymen have had a great misfortune in London, their Japanese village being destroyed by fire. I went there before it was burnt, and wished that you had been present. It was very amusing, and I had a cup of tea in a regular Japanese tea-house.

'Now I must finish. I hope that you and yours are very happy together. We often look at your wife's photograph, and always say, "How pretty!"'

TO HORATIO HALE, ESQ. *May* 18.

'I read your account of Chief Johnson with great interest, but I cannot trust myself to read all the important books which you and

others are now publishing about the people and languages of North America. They carry me away from my work, which I have still to finish in quite different latitudes. But I must say that you are doing a great and most delightful work, and if I were young, I believe I should run across to America, and spend some years among these living MSS. What is quite clear to me is the high state of civilization reached by these so-called Savages before they came in contact with so-called civilized men; and that, too, is a very important point. I wonder what you will think of my article on the Savage.[1] I hope it may do a little good, but I know others might do it much better.'

TO HERR VON STRAUSS UND TORNAY.

Translation. OXFORD, *June* 12, 1885.

'MY HONOURED FRIEND,—If thoughts were letters, you would often be invaded by me. I have never forgotten your friendly sympathy with my joys and sorrows in Dresden, and shall never do so. But life goes so fast downhill, and I have spun myself in so tightly with many threads in all directions, that I cannot do the half of what I wish to do. You may believe, I often despair of paying all my epistolary debts, and I only wish all my friends would show the same trust in me that you have done. It was a very real pleasure to have your son and granddaughter here with us. We all like Hedwig very much, and admire her courage, and the amiable way in which she accommodates herself to a foreign life. England is a salt-water bath for the mind, and will have a good effect on her whole life. My son comes up to the University in October. How little one can really do for one's children; how little one can shelter them, and yet how fast they are entwined in our hearts, perhaps more than is right. Well, one's work is always a help and comfort. I have a good deal of trouble with my *Sacred Books of the East*, but the first Series will be finished this year—twenty-four volumes—and the second is being arranged for. Work will never be ended; there is much for our successors to accomplish.'

TO LADY WELBY.

June 19, 1885.

'I can see nothing in *Sympneumata*. The world is so simple and transparent, it does not call for such involved and confused language. There may be a grain of gold in it, but what is the use of

[1] *Last Essays*, Series I.

thinkers and writers if they cannot extract them from the slag? Simplicity is the right stamp of truth and honesty. When I see clouds and vapours, I shut the book. I admire your patience, but I do not possess it.'

TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

June 28.

'You are quite right in what you say about Noiré. A man who is a good deal ahead of his time ought not to mind being but half-understood; unfortunately, Noiré does mind it, he would have his pie and eat it, and hence all his grumbling. But it is strange how slowly people's minds move. That introduction of Noiré's to my translation of *Kant* is a magnificent piece of work, but no one has found it out; all they say is, that it is too long; the fact being it is as concentrated as Liebig's Extract. However, people will find it out, a few *have* found it out, and the few always become the many — *unfortunately*, as Noiré would say. Of course, to a man of high ideals this world seems very imperfect, and so it ought, if it is ever to become better; but it is equally true that it is as good as it can be, exactly as good as we have made it, exactly as good as we deserve it. If it were otherwise, there would be no Nous in the world, and that there is, even Anaxagoras knew.'

TO THE REV. G. COX.

OXFORD, *June*, 1885.

'The Old Testament stands on a higher ethical stage than other sacred books — it certainly does not lose by a comparison with them. I always said so, but people would not believe it. Still, anything to show the truly historical and human character of the Old Testament would be extremely useful in every sense, and would in no wise injure the high character which it possesses . . . it might be done in a review of the *Sacred Books of the East*, showing how the Old Testament is like, and how it is unlike them.'

The following, from the Indian *Echo*, is inserted to show how Max Müller was often misjudged and misrepresented, generally by those who did not know him personally, and many of whom were jealous of his fame and high position in the world of letters: —

'Professor Max Müller has inflicted deserved chastisement on the *Hindu Patriot*, and we are scarcely sorry for it, for our contemporary has brought it upon himself by his wanton disregard of truth, or

gross carelessness, in rushing forward to accuse the great Orientalist of one of the most odious things imaginable. It may be remembered that the Professor had delivered, during the days of the Ilbert Bill controversy, a lecture to a Cambridge audience on the *Truthful Character of the Hindus*. Quite recently a German translation of Professor Max Müller's Cambridge Lectures on *India, What it can teach us*, was brought out. The *Patriot* alleged that from this translation the particular lecture on the truthful character of the Hindus was omitted or suppressed, *because it was no longer necessary to flatter and cajole the natives of India*. Even if the omission was a fact, the criticism based on it was unworthy of the great reputation of the organ of the greater Zemindars. Our contemporary ostensibly drew his inspiration from information supplied by a *Distinguished Orientalist* to Babu Protap Chunder Roy. Who this informant or informer may be we do not know. But the fact remains that the particular lecture, to which the *Patriot* referred, was not suppressed at all, but duly appeared in its place in the German translation.'

It is only right to state that the *Hindu Patriot* apologized as soon as it found out how it had been misled, but repeated that the statement had been made by 'a distinguished Orientalist . . . as well known and respected in London as the learned Professor himself.'

These attacks became more frequent as time went on, and as the many distinctions bestowed on Max Müller excited the envy of less fortunate contemporaries. It became more and more needful to recollect Byron's lines in *Childe Harold*:—

> 'He who surpasses or subdues mankind
> Must look down on the hate of those below.'

The Summer Term of this year had been again one of constant social intercourse, and the following letter will show the feeling for Max Müller among many of the younger members of the University, whom he gladly received at his house. Some of these may remember the Friday afternoon gatherings in Term, the lawn-tennis, the tea on the shady terrace, and Max Müller's bright welcome to all, young and old.

'MY DEAR MRS. MAX MÜLLER,—It is a pleasure to me to do what you ask: my recollection of your husband as I knew him in my undergraduate days is still vivid and delightful, and though I have no claim to speak for others, I may at any rate say that I have found no trace among my contemporaries of an impression at variance with mine.

'I have seldom met any one so entirely different from my imagination of him as Mr. Max Müller. I had pictured a burly, bearded German Professor, carelessly dressed, possibly brusque in manner, certainly of unavoidable learning, the author of all those books. This figure still lies — without its label — in some back cupboard of my mind; the gracious and genial presence of the real man could never be pieced on to it. As to the books, I hardly feel sure which wrote them after all; I never heard anything of them from the true Max Müller. I remember talks on music, dogs, poetry, Hindoo ceremonies, pictures, sweetmeats, and fairy tales: never a professorial or pedantic word. Once only I heard him speak of religion. It was when I was staying with you in August, 1885: I found him in the garden with —— and he talked to us with great vivacity of Darwin and Haeckel. Presently —— went into the house, and I was left to keep the game up alone. It ended by my host turning upon me, and looking up with that flash through the glasses: "If you say that all is not made by Design, by Love"—waving an arm towards the Parks—"then you may be in the same house, but you are not in the same world with me." He looked down again; I disclaimed any desire to be in a different world from his, and he beamed with that genial humour which was always hovering about him, even when he pretended to be ruffled. I can see him now, standing at the window, when a picnic day had turned out wet, grumbling, not to us but to the dogs, Waldmann and Männerl, and in a manner most sympathetically dog-like. I see him too, genuinely disturbed over the absence of Männerl, sallying out late at night to find the prodigal, with a lantern; like a figure in one of Richter's charming prints, or Hans Andersen's tales.

'This quaint simplicity, the charm of the perfectly child-like character, always seemed to me the one un-English part of him. It carried with it the power, which we as a nation lack, of entering with ease and sincerity into relations, however sudden and unexpected, with strangers or foreigners. I have been with him, as you know, when visitors of many nationalities and colours were ushered in upon him, but I never saw either him or them for a moment embarrassed; and whether he spoke with an English Prince or with a tramp from

Hamburg, his courtesy and shrewd directness were equally ready. It was a great thing for young men to see: I fear we learned to admire rather than to imitate it, but we gained at least a standard of good manners and a touch of the true Humanist tradition.

'Believe me always,

'Yours very sincerely,

'HENRY NEWBOLT.'

In sending this letter to the editor, Mr. Newbolt says, 'It falls short of expressing the full admiration and affection which I personally shall always feel for your husband.'

At the end of July Max Müller went to Mainz to discuss with his friend Professor Noiré a work that was already occupying his mind, *The Science of Thought*. His wife and daughter went to friends in Switzerland, and they all finally joined the married daughter in the Engadine about the middle of August.

TO HIS DAUGHTER BEATRICE.

MAINZ, 7 A.M., *August* 13, 1885.

'MY DEAR BEATRICE, — I am glad to hear from you that you enjoyed your stay with the Blumenthals, in spite of the grasshoppers; I expect you will enjoy the snow mountains even more. It does one good to see those old giants, who have changed so little since the world began, and will be admired by little grasshoppers like ourselves many millions of years hence — always supposing that this little ball of earth will be kept rolling so long. This neighbourhood is tamer, but most lovely; the whole valley of the Rhine and the Moselle are charming: no wonder the Romans preferred them to Rome, and made themselves most comfortable at Cologne, Mainz, Trier, &c. The antiquities they find everywhere are very interesting. I wonder what you would have said to a young Roman lady, with her auburn hair most beautifully and carefully plaited, only she was resting in a stone coffin and all she had with her were a few nicknacks, which probably she had asked her friends to place by her side. Then there was a complete shoemaker's shop, with leather, shoes, all the tools, &c. It is a kind of Pompeii, and every day they find new old things.

'Your loving Father.'

To Miss McCall.

KURSAAL HOTEL, MALOJA, ENGADINE, *August* 28, 1885.

'MY DEAR LADY BYRD, — Now here comes a most delightful proposal. Supposing your campaign in England is over, and you really sail for America in October, why not fly over here for the last few weeks? You are here most comfortably in forty-eight hours, what is that? This is a heavenly place, really as perfect as Mother Earth could make it; glaciers, snow mountains, lakes, as many and as glorious as your heart can desire; a most comfortable hotel, full of all sorts of pleasant people. Now consider, you really ought not to disappear like a shooting star, but say Good-bye in a more fixed-star-like manner, gliding quickly, gently, aye, reluctantly below the horizon. I could tell you of ever so many charming people who are here. I hope my cousin, the Baronin von Stolzenberg, will also be here soon. Mr. Story, the sculptor, is here, Mr. Mundella, Russian Princesses, even ladies from Philadelphia, Mr. Saunders, and others.

'Now I wonder whether you are capable of a noble resolve: leave all your trunks behind, and, with nothing but a pair of wings, fly over here. I know if you lead the way, your dear sister and kind mother will follow, and when you drive up here with four horses and postilion, I can promise you a hearty welcome from many besides

'Yours very sincerely.'

To Professor Ernst Curtius.

Translation. KURSAAL, MALOJA, ENGADINE, *August* 28, 1885.

'DEAR FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE, — Here in the mountains the sad news of your brother's[1] death reached me; he was an old and faithful friend to me. It is a heavy loss, and, at the same time, a solemn warning to us all. Only a short time ago I read his brisk defence, and rejoiced to be able to give expression to his principles in an article which I was just then writing ("The Lesson of Jupiter") to appear in the next number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Well, he has done much, and much that is great, and, though knowledge will advance, that which he has done will never be forgotten. The counter-stream of the present day is for the most part based on ignorance and mutual misunderstanding. If personal prejudices were left out altogether, the Cause itself would occasion very little

[1] Professor George Curtius.

difference of opinion. . . . It is so everywhere, and quiet, retiring, earnest labour, such as your brother loved, is to be found very rarely now. In vain do I look round for a worthy successor to him, and I am afraid that the gulf between Classical and Comparative Philology will grow wider and wider.

'I can understand how deeply you must feel the loss of such a brother. May you still have many years of vigorous work!

'Ever yours.'

The time passed at the Maloja with congenial friends was a time of unmixed happiness. Among these friends were Mr. Seebohm and his family, Mr. and Mrs. Glazebrook, Mr. and Mrs. Story from Rome, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and others. The warm friendship which sprang up with Mr., now Archdeacon, Wilson was a delight to Max Müller through the rest of his life. Long talks, long walks along the beautiful lakes or up the hills, readings out loud by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Story, much music in the large saloon of the hotel, concerts and little dances got up by the young people, made the six weeks fly by. The Max Müllers were among the last to leave, at the end of September, when the roads were already covered with snow, the icicles hung from the trees, and the smaller cascades were all frozen. At the foot of the pass, in sunny Italy, they found themselves in the midst of the grape vintage. All October was spent in Venice, where the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany were staying at the next hotel to the Max Müllers, and with whom they were in daily intercourse. No premonition of illness was then on the noble Prince, yet there was a certain sadness, the joyousness that had marked both Prince and Princess was gone, they seemed to feel that their day was passing, and that when they came to the throne a new generation would have sprung up, who had little sympathy with their schemes and desires.

TO ARCHDEACON WILSON.

VENICE, *October* 15, 1885.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — I can well imagine how busy you are, working for others, not for yourself. I feel quite ashamed at having

shaken off my harness so soon, but I do enjoy my leisure, and I do my best not to let it grow into idleness. This is a delightful place, and full of delightful people. Browning is here, Story the sculptor, Layard, &c. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany left this two days ago. She is very intelligent, and I saw much of her. I showed her your last pamphlet, and she wrote: "Dr. Wilson's pamphlet is excellent, full of truth and good sense, and written in the right spirit. He seems to belong to the few who are *not* silent and need not be, and their words cannot wound or harm." I wish she had more influence in Germany; she would do much good. I also preached Brown's poems to her, and she is anxious to possess *The Doctor*. Could you ask for another copy? Please tell Mr. Brown that Browning is delighted with *The Doctor*, and thinks it quite wrong that it should not be published. I shall see him this afternoon, and shall hear more from him about what he thinks of the poem, but I hear he has spoken enthusiastically about it. I lent him my copy.'

The poems mentioned in the above letter are in the Manx dialect by Mr. Brown, a master at Clifton College. Both *The Doctor* and *Fo'c'sle Yarns* were great favourites with Max Müller. He had been made acquainted with them by Mr. Wilson at Maloja, who, himself a Manxman, read them with the proper pronunciation and intonation. From Venice the Max Müllers went to Bologna, where a long day was spent at Signor Minghetti's, the Minister; and three days were given to Ravenna, and he then settled for November in Florence. Here Max Müller wrote the *Biographies of Words*, and here, too, he found the beautiful sketch of Andrea del Sarto's 'Carità,' which, if not the original study, is a very early copy. He published a monograph on this treasure three years later. It is the first portrait of Andrea's wife, and before their marriage about 1515. From Florence Max Müller went alone to Rome to his old friend Von Schlözer, German Minister to the Vatican, then rejoined his wife and daughter at Siena, and went on by Genoa and Turin to Paris, where his son joined the party as soon as the Oxford vacation began.

TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

FLORENCE, *November* 16, 1885.

'I am not sorry to be away during the elections, but I should certainly have voted for Gladstone. I know his foreign policy has been really disastrous, but I cannot help feeling that the Liberal policy is altogether on a higher level, and on a more public-spirited line, than that of the Conservatives. I have perfect trust in a man like Chamberlain; I have none in Lord R. Churchill, or those who use him for their own purposes.'

TO HERR VON SCHLÖTZER.

Translation. SIENA, *November*, 1885.

'MY DEAR SCHLÖTZER, — The best thing that happened during our time together in old Rome, seems to me to be Lord Salisbury's toast on an alliance between England and Germany. Whether it was the right time for it, whether Münster's silence meant Yes, or No, are matters for the newspapers; the really important point is, and will be, that a man hitherto so anti-German as Lord Salisbury should have proposed this toast. To speak of an *alliance* between Germany and England is indeed a misnomer. The word applies to alien nations who join for a definite object. Between brother nationalities disputes may arise from time to time; they are generally started by evil-minded neighbours, but when the misunderstandings are once cleared up, the understanding and harmony come of themselves, and alliances, and paragraphs, and clauses, only spoil the natural trust. The terrible and barbarous condition in which we are living can only be ended if Germany and England hold together. We are living like the beasts of prey in prehistoric times. Every man in Europe now is a soldier. It sounds very grand to speak of an armed nation, but the object of human cultivation is security without being eternally ready for war. What should we think of a state in which every one had to carry a revolver in the streets? And what are we to think of Europe when no single state feels itself safe, unless its cannons outnumber those of its neighbour? This must be changed. However much one may now laugh at Metternich, he secured a thirty years' peace for Europe. We shall soon have lived through a thirty years' state of war in Europe. That diplomatic negotiations cannot be carried on in Parliament is now acknowledged by all quiet observers. This impropriety dates from Palmerston's days; before that there was a tacit understanding that the Opposition was not to

check the Minister of Foreign Affairs at every step. What has been, may be again. Parliament should have a right to the last word, but to the last, not to daily interference. England is the only land that has not taken to arming the people. Drive England into a corner, and to-morrow every man is a soldier. There may be jealousies between England and her colonies, but if it came to extremities, the colonies would allow no hair of England to be touched. Even India, which was formerly a danger, has shown now that England's enemies are her enemies. Russia may count more millions of subjects than England, but each nation consists of individuals, and can you compare a Russian to an Englishman? I wish they would send you or some other sensible man as ambassador to London. The ambassadors we have had are very clever diplomatists, but they cannot shake off the idea that diplomats must play chess. Come to England, and I will soon show you how things really stand, and what the people really are. So let us hope for better times. The present state of Europe is a disgrace to us all, and history will condemn the second half of the nineteenth century, more strongly than the times of the Huns and Vandals, unless a knight like Charles the Great appears.

'Always yours,

'F. M. M.'

TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

TURIN, *December* 7.

'Many thanks for your good wishes for my birthday. It was a very quiet day, very different from what they used to be. The weather here is cold, and we have regular English mists. I wish we could have stayed at Maloja. I have never felt so well again. . . . I signed the address for Ruskin, and sent it straight to Dr. Lodge. How strange it is, this craving for recognition, in a man like Ruskin, perfectly unaware that everybody at Oxford will be forgotten when he will be known as the greatest artist in English, and as one of the most honest men of our age. Of course, I do not agree with a great deal of his teaching, but fortunately I can admire men from whom I differ *toto cœlo*, so long as I know they are honest in their opinions. The result of the elections seems to me most unfortunate. However, the Liberals will have learnt a lesson, I hope, and Gladstone must try to grow a little younger, and more truly Radical. Have you read my little apostrophe to him in the *Nineteenth Century*?'

After three weeks in Paris, where he was not well enough to enjoy seeing his many French friends, Max Müller and his

daughter returned to Oxford, leaving his wife and son in Paris till Term began.

To Miss Byrd McCall.

7 Norham Gardens, Oxford, *December* 31, 1885.

'I must not let the year pass by without thanking you and your mother and your sister, "the parfect type of lovely womanhood,"[1] for all your good wishes. I do want them indeed, for after we left that delightful place Maloja, all went wrong again, and when we arrived at Paris I felt so far from well, that I went home with Beatrice, leaving Wilhelm and his mother to stay a few weeks longer, as he wants to improve his French. Here, at Oxford, I am better again, and I enjoy the rest. After all, there is a good deal of travail in travelling, at least to an old man—you do not seem to feel it.

'We all enjoyed Maloja so much, and had so many pleasant people staying there, that we shall find it very hard not to go there again next year. What a pity you could not come there: you would have enjoyed it better even than balls and desperate flirtations in England! What will be the end of it, or will there never be an end of it? I am sorry I shall not live long enough to see you a stately matron, very much shocked at the vagaries of those young people. I should like to see that, but alas! it cannot be.

'I went to Rome for a few days only, and saw no one but my old friend Schlötzer, who is now German Minister to the Pope. We talked much about America, and we agreed very much on the subject of American young ladies.

'My very best wishes for 1886 to you and yours. Shall I hear no songs in 1886? Why can what has been, never be again? Yet, so it seems. However, whatever befall, believe me,

'Yours very sincerely.'

[1] Ruskin called the elder Miss McCall so.

CHAPTER XXVIII

1886, 1887

English Goethe Society. Knighthood declined. Indian Exhibition. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Visits of Prince and Princess Christian. Bishop of Colombo on *Sacred Books of the East.* Death of married daughter. *Science of Thought.* Desire to leave England: Queen's Message. Lectures for Oxford Oriental School. Rukhmabai. Jubilee. Visit to Froude. Last Interview with Crown Prince at Windsor. Scotland. New edition of *Rig-veda.* Speech at Missionary Lecture in St. John's College.

RETURNING home to Oxford, Max Müller found a six months' accumulation of letters, papers, and books to sort and acknowledge, and his wife and son had returned from Paris before the work was finished.

The first part of the following letter refers to Prince Christian Victor, who was coming to Magdalen College as an undergraduate.

TO H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

Translation. OXFORD, *February* 2.

'I should say that history and mathematics are useful for all careers. It is all right about the title. At matriculation only the name is mentioned; in the Registers of Magdalen College the full title is given with the addition of "Heir to Norway," which I hope will not involve us in a row with Sweden! I, too, could have wished that the Tories had remained longer at the helm, and especially that they had shown their hand with regard to Ireland. I am convinced that Gladstone is as little likely to make concessions hurtful to England's interests as Lord Salisbury. Gladstone is a thorough Englishman, and who is his equal in experience? His foreign policy was atrocious, I admit. The main reason was the fact that Lord Granville did not oppose him. When one meets Gladstone with determination, he yields. Lord Granville's admiration for him was

carried too far. Lord Rosebery may turn out very well, if he will accept advice. He suits Bismarck, who has long been wishing to make amends; and who, in the case of a change of Government, will say: "See how beautifully I have arranged it all: my son and Rosebery will carry out everything, only make him successor." Thus lie the cards, and I see no danger in it. When England and Germany hold together, no man in Europe will get the smallest tract of country. The other dangers are much exaggerated. To restore quiet in Ireland, is an affair of administration, not of legislation, while a separation of Ireland from England is simply impossible, and nobody wishes it less than Parnell and Co., whatever the newspapers may say. The great difficulty is the land question; now when America, the colonies and India enter into competition, land has not much more value in England than in America. It can, as in America, support two people, the farmer and the labourer, not three, farmer, labourer, and landlord. When the value of a merchandise falls, the merchants who invested their money in it become bankrupt. I fear land is no exception, and the condition of the landlord is sad enough. If Gladstone is a good financier, he is the right statesman for England now, for everything depends now on how, in deciding the land question, it will be possible to save for each what belongs to him. The sea is stormy, but it is of no avail to rage against the waves, and if a man like Gladstone has the courage to steer the boat in such a storm, safe through the rocks, he deserves the help, it seems to me, of every one who has the wellbeing of England at heart. Gladstone is a serious man, not very amiable, decidedly no courtier, but when one thinks how easy it is to be a courtier, he may be pardoned. At the present time a minister must lead, but he must also suffer himself to be led; if not there will be conflicts, as in France, Germany, and Russia. The English people — Ireland excepted — have declared that they will be led by Gladstone, so it is natural that Gladstone should take the reins into his hands in spite of his age. It does not do his old colleagues much credit if they forsake him now. When England's honour is at stake, Tories and Radicals should stand together; how much more Lord Hartington and Lord Granville! Well, in spite of all this, I am not afraid for England. I consider her healthier and stronger than any other land.'

To Miss Anna Swanwick.

March 1.

'I am a great believer in party government, as long as both parties remember that there is something higher than party — the common-

wealth. That lesson wants drilling into people's mind now more than ever. For foreign policy both parties ought to be as one — in fact, there ought to be a mixed committee for foreign affairs, possibly for the colonies and India also. All the late mischief is due to England not being able to show a united front, and never maintaining any continuity of policy.

'Therefore any such movement as yours has my fullest sympathy, and if I saw how I could really help, I should gladly join it. But I do not like to give my name, unless I can also give my help; and living as I do in Oxford, I am of no use in London. Besides, as an absentee, one has so often to follow where one does not wish to go, and to lend one's name to measures which one does not altogether approve. But I hope that some movement like the "National Political Union" may succeed, and shall be glad to hear more about it. I most reluctantly gave up the idea of spending another pleasant week with you in London, but I hope we shall meet somewhere before long; I have spent all my holidays, but I think I may get away later during the Vacation.

'Believe me,

'Yours very truly,

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

The allusion in the following letter is to a delightful visit of two days paid by T.R.H. Prince and Princess Christian at 7 Norham Gardens, that they might see something of their son in his undergraduate life.

TO H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

Translation. *March* 1.

'YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, — I have been told repeatedly that it might be desirable that Prince Christian Victor should join the University Volunteer Corps. In Cambridge the joining of the son of the Prince of Wales has given the movement a new impetus, and here such a step is very desirable, as we have only about 300 volunteers. It is a healthy occupation, and I believe that as soon as the first drills are over, the young Prince would be appointed an officer. I have not said anything to the Prince about it, as I wished first to ascertain whether your Royal Highness would agree. To me it seems desirable all round.

'I hope that the excursion to Oxford has been agreeable to your Royal Highness, and may the discomfort of the narrow limits of a Professor's house prove no hindrance in future.'

It was in this month that steps were taken in London to found an English Goethe Society, and the members were unanimous in trying to induce Max Müller to be their first President.

TO DR. ALTHAUS.

OXFORD, *March* 4.

'If I lived in London, nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to act as President of the English Goethe Society. That Society ought to exercise a very powerful influence on English thought, and draw the two nations, the English and the German, very close together through their common sympathy with Goethe, with his works and with his aspirations. As in philosophy we say, "Back to Kant!" we shall have to say, "Back to Goethe!" in poetry and in all that can help us once more to believe in those high ideals of life which guided and upheld him from his youth to his old age. An English Goethe Society, if properly supported, might do much good both to England and Germany. It would show to the Germans that England has still a warm heart for all that is truly noble; and it would show to the English that Germany can still appreciate those to whom she owes her real and lasting greatness. What the German Shakespeare Society does in Germany, the English Goethe Society ought to do in England. With two such ambassadors as Shakespeare and Goethe, we should soon have a true alliance between Germany and England, an alliance independent of changing cabinets, and firmly founded on mutual respect and love. I feel all this so strongly that I should not have hesitated to break through a rule which I have hitherto followed without exception, not to belong to any Society in London. But the same reasons which have obliged me to decline all but honorary fellowship elsewhere, would make it impossible for me to accept the Presidency of the English Goethe Society, if it were offered me. You want an active President, a man who moves in society, and is on the spot whenever he is wanted. Try to get a man like Lord Acton, Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Froude — would that Carlyle were still among the living! My lot is cast here — I am growing old, and even a journey to London has become an effort.'

TO THE SAME.

OXFORD, *March* 12, 1886.

'I assure you it is no unwillingness on my part that keeps me from accepting the very kind offer to act as President of the Goethe

Society. My only doubt is whether I should be able to discharge the duties as they ought to be discharged. Whatever I undertake to do, I like to do as well as I can, and nothing I dislike so much as making a promise, and then having to send an excuse when the time comes. I suffer from recurrent nausea, and when I am in that state I am fit for nothing. So I keep aloof as much as possible from all public duties, and confine myself to my quiet work at home, which I can carry on as well as ever.

'However, to show you that I am willing to serve a good cause whenever I can, I write to ask you whether you would really want no more than, say, two visits to London, and at what time of the year? Also, when would you wish for an Opening Address? Just now I am really smothered with proof-sheets, but after some time I may have a few lucid intervals, and I should then try what I could do. I have some interesting and important materials for such an address; but of that by-and-by. You may tell your friends and colleagues what I have written, but I must reserve my final decision till I hear from you again.'

On March 25, Max Müller was commanded to Windsor to dine and sleep, and present the twenty-four volumes of the *Sacred Books of the East* to Her Majesty in person.

From there he went on for a night to Cumberland Lodge.

TO HIS WIFE.

WINDSOR, *March* 25.

'I have just had a long audience; most delightful—the Queen asking after you and all the Kingsleys. I told her of *Col. Enderby's Wife*. She did not know it, but will send for it. After the audience I received a message to stay till Saturday. Prince and Princess Christian dine here to-night. They will take care of me!'

March 26.

'We had a very interesting dinner last night. I sat between Princess Christian and Miss Fitzroy. Princess Christian was next the Queen, so that we could talk together. After dinner the Queen talked to me again very freely. Nothing could be kinder than the Queen. She generally speaks German to me, and shows how much confidence she has in me by speaking very openly about many things. She spoke about Prince Leopold; she was very composed. Dr. Sahl told me how kindly the Queen spoke about me, and wished to show me that she appreciated what I had done by asking me to come to Windsor.'

To W. S. Lilly, Esq.

Oxford, *March* 22.

'Many thanks for your collection of Essays — two volumes — full of hard work and honest thought on the highest problems. I always tremble to think what the world would be if somebody were suddenly to solve all these problems as you solve a mathematical problem. We should all die of *ennui*, and we should have the last note which finished the symphony, and no more. I agree with you that the study of history is our best occupation here, if only to make us humble. When I read Herbert Spencer — a writer without any background — I say on almost every page, "There, he has discovered London again!" And I have the same feeling when reading Comte. Did not Renan say of him that he repeated in bad French what every old woman had been saying for centuries in good French? I like the old writers who say what they have themselves discovered; they may say it in queer words, but the thought is fresh, not yet stale. I have been reading a good deal lately for my last work, which I may or may not be able to finish, the *Science of Thought*; and there I find that with Descartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant, I have all I want — everything else is a *rechauffé* and generally smoked. I have read your Dialogue, and hope to read some of your Historical Essays.'

Early in April Max Müller received the following curious letter from Calcutta, which shows better than anything else the estimation in which he was held in India: —

'India Mirror' Office, *March* 16.

'A friend of mine, Babu Rakhal Sen, a medical man of this city, on occasion of the Shrad ceremony of his deceased father, made certain gifts to you as the first Sanskrit scholar in Europe. These gifts, consisting of articles usually distributed to the Brahman Pundits in our country on occasion of a Shrad, have been forwarded to you by my friend. I hope you have received them by this time. He has taken the liberty to make the presents to you, and he hopes that, though very trifling, they may be acceptable to you. He has only endeavoured to render some honour to you, as one occupying a foremost place in the hearts of the Indians for his invaluable services in the cause of Sanskrit learning. The fact of a Hindu having on occasion of his father's Shrad made these gifts to you ought to con-

vince you and our brethren in the West in what high estimation your services are held in this country.

'Yours faithfully,

'NERENDRANATH SEN.'

The Shrâddh is the most sacred rite of the Hindu religion. It consists of sacrifices offered to the spirits of the departed; and Hindus who have long learnt to despise idolatry, cling with mysterious awe to the Shrâddh. No stranger is admitted, and only certain classes of Brahmans can officiate or receive the gifts. These consist in food and presents, varying according to the wealth of the sacrificer.

Max Müller received Shrâddh presents on two other occasions, proving that the Hindus ranked him with their most pious Brahmans. The first present he received was a large finely-shaped brass vase with a Sanskrit inscription, and several yards of thin red silk. Another time a piece of cream-coloured tussore silk was sent, enough for a dress, and lastly a chuddah shawl, with the petition that he would wear it for a time, and great was the amusement of some friends who came in to tea to find Max Müller with the delicate white and orange striped shawl across his shoulders. The sacred thread of the Brahmans was sent with the first of the Shrâddh gifts.

On one of the early days in April, Max Müller received a letter from a friend, stating that the Queen had notified to the Prime Minister her desire to confer some mark of her favour upon him; that Mr. Gladstone suggested knighthood; and that the Queen, before taking any further steps, was anxious to ascertain privately what Max Müller's feelings were on the subject. Max Müller had never sought for any honour, nor had any of his friends ever done so for him; and the idea that his sovereign had, of her own gracious thought, wished to confer a *public* mark of her favour on him, touched him very deeply. He had lately been at Windsor, where he was more than ever impressed with a sense of the Queen's great kindness to him. Her Majesty and many members of the Royal Family had for years shown their appreciation of his

work; and the sense of their kind feeling, one might even say real friendship for him, was more to him than any public distinction. The one proposed for him by Mr. Gladstone (who as a literary man himself, was well aware of the position occupied by Max Müller in the literary world of Europe, America, and India) was one he could not accept. France, Germany, Italy, and Bavaria had years before this each conferred on him the highest honours ever bestowed on literary men, more than any other living scholar held at that time in Europe, honours he had never solicited. By the side of these honours the Prime Minister of England, where he had lived and worked for the greatest of her dependencies, India, for thirty-nine years, offered Knighthood. Her Majesty fully appreciated Max Müller's motives in not accepting Knighthood, and her gracious sentiments towards him remained unchanged.

TO PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

April 16, 1886.

'Zeller is the truest historical philosopher, and there is no salvation in philosophy except through history, as, I suppose, there is none in physiology except through evolution. I am glad I persuaded you to answer the *Dawn of Creation*. It is curious to see how these subjects open like volcanoes periodically. Just a hundred years ago Herder wrote his *Aelteste Urkunde des Menschengeschlechts*, and the world has not grown much wiser since. I have been too busy with uninteresting work lately, but I still hope to find time to write something, not on *Genesis* but on *Geneseis*, the various ways in which the human mind has satisfied its cravings after the beginnings of all things. Genesis is no doubt the most sensible, but that will not satisfy our friends.'

TO P. LE PAGE RENOUF, ESQ.

April 19.

'I come to torment you — only please do not answer this, if it gives you any trouble. I should like to have a passage — if there is such — in which an old Egyptian expresses a hope that his inscription will be read by people to come, or where he curses those that might injure his writings. I want it to show that the ancients thought of us — that they believed in the destinies of a human race. But, please once more, do not lose any of your time about it. I can imagine how you are driven.'

Of the friendship between Max Müller and Mr. Le Page Renouf, Lady Renouf writes: —

'They fully appreciated each other's worth. Both men of learning in so many things followed the same way, observing small, apparently indifferent events in history, from which they deducted what might have led to the formation of different languages. Many years ago I once found them in the Bodleian, Professor Max Müller occupying a chair put for me in one of the dens where my husband worked. They were eagerly discussing from whence Solomon could have received certain apes, in order to trace with what nations he might have been in communication. They were so absorbed that they never discovered my presence, and I listened over an hour to their conversation.'

On May 4 Max Müller was present at the opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition by Her Majesty. Mention has been made of the opposition of some of the Committee to the use of a verse of Max's Sanskrit translation of the National Anthem. He had felt strongly how undesirable any change was, after the announcement had been made in the Indian papers that the Sanskrit verse would be used. The following paragraph had been printed in all the leading papers in India, both in the English and in the native vernaculars: —

'As a compliment to India and the Indian visitors who will be present at the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, the second verse of "God save the Queen" is to be sung in Sanskrit. The translation has been made by Professor Max Müller.'

And it was no mere personal feeling of gratification that filled his mind when he heard from Windsor and London that the Queen had desired that the arrangement she had sanctioned should be carried out.

TO SIR HENRY PONSONBY.

'I found your letter on my return from London last night. After the kind lines which I received from Mr. F. Knollys, I could not hesitate for one moment to obey the gracious command of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to be present at the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

'And I feel indeed grateful that I went and witnessed what was not a mere festivity, but an historical event. Behind the gorgeous throne and the simple dignified presence of the Queen, one saw a whole Empire stretching out, such as the world has never known, and an accumulation of thought, labour, power, and wealth that could be matched nowhere else. It is well that England should sometimes be reminded of her real greatness and of her enormous responsibilities.

'But what was even more impressive was the appearance of the Queen among her people, and the touching words which Her Majesty addressed to the Prince of Wales. Many eyes were moist when the Queen spoke with such wonderful composure of the First Exhibition, and the great work which was then planned by the Prince Consort. One felt, in the truest sense of the word, the real presence of that noble spirit who lives on in his works, and whose high and unselfish purposes in life begin to be understood and appreciated more and more, even by those who could not, or would not, understand during his lifetime the Prince's devoted love and enthusiasm for everything English.

'As the Queen's voice sounded through that immense hall, and thrilled through every heart of the thousands who were listening in breathless silence, one perceived the immense power which the Queen possesses, not only as the ruler of the greatest Empire, but as the true guide of all that is noblest in the English character. There is in England an inexhaustible fund of sympathy for all that is good and noble and unselfish, but it must be called out and encouraged. When I left the Albert Hall, I felt as if I had heard, not only musical harmonies, but higher moral harmonies — the return of that old chord in which one note, and that the highest, can never be absent for any length of time, and which called forth so warm a response from all who had the privilege to hear it once more.

'I never like to give trouble, but if you should find an opportunity of telling the Queen how deeply grateful I feel for Her Majesty fulfilling what in my Sanskrit translation I had rendered by "Mâyâśaka pâśaya" (verse II, line 5), I should feel much obliged to you.'

To George von Bunsen.

Oxford, *May* 12.

'I confess I feel very ignorant about this Irish question, but it seems to me that people allow themselves to be frightened by words. Ireland cannot be separated from England, nor England from Ireland, but it is quite possible it will be good for both of them to live a little

more apart from each other. How that is to be done must be found out by our political doctors, and I confess I trust Gladstone more than Lord Randolph Churchill & Co.'

The Germans in London had persisted in nominating Max Müller as first President of the English Goethe Society, and on May 28 he delivered his inaugural address on Goethe and Carlyle. It is published in the new edition of *Chips*, vol. iii.

TO HIS WIFE.

CLAREMONT, *May* 30.

'The lecture went off very well. It was crammed full. Hatzfeld was not there, but I met many others — Bryce, Seeley, Oscar Browning, Blackie, &c. Here everything looks very bright, though there are sad memories about the place. I have not seen the children yet. Here I shall have some rest, then Monday the Levee, and then home again, which is best of all. It is quite beautiful here, real summer at last; the Duchess so kind. Dr. MacGregor, preacher to the Queen in Scotland, is staying here, clever and amusing. I heard about all that has been going on. —— says he cannot understand it, because he says Gladstone has been very friendly to me. Well, I can do without it. I should have valued any kindness coming from the Queen, but as it is, I have got more than I ever deserved.'

Early in June Oliver Wendell Holmes, with his daughter Mrs. Sargent, spent some days in Norham Gardens. He charmed everybody by his lively conversation and simplicity of manner. Two large parties were given in his honour, all Oxford desiring to meet the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table. He had already had a brilliant season in London, and towards the end of his visit to Max Müller became so exhausted that the doctor called in was seriously alarmed, and rigorously excluded all callers for the rest of his visit. He has himself described his time in Oxford in his *Hundred Days in Europe*:—

'We met there, at dinner, Mr. Herkomer, whom we have recently had with us in Boston, and one or two others. In the evening we had music, the Professor playing at the piano, his two daughters, Mrs. Conybeare and her unmarried sister, singing, and a young lady playing the violin. It was a lovely family picture; a pretty house, surrounded by attractive scenery, scholarship, refinement, simple

elegance, giving distinction to a home which to us seemed a pattern of all we could wish to see beneath an English roof. It all comes back to me very sweetly, but very tenderly and sadly, for the voice of the elder of the two sisters who sang to us is heard no more on earth, and a deep shadow has fallen over the household we found so bright and cheerful. Everything was done to make me enjoy my visit to Oxford.'

Writing to Mr. Moncure Conway of this visit, Max Müller says: 'I became very fond of Wendell Holmes. I liked his books, and now I love the man — only life seems all over, and nothing remains but some duties to fulfil.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. *June* 25.

'We live here in a constant whirl; it makes me feel worn out and tired. All the world comes to Oxford now, and all the world comes to stay with us, and next week we expect Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. After that I expect some rest. My essay on Goethe and Carlyle I have arranged myself for a German journal. I have only just finished it. . . . I long for rest and work, but I have got so much behindhand lately, that I feel I can make no plans whatever at present, my only thought is how to sit still at home. The political confusions are very engrossing, though I keep away from them as much as possible. I am sorry for Gladstone, he ought to have retired long ago. After all, old age has its limits, which cannot be ignored without evil consequences. He is a political Aristides. Hence all the lacrimae.'

In July Max Müller had the honour of receiving Prince and Princess Christian as his guests for Commemoration. Their Royal Highnesses entered into almost all the gaieties of the week, attending a Ball at Magdalen, their son's college, and the Vincent's Club Ball, Concerts at Magdalen and New College, the Masonic Fête, the Encaenia and Luncheon at All Souls, and ending with a large private picnic at the old Manor House at Water Eaton. It was shortly before this that Mr. Bright had separated from Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question; and knowing that Mr. Bright was to receive an honorary degree at Oxford, the Queen sent him a message, through

Princess Christian, to express Her Majesty's pleasure at his staunch adherence to the existing constitution, even at the sacrifice of old and faithful friendship. Mr. Bright came to the Max Müllers to see H.R.H., and it was deeply interesting to see how the veteran statesman was gratified and touched by his sovereign's gracious message.

It was in this year that the Bishop of Colombo wrote to Max Müller with reference to the objectionable character of parts of the *Vinâya* texts, and expressed his regret that the absence of these parts from the English translation, in the *Sacred Books of the East*, had not been more explicitly noted. A violent attack was also made in the *Dawn in India*, stating that 'Max Müller had given a false idea of the real character of some of the Buddhist books, especially of their moral character, and the tendency of their teaching.' Later, in 1895, the Bishop stated that *he* had never meant to insinuate that the translators had intended to conceal what they had omitted to translate.

Max Müller defended himself against the implied imputation of having wilfully deceived the Buddhists as to the moral teaching contained in their sacred books, by saying that though the portions omitted were untranslatable, either the originals had been left, or, for the guidance of missionaries, Latin renderings had been given. If Max Müller took any notice of the attack in the *Dawn in India*, which was repeated in the *Home News*, his answer has not been traced. The subject was revived in 1895 by Professor T. M. Lindsay of Edinburgh, who wrote to the papers: —

'The fault I find is that, so far from giving complete translations, Professor Max Müller has omitted large portions without letting his readers know that these have been omitted, and has, in consequence, allowed his readers to misunderstand the more objectionable sides of these religions.'

Dr. Lindsay added that Professor Max Müller's statements seemed to him 'not merely very unsatisfactory, but disingenuous.'

The Bishop of Colombo had written shortly before this a letter to the *Times*, which was followed by a letter from Professor Max Müller saying that he felt 'truly grateful to the Bishop of Colombo for his letter in the *Times*, and for the handsome manner in which he has explained the misunderstanding to which some of his words had given rise.'

Max Müller did not feel called on to answer Professor Lindsay's attack. The Bishop and Max Müller met in 1895, and any little soreness that had been felt was speedily removed in personal intercourse.

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, *August* 7, 1886.

'Believe me, it is a great sacrifice to have to give up all travelling plans. I need rest, fresh air, change, and I know I shall have to suffer for it later on. But it cannot be; my duties here require my presence, and it would be wrong to shirk them. I had so looked forward to going through my MS. with you, but that too has to be given up, unless you could come to England. I have to write just what I am writing to you to twenty other friends, whom I hoped to meet at Maloja, and so it cannot be helped, and we have to take life as it comes. There is one advantage, perhaps. I may complete my book a little sooner, all being well. Here it is beginning to be quiet and lonely; only birds of passage appear now and then in order to work here. I am now in the midst of logic, reading Mill and many other books which I have forgotten, and which have to be referred to in order to keep in contact with the public.

'I heard yesterday about Scherer's death. How sad, such a young and active man! I have just finished my Reader, which is to be a pendant to his *History of German Literature*, two volumes. He looked through the last proof-sheets himself. So one is left whilst the bullets strike all round one. I had just lately a letter from Liszt, announcing his visit for next year, and now, he too has played his last melody, and is, I suppose, very glad to go to rest. How little seems to remain of a musical artist! All that he has created belongs to the moment only, while the pictorial artist knows that his work will live at least for 500 years. His (Liszt's) compositions do not appeal to me, but his pianoforte playing was astonishing. I heard him for the first time about 1840 at Leipzig, when

with Mendelssohn. . . . Well, do take care of yourself, and try to recover strength during your holidays, and shake off your cough before you return to the yoke, and keep in memory your,' &c.

Max Müller's old love of music made the visits of musicians to his house a peculiar pleasure to him. About this time we find in the Visitors' Book the names of Blumenthal, Emil Sauer, Joachim, and Friedländer, for whose new edition of Schubert's songs he wrote the Preface.

But a terrible break was to come to the quiet work Max Müller had planned for Long Vacation. On September 3 his married daughter died quite suddenly at the seaside, and was brought home and laid to rest in the beautiful Holywell cemetery, where so many of Max Müller's friends sleep, and where he himself now rests. Her almost sudden death made a great impression in Oxford, where she was much loved and admired. Adverting to her in his sermon on the first Sunday in the next Term, Dean Liddell said, 'One hardly knew which to admire most, her remarkable mental gifts, or the almost ethereal beauty of her person.'

TO SIR HENRY ACLAND.

September 12.

'I knew what you would feel for me in this new loss. It came so very suddenly. Her life seemed so perfect in every way. How it happened I do not understand, perhaps no one does. Everything was done to revive her, but in vain. I quite understand what you mean by the sweetness of grief; it is but another name for that love which lasts for ever. Old men like you and me may well indulge in it. What is so hard is to think of her poor husband, with this long empty life before him. My life cannot last much longer: that feeling helps one to bear even a heavy load.'

TO MRS. MCCALL AND HER DAUGHTERS.

OXFORD, *September* 19, 1886.

'MY DEAR FRIENDS,—You will want to know how we are moving on, but there is nothing to say; we sit and look at each other and are silent. The sun rises and sets the same as before, and life goes on with its daily routine of duties. Our health is quite good,

the body seems untouched by what affects the soul, and one knows that though we are much poorer, we shall live, and though life cannot be again what it was, it will have to be lived and even to be enjoyed, till a new blow comes to remind us of the conditions of our stay on earth. It is strange how easily we forget those conditions, in spite of all that is going on around us. It is true that death seemed so unnatural. She was so young, so happy, so useful; there were so many old people who ought to have gone before her; still, we have seen the same before. What is heartrending is to see her poor husband, who tries to be so brave, and hardly knows what has happened. My life cannot be long now, but he with this long and empty life before him is indeed to be pitied. He is a good deal with us, but I do not know what he means to do. We stay on quietly here, and see as few people as possible. Everybody is so kind — she has been so widely loved and appreciated — but what one likes is to be left quite alone. You know what sorrow is, and how it brings out the old human bond that binds us all together; how we suffer with others far more truly than we rejoice with them. Still there is a time when every one must remain alone with himself, and when he feels that those who are with God are much nearer to him than those who are still in the world, however dear and near they may be to us. It is a help to know that many are suffering with us, and I know it.'

To Sir Robert Collins.

7 Norham Gardens, Oxford, *September* 23, 1886.

'Please give the enclosed letter to the Duchess of Albany. It was so kind of her to write to me. Those who have felt deep sorrow themselves, can best feel for others. I know it. I have shared many a sorrow, and even now, under this new blow, it is the misery of that poor husband and the grief of my wife that chokes the heart far more than my own distress. As one grows old, one learns to surrender, and one also feels that those who are with God are often nearer to us than those who are still left to us on earth. But it is hard to see the utter misery of others, and to feel that one cannot help them. Nothing could be more perfect than the happy married life of my daughter. She was so much loved, and, young as she was, she was doing her very best to help others. She was very attractive, yet very earnest, very conscientious, and as true as a silver bell. It was a pleasure to see that such a natural, simple, right, and happy life as theirs was, was possible in our entangled society.

But now to see that empty house and that lonely man in it, is heart-rending. I wish I could take him away for a time, but he wants to stay where he is. Perhaps at Christmas we shall move South.

'My wife thanks you for your kind words of sympathy, and I remain always,

'Yours very truly and gratefully.'

TO HORATIO HALE, ESQ.

OXFORD, *September* 24.

'I am always very glad to hear from you, and as I am apt to forget answering letters if I do not answer them at once, I sit down to thank you for your paper "On the Origin of Languages." I have read it with much pleasure. I have no faith in Nursery Philology, and have just written on the subject in a book now passing through the press, *The Science of Thought*. The observers are not scientifically educated, and the children can never be completely isolated. They all have the impression that there is such a thing as speech from seeing and hearing other people. Alphabets have been invented, phonetic alphabets too, by people who saw others write. But the original invention of writing passes through many stages, ideographic, determinative, syllabic, phonetic. So, I believe, it was with speech. As to the date, who can tell! However, 10,000 years will account for many things, even for a common radical period of speech, out of which Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian speech might have developed — for the possibility cannot be questioned, as I tried to show years ago in my letter to Chevalier Bunsen, and again in my *Stratification of Language*. However, there is a wide gap between the possible and the real. I also collected some curious observations on children's languages in my lectures on the Science of Language, which are useful to account for differentiation, but hardly for invention of speech. I am still able to work, and have always looked on mental work as on bodily exercise — it strengthens, it does not weaken. What has interrupted and prostrated has been sorrow, loss of children, and dear friends — that is the penalty we pay for living too long. I hope you have been spared these trials, and that you may long be spared to continue your useful work.

'What a pity it is that your first work, your *Report on the Languages of Australia, &c.*, should be so little accessible! Could you not reprint it in a small form?'

TO DR. HOSÄUS.

Translation. OXFORD, *October* 10, 1886.

'It is a new deep wound, but when one has lived so long, one must get accustomed to such wounds. The happy ones leave us, and we must struggle on till the hour of deliverance strikes for us. I can imagine no more beautiful life or death than my daughter's. She had had all on earth that heart could desire, and in one moment she passed away to the better life. She was most gifted, read Latin and Greek with real enjoyment, spoke German and French like English, and in her last stay in Italy had gone deep into Italian. And with all this she neglected none of her duties, and none miss her here in Oxford more than the poor and the fallen. What the poor husband is to do I cannot think, with a long empty life before him. To me it is as if the winter of my life had come in earnest, and must soon end it — and that thought helps one to bear much.'

TO SIR ROBERT MORIER.

OXFORD, *October* 13.

'One puts off writing and everything else from day to day, but time brings little change. One feels more tired, that is all. It is just ten years ago that I had to go through all this — that was the beginning of autumn; now I feel that the winter has set in, and that all must be over soon. Death seems so natural now, and one feels so willing to go where those who were with us so long have gone before us. She had wonderfully developed: she read Plato with real enjoyment, spoke German and French like English, was deep in Italian, and played really beautifully. With all that, she spent herself for the poor in this place, and the feeling excited by her death was extraordinary, considering how young she was. We received over 300 letters and messages, from the Queen down to little children; and now it is all over, and one has to go on, and work on, and wait till our time comes. I cannot imagine a happier life than hers has been, nor a happier death — it is a mistake to live too long.

'I knew you would feel for us, and sorrow certainly brings out the old bond that binds us all together. That is a help, but still life is changed, and one asks in vain, Why?'

TO B. M. MALABARI, ESQ.

October 26, 1886.

'I hope you do not consider the battle lost. Now seems to me to be the time to resume work with double vigour. In every fight

against old-established prejudices, defeat is at first inevitable, but it is invariably the precursor of victory. I do not see that you could have expected more from Government. Government in India is no longer what it was fifty years ago. The motive-power and therefore the responsibility is at home, and "at home" means "in a house divided against itself." I begin to believe that Mill, who was so much abused for his defence of the old East India Company, was right after all, and that it was an evil hour for India when it was drawn into the vortex of party government. But, as I say, Government in India being what it is, you could not expect more than that advice would be asked all round, and responsibility eschewed.

'Now mind, I am not in favour of paternal government, not even in India. But I hold that Government loses its *raison d'être*, if it does not prevent and punish what is morally wrong, even though the moral wrong has the sanction of religion and tradition. I do not say that infant betrothal or even enforced widowhood are morally wrong, but the consequences flowing from them lead to civil torts, which any government, deserving that name, ought to prevent.

'That infant marriage has no sanction whatever from either *Sruti* or Sm*ri*ti I told you from the very first, and I see that no Pandit now ventures to gainsay that. Manu wishes a young man to marry when he may become a Gr*i*hastha, *i.e.* when he is about twenty-four years of age. As to the girl, she is to marry when she is fit for it — and that may vary in different climates. But an engagement between infants is never contemplated by any legal authority, much less are the sufferings of widowhood inflicted by *Sruti* or Sm*ri*ti on a girl whose polygamous husband dies before she has even seen him. That argument has been treated with so much learning by your own scholars and lawyers that nothing more need be said on it. The study of Sanskrit, even by so-called Mle*kkh*as like myself, begins to bear fruit. You remember how, in the case of suttee, the Shastris quoted passages from a last sâkhâ of the *Veda*, intended to show that widows should be burnt with their husbands. They actually tampered with a passage from their own sacred *Veda*, and not till I published the passage from the Âsvalâyama Gr*i*hasûtras, forbidding widow-burning, would they become silent. With regard to the proper age for marriage, I published the important passages in my *Hibbert Lectures* in 1878, pp. 252–3, and as these lectures were translated under your auspices into most of the modern languages of India, I doubt whether any Shastri *now* will dare to invoke either *Sruti* or Sm*ri*ti in support of infant marriage.

'However, the argument derived from *Sruti* or Sm*riti* may by this time be supposed to be surrendered, and the case stands simply thus: — "Infant marriage is a native custom, and we do not want the Government to interfere." I have not a word to say against this argument, provided always that no tort is inflicted on individuals. Government does not deserve the name of Government, if it declares itself unable to protect each individual subject against personal torts, whether sanctioned by custom or not. Now, infant betrothal is a tort — it is a contract made without consent of one of the parties. If therefore that party suffers and wishes to be released from an unjust contract, the Government ought so far to protect him or her. Whether the Government is foreign or native, does not matter. It is *your* Government, so long as you accept it, and enjoy all the advantages of it; and to turn round and say that your Government should not prevent and punish iniquity is self-contradictory. Do you not invoke the aid of the Government to stop drunkenness or Thuggee? The Thugs appealed to custom and to their protecting goddess, but the Government did not listen, but did its duty. Now ask any high-minded woman, what is preferable — to be killed in the most expeditious way, once for all, or to marry a man whom you loathe — and I believe the answer cannot be doubtful. The custom of infant betrothal is unjust, the custom of infant marriage is criminal. In the former case, Government should give every relief that is demanded by the injured party, in the latter the Government should punish the criminal. But for the unfortunate feeling against Government interference — in many cases a mere excuse of the interested parties — no man worthy of the name of Arya would tolerate or try to explain away such iniquities. I wish the Government, while declaring its impotence, had at least given expression to the righteous indignation which every Englishman must feel when reading the accounts you have published of infant-brides and infant-widows. That would have been no great risk, and it would at least have given some encouragement to you and those who work with you in continuing your crusade. However, depend on it, justice will be done. Write a short pamphlet, containing nothing but well-known and well-authenticated facts, and send it to the Women of England. They begin to be a power, and they have one splendid quality, they are never beaten. If they once know what is going on in India, tolerated by an English Government, they will tell every candidate for Parliament, "Unless the blot is removed from the escutcheon of England, you shall not be re-elected." Women at all events have courage, and when they see what is hideous, they do not wait for orders from home before they

say what they think. Secondly, educate your own women, and depend on it, this matter will soon be set right, in spite of temporizing governors or half-hearted reformers among your own countrymen. I know many of my native friends will be very angry with me for writing this. I only wish I could speak to them face to face, and I should soon convince them that I care more for the good name of the true Âryas than they themselves. You know I abstained from writing on this subject for a long time. I felt it was in good hands, and I do not like, nor have I time, to give my opinion on everything. But now that apparently you are beaten, I cannot remain silent, and the more my friends in India abuse me, the more proud I shall feel. If they call you ignorant, because you are a Parsi, what will they call me — a mere Mle*kkha* ?'

To W. S. Lilly, Esq.

Oxford, *November* 22, 1886.

'. . . Materialism, in the most general sense of the word, ought to produce selfishness, and therefore immorality. But as a matter of fact, looking about among my friends and back to what history teaches us, it is not so. Materialists are mostly serious-minded and moral men, whilst the greatest amount of immorality meets us among those who are most orthodox in their religious opinions, most regular in their attendance at church, and most shocked at the opinions of Darwin, Huxley, &c. How is that to be explained ? For though I may have stated the facts too broadly, you know no doubt, from your own experience in London, what I mean. A very interesting article might be written on that point, and it would only be fair to write it. Of course one is not at liberty to give illustrations and to say all one does know, but history would supply illustrations, without consulting the Society Papers, or the Law Reports.'

To the Same.

Oxford, *December* 5.

'No, I have been so busy with Roots, that I have not yet been able to read Huxley's article. But I have been thinking a good deal about your thesis that Materialism produces immorality, and I feel more and more convinced that the facts are against you. I believe that in many cases immorality produces Materialism, using that word in a very large sense. Materialism is a welcome refuge for souls troubled by a bad conscience, but as a rule I find the honest Materialist is a serious-minded and conscientious creature. Criminal statis-

tics ought to be studied much more carefully than they are. In Buddhist countries, where religion is atheistic, in the usual sense of the word, morality is wonderfully high. Even now, when India has been infected with many European vices, it stands very high, I believe, in the tables of morality. These things ought to be carefully considered, before we draw large inductions. The *causa mali* must be somewhere else, the *malum* cannot be denied — our society is rotten — but why? I believe it is the *unreality* of all religion which is the principal cause. People read the Psalms every day, and tolerate adultery in their private houses. No religion, and atheism, would be better than that hypocrisy. And that hypocrisy is encouraged by the half-heartedness of all the people, clerical or lay, who write and speak about religion, and who do not believe what they write and say. An honest belief in Karma, such as the Buddhists have and really have, does more good than all the Ten Commandments. So it seems to me, but I confess the recent revelations in London have staggered me, and I am quite prepared for an outburst of indignation which would sweep away certain Dukes from the House of Lords and certain Right Honourables from the Privy Council.

'Our feeling against Matter dates from the Gnostic Schools. Matter in itself is very wonderful; we know very little of it, and yet that very little constitutes the knowledge which we are so very proud of. Matter has been unfairly treated.'

To Moncure Conway, Esq.

Oxford, *December* 13, 1886.

'Your letter has made me very miserable. Yes, I know indeed what it means to look into the open grave of a child: we are much the same again — the heart within us becomes petrified, the joy of life is gone.

'Work is some kind of medicine, and I take as much of it as I can. I hope to bring out a large book, on the *Science of Thought*, next March. I have written it for myself, and I doubt whether many people will read it. . . . I think religious papers should be chiefly historical. They ought to show how we and others have come to be what we are. If we know that, we generally know what we and what they ought to be. History, if properly understood, can take the place of philosophy, and there is so much to be done in the history of religions. If I have any chips likely to suit you, I should send them to you, but my present block is philosophical, not religious.'

The fourteenth edition of the *Lectures on Language* came out this year, and the little monograph on *Andrea del Sarto's Carità*.

After a very quiet Christmas, Max Müller sent his wife and son for change to Hastings, and his daughter went to London, whilst he remained quietly at work in Oxford.

TO PROFESSOR LEGGE.

OXFORD, *January* 2.

'I do not understand much about La-o-tze, but I can quite believe that what we possess of him may have been written down later than 500 B.C. But that would not affect the canonical character of his book, as little as the uncertain date of certain books of the Old Testament affects its canonicity. I have had a kind of hope that it might be possible to trace Indian influences to La-o-tze. The coincidences between his teaching and that of the *Upanishad* is great.

'The Tao comes very near to the Rita. But what is possible in one country is possible in another, and as yet I see no historical channels of communication either between the *Upanishad* and Taoism or between Christianity and Buddhism. We must wait. But there can be no doubt about the usefulness of a scholastic and faithful translation, and I hope you may soon be able to continue your work.'

TO DR. PROWE.

Translation. *January* 2.

'Yes, the last year has been a very hard one. But our life cannot last so very much longer, and the happiness that children can give us has been ours. Now we have only two, a son and a daughter. I have tried work as a remedy, and have just finished a thick volume: on the *Science of Thought*. It contains much that is old and much that is new; but whether the present-day people will read it or not, I do not know. At all events, one's heart is still for a time, when one's head works, but alas! it does not last very long. I cannot complain of my state of health; when I can sit quietly at home I feel always well, and my work is progressing, only one's memory is not so trustworthy as it was, and everything has to be verified.

'I think in April, when I have finished everything, we shall leave this for a while, and perhaps go first to Ems and then somewhere else. I wonder whether we shall meet once more in this life? Every-

thing hurries on so fast now; nearly all my friends have preceded me; and life, which looked so long, looks now so very short. *Carpe diem* is all that remains.'

To Professor Noiré.

Translation. *January* 22, 1887.

'At last my book is nearing its end, and I shall be glad indeed to have it off my hands. Then I have to think about writing my lectures on the Science of Thought, and after that I hope to get away. Your remarks are always a pleasure. They are like talking with you. But you know language is always a hindrance to the understanding — no one word has the same meaning for two people. And nothing is more difficult than to represent another's opinion in our own way. Judging by your former remarks, I thought that you tried to derive the demonstrative elements from predicative roots. Others have done the same, and I do not deny the possibility, only I can find no case to *prove* this. You will see I only mention the different view historically without entering upon explanations. You must always put the principal factor in the foreground, especially with Englishmen, and never lean too much either to right or left. I suppose the book will hardly be popular with the English public; well, never mind! *disci et salvem animam meam.*

'The matter is behind me now and done with. There is a book on Mythology to follow, and perhaps the preparation of a new edition of *Lectures on the Science of Language*, and then I may be allowed to say: "Now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace."

'The only peace for me is to be found in uninterrupted work, so as to prevent all possibility of brooding. The time will come when all and everything will belong to the past — till then it is best not to look backwards, nor to the right or left, but only forwards.'

To W. S. Lilly, Esq.

Oxford, *January* 24, 1887.

'My dear Sir, — In the sense in which you take Buddhism it is not Materialism, and I quite agree with what you say. Only so many people call Buddhism, Materialism, though what they mean is, I suppose, disbelief in a personal God. Have the two things anything in common? I do not know.

'Your answer to Huxley is very powerful. Was it he or Tyndall who said he was a materialist before, but an idealist after, a good dinner?

'Huxley writes as he feels at the time, but he is not a close reasoner. With all that, I have great faith in him, and I think you and he would understand each other. I shall return the article in a few days — there are some passages I want to read again.

'I have had to write about Materialism in the last chapter of my book.[1] It is finished at last, and I wonder what you will say to my representation of Materialism, Spiritualism, and our other difficulties. People will call it *Nominalism* and have done with it, though it is the very opposite of the old Nominalism. It is a book I have written for myself, and I doubt whether it will produce the slightest effect. But I believe in Karma — it is done: that is enough.'

From the time of his gifted daughter's death Max Müller's thoughts often turned again to Germany, but he mentioned it to but few friends, and it was therefore a surprise, but a deep consolation and gratification, when he received the following message from his Sovereign through Princess Christian, by whose gracious permission both the message and Max Müller's answer are given here.

The Queen wrote: —

OSBORNE, *February* 6, 1887.

'I hear with dismay of the possible intention of Prof. Max Müller to leave England and settle in Germany. It would be a most serious loss to the University of Oxford, and to science in this country, where he is of so much use, and is so much looked up to. For his wife and children it would be a terrible blow, for it would rend all the ties of early years, and I am sure neither he nor they would be happy. A short change of scene might be beneficial after his great loss and sorrow, but I should most earnestly deprecate his leaving this country to settle in Germany. His friends will, I am sure, urge and beg him to give this idea up, as I do.'

Max Müller's letter to Princess Christian was as follows: —

Translation. OXFORD, *February*, 1887.

'YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, — I have been deeply moved by the gracious interest which Her Majesty has condescended to take in my plans. Ever since I came to England I have always felt the deepest reverence for Her Majesty. Though living far from the Court,

[1] *Science of Thought.*

I heard from my friends, Bunsen, Stockmar, Dr. Meyer, and later on Stanley, so much of the innermost sanctuary of the life of the Royal Family, that I always looked upon it as a jewel of the most perfect earthly happiness. The years of mourning which came later, and the insight into the deepest depths of the heart which Her Majesty has accorded us through her books, only heightened the feelings of respect I had cherished so long. I am not speaking of the Queen as the representative of the great power of England, before whom one bows in silent veneration. I speak of her as the noble, good, and heavily chastened woman, who, in spite of all disillusions, has never lost faith in goodness and right, and love to mankind. Words of sympathy from such a heart have moved me more deeply than I can say. I do not know how my thought of spending the evening of my life in Germany has become known. I have only talked about it with my wife and children. My wife quite agreed with me; my children, the two left to me, did not. I had therefore settled to finish up my work here, and leave this in May, and see how it suited us in Germany. After the heavy sorrows I have had here, I often have a feeling as if I must leave Oxford, and place those still left me in a place of safety. And then nearly all my old friends, who received me with open arms when I settled in England, and who made it a second home to me, are gone before me. The new generation knows me not, and jealousy, envy, and intrigues have often of late years embittered my life. I have been silent about this, but I know that my wife and others near to me have felt deeply how unfairly I have been treated, and how in certain quarters trouble has been taken to injure and thwart me in every way. But these smaller trials moved me little, compared to the great sorrow that has fallen on us. But others feel them; I only feel that I must get away; perhaps it is the feeling that I have lived too long. My work made me cling to life, and it is not yet finished. I have, however, just printed a thick volume, *The Science of Thought*. That is the best medicine. But as the invalid after bitter medicine enjoys something sweet from time to time, so have I been refreshed by the gracious words sent me to-day through your Royal Highness. I beg you to express to Her Majesty the Queen, in my name and in the name of my good English wife, our deep gratitude. If anything can make me feel that I am still at home in England, it is the gracious message of Her Majesty.'

Early in March Max Müller's large volume, *The Science of Thought*, was published, and at once called forth a good deal of adverse criticism. In writing to M. Renan, he calls it the

last word on a subject that had occupied him all his life, and adds that it runs counter to all that was at the time popular in philosophy.

During the same month Max Müller delivered three Lectures at the Royal Institution, on the Simplicity of Language, the Identity of Language and Thought, and the Simplicity of Thought, which are a compendium of his larger work. These Lectures were published the following year, and to them the reader is referred. Max Müller's well-known aphorism 'No thought without language, no language without thought' is there defended, particularly in a letter to a friend given in the Preface; the whole correspondence on Thought without Words, between Mr. F. Galton, Mr. Romanes, the Duke of Argyll, &c., and Max Müller, which appeared in *Nature*, will be found reprinted in the Appendix to that work.

Of the large book one review says: —

'His book on *The Science of Thought* is essentially a scientific and closely reasoned work. From beginning to end he seems to have studied plain speaking, and if the terminology, or logic, or if physical science has to be used, it is always handled in a way that shall present the fewest difficulties to the general reader. We rejoice the more over this fact because Professor Max Müller has given us a book which deserves to be very widely and generally read.'

On March 26 a great banquet was held in St. James's Hall by the German teachers in England, in honour of the ninetieth birthday of the old Emperor, and Max Müller was invited to preside. In replying to the toast of his own health, the President expressed his regret that his many occupations in Oxford allowed him to come so seldom to London, and that he therefore had so little social intercourse with his many countrymen in England; for he owned that, long as he had lived in England, German ways and German customs still appealed to his heart. Then directing his speech to the occasion of their meeting, he told his audience that he looked on their old Emperor as the greatest of German teachers, for he had taught them first of all to be diligent. A Frenchman once

asked how it was that the Hohenzollern had been so successful, and was told that the Hohenzollern were a diligent race. And the old Emperor still worked from morning till night. Then the Emperor had taught them to be modest. He had never looked upon himself as more than a good soldier, and all his great triumphs he attributed to his generals, his ministers, his people. The third lesson was to be learnt from the Emperor's perfect trust and knightly loyalty to all those who surrounded him. No minister, and he had had ministers of all shades of opinion, had ever complained that the Emperor had not treated him with perfect openness and fairness. Lastly, there was one lesson that teachers specially needed, as years went by, and the duties of life pressed more heavily, and that was youthful spirits and energy. And from whom better than from the Emperor could they learn to remain young, even with white hair; to remain fresh and energetic, even under the most wearisome work?

Soon after this Max Müller received a letter from a Hindu of high position, telling him that, in honour of the Queen's Jubilee, a special service was to be held in his family temple, and that presents would be made to the learned Pundits present. They were all to receive a large green and white checked shawl, and one would be forwarded to Max Müller 'not only as a token of the respect and admiration with which we, in common with the whole Hindu community, regard you as a prominent Sanskritist, but also for your genial sympathy with the natives of this land, in every matter connected with their welfare. Unless you are willing to accept it, the service at our family temple will be incomplete.' The offering was willingly accepted, and in the course of the summer a large chuddah was received. A little later in the year Max Müller received another proof of the feeling for him in India, in a letter from a native, telling him that the writer had entrusted his photograph to a 'trained artist, to reproduce it on a new and magnified scale, and make a portrait in oil, therewith to adorn my Ancestral Hall, where all who wish may regale their

eyes with the sight of the likeness of a truly great man, a true friend of India: though no canvas which decays or marble which wears are needed to perpetuate the name of a scholar and philanthropist — yea of a *Rishi*, who will be remembered in India as long as Sanskrit learning endures, and a Hindu heart remains that can throb with feelings of gratitude.'

The hope Max Müller had expressed in his letter to Princess Christian of getting away from work for a time had to be given up, as he was appointed examiner in Honours in the new School of Oriental Studies; and there being no one else in Oxford who could prepare the candidates in Vedic Sanskrit, of which the Sanskrit Professor was ignorant, he gave up his plans for going abroad himself, sent his wife, son, and daughter to Wiesbaden, let his house, went into rooms at All Souls, and lectured through the Term to the candidates for Honours.

TO MR. NANJIO.

April 13.

'So you have actually been in India, to Buddha Gaya and Benares! What a pleasure and interest it must have been to you; only your stay was much too short, and I expect you will soon go again. But why not go by way of China and Thibet, and see what books and MSS. they have at Lassa? We were all in hopes of seeing you again in Oxford: that would have been an unexpected pleasure. Well, I hope it may be so yet, only I am getting very old, and if you want to see me this side of Nirvana, you must make haste. I suppose you found my last letter at Tokio after your return from India. I wrote to you that the beautiful Crèpe had arrived, and had been much admired by my wife and daughter.

'I also received the books you sent me. One copy of the translation of my essay on Nirvana I sent to the British Museum. Your book on the Buddhist sects in Japan is very interesting, and I hope you will go on with your work, in spite of the opposition which you meet with. What you want in Japan is an *historical* study of Buddhism, and of other religions too. Unless you know *how* a thing came to be what it is, you do not know *what* it is. A comparative study of religions is very useful if it gives you the history of these religions. You will find in my *Hibbert Lectures* and in my *Introduction to the Science of Religion* all that is wanted for teaching that

subject. The other *Hibbert Lectures* by Le Page Renouf, Rhys Davids, Kuenen, Pfleiderer, and Réville are also very useful. But before we compare, we must thoroughly know what we compare. I therefore still think we ought to publish the translations of the texts considered as canonical in Japan. You will find such a book very useful, but I do not like to publish anything incomplete.'

TO SIR ROBERT COLLINS.

ALL SOULS, *April* 23.

'I shall have to stay here till the end of June, and act as examiner in the Oriental School. It is a curious sensation, living in a small and decrepit college room, shouting for a servant out of window, dining in Hall, and all that. Still every change does one good, at least for a time.

'My wife will be very sorry that she cannot avail herself of the gracious invitation of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany. If I may come without her, I should enjoy a quiet Sunday at Claremont very much. I am afraid I cannot or ought not to be away on Friday, as my pupils depend on me, but if I might come from Saturday till Monday my conscience need not smite me.'

Among other subjects occupying Max Müller's mind this year, that of Indian infant marriage and enforced widowhood, and particularly the case of Rukhmabai, took a prominent place, and he wrote many forcible letters on the point to the *Times*, at the same time carrying on a large correspondence with people interested in these matters in England, America, and India. His friend Mr. Malabari, of Bombay, had for several years been spending his time, money, and strength on behalf of his young countrywomen. To Max Müller the subject was interesting, not merely from its moral and physical aspect, but in connexion with the ancient Indian laws. On April 17 he wrote to the *Times*:—

'SIR,—I am not going to weary you with all the judicial lore bearing on the question of what is called infant marriage in India. It is accessible now to every one who cares for it. I myself adhere to the statement which I made in my Hibbert Lectures, 1878, that Manu wishes a young man to marry when he is about 24 years of age, and a girl when she is fit for marriage; *voilà tout*. But the

case of Rukhmabai has really very little to do with Indian law. Let the Indian law be what it is, let public opinion in India sanction the sale and so-called marriage of children of three or four years of age, let those who, like Rukhmabai and others, revolt against this degrading slavery submit to being boycotted or out-casted, but what has the English law to do with such abominations? Why should the English law offer to aid in the restitution of conjugal rights, supposing that conjugal rights exist? We read in no Indian law book that a young girl who refuses to fulfil a contract to which she was no party, or objects to being made a wife by force, should be sent to prison for six months. Whatever the High Court may have decided, the sooner English Judges wash their hands of such iniquities the better for the good repute of English law. These are questions which concern Hindoos and Hindoo lawyers. What concerns Englishmen and English lawyers and, more than all, Englishwomen, is that the strong arm of the English law should not be rendered infamous in aiding and abetting unnatural atrocities.'

He was careful not to take up Rukhmabai's case with inconsiderate haste, but he felt that use might be made of it to draw general public attention to the miseries of infant marriage, but more especially to the sufferings of the half-million of child-widows, forced to lead a life of degradation and misery, not allowed to re-marry, who are treated like lepers, goaded into suicide or infamy, and who have no idea of what happiness in life means. When his friend Ramabai started her homes for child-widows at Poona, Max Müller gave her scheme his warmest support, and aided Mr. Malabari when he arrived in England to draw public attention to the evils of child marriage. Thoroughly acquainted with native feelings, prejudices and laws, Max Müller fully recognized the difficulty of the task undertaken by his reforming friends, and founded his hopes for improvement mainly on the spread of education in India, among women as well as men.

Just before the Jubilee festivities Max Müller lost his brother-in-law and friend Theodore Walrond, a man whose ripe judgement and upright character were a guide and help to him in his early Oxford days, whilst his affectionate sympathy had greatly cheered the dark years that preceded Max Müller's marriage.

A week later Max Müller was commanded to Buckingham Palace to present the Jubilee offering of the German colony in England, a large picture of all the living members of the Royal Family. Here he met the Crown Prince, and was greatly distressed at his altered looks, which those who had seen him at a distance in the great Jubilee procession, where he bore himself so gallantly, 'a very perfect knight,' had not noticed. He could hardly speak above a whisper; and, though gracious and cordial as ever, they could have but little conversation.

A fortnight in July was spent by Max Müller and his wife at Salcombe, with his old friend Mr. Froude, who vainly tried to imbue Max with his own love of yachting. It was fiercely hot weather, and though the sea was generally like glass, the heat had all the effect of rough weather, and after a few attempts Max stayed on shore. The country round was explored on foot, or driving, and the old friends enjoyed their time together like school-boys.

On July 16 Max Müller had his last interview with the Crown Prince, whom he had known from the days he spent in Oxford, under his guidance, in the year 1851. He was ordered to dine and sleep at Windsor, to meet the Prince, who had since the Jubilee been at Balmoral, and had returned south, very much benefited by the fine Scotch air. He was able to talk with Max Müller for fully half an hour, till one of the equerries came up and said, 'Your Royal Highness, not another word!' and the friends parted to meet no more. It was on this occasion that Max Müller saw one of the Indian Princes perform his strange homage to the Queen. One of the three Rajahs present, in his full Oriental costume, was standing with his curved sword wrapped up in a magnificent shawl under his left arm. As the Queen approached him, she held out her hand, which the Rajah took, and whilst he held it, he prostrated himself and struck the ground at her feet three times with his forehead, and then sprang lightly up. The whole movement was made with perfect ease and grace, and strange to say, without causing Her

Majesty the least inconvenience, though she found it difficult to repress all signs of astonishment.

TO DR. HOSÄUS.

OXFORD, *July* 20, 1887.

'Though I have given up all hope of seeing the monument to my father with my own eyes, I considered it my bounden duty to wait on the King of Greece yesterday, during his stay in London. The King spoke with the warmest interest about the monument, and assured me that the marble had been chosen, and was ready for sending as soon as the sculptor wants it. I could not naturally expect more, and I think it is now a mere matter of business. I was very sorry that I could be of no use to the Prince of Anhalt during his stay in London. I was away for my health in Devonshire, far from any railroad, and ten hours from London. It would have been a real pleasure and honour to have shown the Prince the beauties of Oxford.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. OXFORD, *July* 23, 1887.

'I suppose I must have over-exerted myself in the attempt to finish my book, and then there has been so much sad trouble among relations and friends, that I had to lie by and be quiet for a while. I went for a fortnight to my old friend Froude, the historian, on the sea-coast of Devon — beautiful country, beautiful sea, dear people, but the heat was too much. I had to return to go to Windsor to see the Queen and to meet some Indian Rajahs; then to the King of Greece, who had provided the marble for my father's monument; and so forth, from one thing to another, so that one never seems to get any real rest. I mean to try the end of next week what Scotland will do; at all events I shall then be far from all worry. I saw the Crown Prince several times. When I met him the last time, his voice had come back.

'Yes, indeed, the papers attack my book thoroughly, but I come across very little of true understanding, with the exception of Romanes, and he a Darwinian. He writes to tell me that he has been convinced by me, and that means much in these days. The "Spencerians" are furious and insulting, but no answer will be given to them. The ignorance of these people is marvellous. Has nothing been heard in Germany yet? What do you think of an essay about the correspondence I sent to you? I am just reading Taine's book, *De*

l'Intelligence. I read it some time ago, but I had quite forgotten it. We approach each other closely with regard to the later development of language. He wrote to me about this, and I ought to have referred to him more clearly in my book. But you cannot think of everything. I do not feel well, but hope for better times.'

TO MONSIEUR TAINE.

OXFORD, *July* 27, 1887.

'I cannot understand how it has happened that in my book I have forgotten my best ally. I read your book *De l'Intelligence*, when you presented it to me. I made notes and extracts, but while writing my book, these notes escaped my eyes and my memory, because I had lately been reading chiefly English writers. I deplore my stupidity, and I am now reading your book again, and shall take the first opportunity of appealing to your name and authority as completely covering my position, and extending even beyond. My position is that what we call thought or ratiocination is neither more nor less than language *minus* the spoken words — in fact, thought stands to language, as memory stands to perception. Of course, if *penser* is used in the case of *sentir* as Spencer does, then we must have another word, possibly to *reason*, *raisonner*. No doubt it is difficult for one nation of philosophers to understand another nation of philosophers. It was easier to have an international philosophy when there was an international language, *Latin*. However, I do not despair, nay I hope that a philosophical study of language will help towards it.

'We are going to Scotland on Friday next, and I have taken your two volumes of *Intelligence* with me.'

August was spent in Scotland with Max Müller's old friend Professor William Sellar, of Edinburgh, and his family. Many expeditions were taken, among others one to Craigenputtock, where they explored Carlyle's house, and looked with special interest at the kitchen where Mrs. Carlyle sat up baking the loaf of bread, on which she wrote the noble letter: 'I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert, my body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of degradation.' Then she thought of Benvenuto Cellini watching his Perseus. 'What is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing

one's hand has found to do? I cannot express the consolation this germ of an idea spread over my uncongenial life.'

TO MONCURE CONWAY, ESQ.

DALRY, *August* 11.

'People begin to wonder a little whether there is really something in my book. I had a long controversy with Romanes, and he writes to me that he is now on my side. That does not happen often. Sir James Stephen is writing an article for the *Nineteenth Century*, likewise as a convert, but the Spencerians are fire and fury. Is it true that Whitney's mind is affected? I wrote a reply to his last attack, but I have held it back, because I was told he was in a very critical state. I am very busy, and in addition to all I shall have to bring out a new edition of my *Rig-veda*; six volumes quarto. The first edition took me twenty-five years; I hope the second will not take quite so long.'

The last letter mentions the new work which opened before Max Müller during this year, a second edition of the *Rig-veda*. As early as 1884 he had proposed to the India Office a reprint of Vols. I and II, as Vol. I was out of print, and but few copies of Vol. II were left, whilst constant complaints reached him from India of the difficulty of getting complete copies of the first edition, which could only be purchased at from £20 to £30 instead of £10. Max Müller proposed to add to Vol. I the various readings of Sâya*n*â's commentary which had been omitted in the first edition of that volume, as well as the more correct readings in the text founded on better manuscripts which he had himself acquired since 1849. The Secretary of State offered to provide funds for Vol. I, but he rejected the idea of reprinting Vol. II as too expensive. Max Müller had to give up the reprinting of Vol. I eventually, as the young English scholar on whose services he reckoned had undertaken other work. Then came an offer from the Mahârâjah of Vijayanagara, the place where Sâya*n*â, the great commentator, was born, to defray the expenses of a reprint of the whole six volumes of Max Müller's edition of the *Rig-veda*, and to pay the salary of an assistant for four years.

Max Müller wrote to the Mahârâjah as follows: —

7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD.

'MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MOST GENEROUS MAHÂRÂJAH, — The letter which your Highness addressed to me from Madras has been a source of great satisfaction to me. It proves to me that a patriotic interest in the ancient literature of India is not yet extinct in the hearts of those who used to be its friends and patrons. A nation which cares no longer for its ancient history and its national literature deprives itself of one of the mainstays of its national life. We may be better and wiser than our forefathers, but we owe what we are to what they have done for us. To forget their names and their work shows on a larger scale the same want of piety which the neglect of Shrâddh would betray in our own family. Though yours may be a new dynasty, yet you enjoy the glorious name of the ancient kings of Vijayanagara; and that under your auspices the great commentary of Sâya*n*â on the *Rig-veda*, which owes its origin to the liberality of King Bukka of Vijayanagara, should now be given to the world again, will remain, I believe, for ever one of the most memorable events in the history of India.

'There ought to be no delay. I am sixty-three years old, and I should like to live to see the work finished.

'I shall of course much desire to dedicate this new edition to your Highness. But as the first edition is dedicated to the Empress of India, I should have first to ask Her Majesty's permission. If there should be any difficulty, we might ask to be allowed to dedicate the work to her in common, you as the patron, I as the workman.

'I am truly pleased that I shall now be enabled to leave behind me a new and complete edition of the *Rig-veda*, a work to which I have dedicated the best years of my life, and which even now has disappeared from the market. As to my other books, I shall make a selection of those which are likely to be of interest to you, and pray your acceptance of them as a small token of my gratitude. I have the honour to be, with sincere regard and gratitude to your Highness,

'Yours very faithfully,

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

This new edition was intended chiefly for India. The Mahârâjah wished to print the work in India, but this was soon found to be impracticable, and it was printed, like the first edition, at the Oxford University Press. The Mahârâjah

concludes one of his first letters to Max Müller thus: 'I wish that some time before long we may have the pleasure of congratulating you on the recognition by the English Government of your great services to India.' The Mahârâjah was a keen sportsman, but not a literary man; and this undertaking, which cost above £4,000, showed a truly patriotic spirit on his part, a proper pride in his country and its ancient sacred book, and an enlightened wish to aid in its preservation. 'Besides,' as he naïvely stated in one of his letters, 'I thought it might be good for my soul.' After some delay, a careful young Sanskritist, Dr. Winternitz, was found, who came to England and devoted himself for four years to the correction of the text, and the reading of proof-sheets, under Max Müller's supervision.

To B. M. MALABARI, ESQ.

OXFORD, *October* 27, 1887.

'I gather from your last letter that you are not discouraged, and that is everything. Reforms move very slowly, still they move, and what you have done has already borne good fruit. The first thing now is to help Rukhmabai through her troubles, and to get the paragraph about imprisonment cancelled. After that, try to establish schools or refuges for widows. Here you might combine with Ramabai. I suppose she will soon return to India. She has become a Christian, but she is not narrow-minded, and may be made useful. Your idea of founding a Mission of Social Reform with your friend Dagaram Gidumal, is excellent. Only do not let people think that by Reform you mean Europeanization. On many points your native customs are excellent, and far better adapted to your country than English customs. I do not know much about great towns, like Calcutta or Bombay, but in your villages and smaller towns, the tone of morality seems to me much higher than in Europe, your family life much happier, your criminal statistics much lower. If I can be of any use, you know I am always ready to help. But remember, your countrymen do not like advice from outsiders, and they are quite right in that. Remember also that I am getting old, and my time is much occupied.'

In October Max Müller heard of the death of his old friend from university days at Leipzig and Berlin, Dr. Prowe

of Thorne. Little as they could see of each other from the time Max Müller settled in England, the sense of warm friendship never diminished. Of all his university friends, Prowe was the nearest to his own heart, and had formed the most intimate friendship also with his mother and sister. The writer Fontane was now the only one left of those early days.

TO LIEUTENANT PROWE.

Translation. OXFORD, *October* 16.

'MY DEAR LIEUTENANT, — It becomes more and more lonely on earth, all one's friends precede one, and one sometimes thinks that one has been forgotten. And though I only saw little of your dear father in later life, I always cherished the feeling, when turning back to the memory of old times, that another still shared with me the joy of the same memories. To become old is to become poor, and few, I think, have lost so much as I have.

'That your father remembered us in the last hours of his life is very precious to me. My mother and my sister were affectionately devoted to him all their lives, and we had such bright and happy hours together, such as never come again in later life. Please express to your honoured mother my deepest sympathy. There is one comfort for old age — one feels so much nearer to the future life than to the present; though we must still wait on patiently, and we know we shall not wait much longer.

'I press your hand in warmest sympathy, and I thank you for your sad but kind lines, which did me good.

'Ever your faithful and sincere.'

Early in November the University Independent Club, at Glasgow, selected Max Müller as their candidate for the Lord Rectorship. It was soon found that the contest would be a very keen one, and that Max Müller would have small prospect of success; his name was therefore withdrawn, and Lord Lytton was elected as the nominee of the University Conservative Club.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE GLASGOW UNIVERSITY INDEPENDENT CLUB.

OXFORD, *November* 9.

'I have highly appreciated the honour of being selected as your non-political candidate for the Rectorship of Glasgow University.

You did not lead me to expect that you would be able to succeed on this occasion, but as you thought that a protest from however small a minority against the present system of electing your Rector, might have a salutary effect in future, I was willing to assist you in a movement which seemed to me both right and politic.

'I am far from thinking that the election of a Rector of your ancient and illustrious University ought not to be considered as a political act. Man is by nature a political animal, and the sooner young men are brought to learn their responsibility as citizens, the better for them and for the commonwealth which they will have to serve hereafter.

'But a political act, in the true sense of the word, requires the putting aside of all private interests and the sacrifice of all partisanship. I can well understand, therefore, that the present moment, when the terror of the caucus has muffled the expression of all independent thought, and the eagerness for power has clouded even the strongest intellects, was ill chosen for the assertion of your principles, and I request you to withdraw my name from the coming contest.'

TO PROFESSOR ROMANES.

OXFORD, *November*.

'One line to say how grateful I feel for your review. Of course we differ *toto coelo* as to the nature of language, which you treat as mere expression of impression, *i.e.* cries, while I hold language, or λογος, in the true sense, to be a totally different act, beginning with the consciousness of a repeated act; the first generalization possible for man; and then a constant classifying of the individual under the general. We speak of different things, though we use the same word. However, we must learn to agree to differ; we cannot all think the same thoughts, or use the same words. Of course much of our communication consists in expressions, signs, gestures, looks; but animals are the best proof that such communication does not develop into language; at least has not done so hitherto, except in the case of that one animal we call man.'

M. Barthèlemy St. Hilaire presented a report of Max Müller's *Science of Thought* to the French Institute, and concluded his report thus: —

'C'est beaucoup, dans des études aussi ardues, d'apporter pour sa part des idées originales, qui doivent éveiller l'examen au risque de la contradiction, venant d'un écrivain aussi savant et aussi autorisé.'

TO C. J. LONGMAN, ESQ.

December 1.

'Sir James Stephen's article, which was to appear in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century*, has evidently been crowded out. It was too long, and Sir James objected to cut it into two. As to the *Nation*, it is generally supposed that one line in the *Nation* is better than a column in any other American paper. The last sentence of the review was: "A work in which two of the direst and hardest of studies, Analytic Philology and Mental Philosophy, are made at once lucid and attractive, is an acquisition for which all students of those mysteries have reason to be grateful." The *Nation*, and French Institute, and Sir James Stephen would fairly represent America, France, and England.'

Towards the close of this year, Max Müller, at the request of Mr. Bidder, the lately appointed Vicar of St. Giles, the parish in which 7 Norham Gardens is situated, presided at a Missionary Meeting held in the Hall of St. John's College. The Hall was very full. The subject for discussion was the Christian missionary in his relations to other religions. The speech is so clear an expression of Max Müller's views, with regard to alien (so often wrongly called *false*) religions, that parts are given in the Appendix.

CHAPTER XXIX

1888–1889

Vedic Lectureship. Elected Gifford Lecturer at Glasgow. Death of Emperor William I. Memorial Oration. Doctor of Bologna. Death of Emperor Frederick. Colonel Olcott. Lecture at Leeds. First Gifford Lectures. Humble Admirers. Lectures at Mansion House, Sheffield, Leeds, and Toynbee Hall. Death of Professor Noiré. Speech at Royal Academy Banquet. Daughter's Engagement. Lectures at University Extension Meeting. Oriental Congress in Sweden. Order of Polar Star.

HARDLY had the January Term begun, before Max Müller was requested to continue his Vedic lectures and work. The Dean of Christ Church, as he wrote himself, 'most reluctantly' undertook to bring the Vedic difficulties before Max Müller, and ask his help. His reply follows: —

TO DEAN LIDDELL.

January 26.

'I am now sixty-four years old, and before I answer your question let me tell you what an accumulation of work has fallen on my shoulders.

'1. *The Sacred Books of the East*, with endless correspondence. I have hitherto kept to the three volumes a year, but I broke down last year, and could pass one volume only.

'2. *Translations of Vedic Hymns*. One volume is printed. I am hard at work at the second.

'3. New edition of the *Rig-veda*. I am bound by agreement to pass two sheets a week for press, that is one hundred sheets per annum for four years.

'4. Revising German translation of my *Science of Thought*, two sheets per week.

'5. Rewriting of my *Lectures on the Science of Language*, to be ready before the end of the year.

'6. Threatened new editions of two other books of mine.

'7. There is one more book I want to write before it is too late, *The Science of Mythology*.

'Yet, in spite of all this, I was quite ready to give my lectures on the *Veda* this term. But I had lost nearly four weeks with illness, so that when the young men came to me to ask me to lecture, I told them that really I could not. It gave me real pleasure to work with the selected candidates last year. They were hard-working, bright fellows, and I only wish I could have done more for them. . . . I am quite willing to resume my lectures on Vedic scholarship, but if I do that, I must be allowed to bring out one or two volumes of the *Sacred Books* per annum instead of three. . . . I believe that all that is required for the candidates could be done if I lectured to the more advanced students. I shall always be most happy if I can in any way take part in the work of the University, particularly in the preparation of the young men who are destined for the Civil Service in India. The University would not have me when I was young and worth having. Being old now and not worth having, I cannot *offer* my services, but must wait till I am asked.'

The Dean thought that the Delegates of the Press would agree to rearrange the publication of the *Sacred Books*, and propose that a Readership in Vedic Sanskrit should be founded, so as to make amends to Max Müller for the £200 he would lose yearly from the *Sacred Books*, if he only brought out one volume a year instead of three. This, having passed Council and Congregation, was thrown out in Convocation at the end of February, to Max Müller's great relief, who found himself able to return to his own quiet pursuits, though he had been willing to put himself into harness again to help the University out of the difficulty they had brought on themselves by the Sanskrit election of 1860.

TO DEAN LIDDELL.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *February* 24.

'No one could have been more pleased with the vote of Convocation than I was. I do not think that those who pressed me behaved quite well, but I am grateful all the same, for I could not have done the work without giving up what at my time of life is, I believe,

more important. I have accepted the Gifford Lectures at Glasgow; they will be the outcome of the *Sacred Books of the East*. If I can finish them I shall be satisfied.'

Though Max Müller rejoiced, all those interested in the Oriental School were disappointed at the vote in Convocation. One prominent M.A. wrote: 'This is a great blow. I do not know how the school is to be carried on.' From another, Max Müller heard: 'It never occurred to me that any opposition was possible. I feel that, as a member of Council, I owe you an apology for having been a party to introducing your name into a discussion that has ended so disastrously,' and one member of the Board of Oriental Studies felt so annoyed at the vote that he withdrew at once from the Board.

Early in January several of Max Müller's friends in Edinburgh had urged his election as the first Gifford Lecturer in that University. An old Edinburgh man, Hutchinson Stirling, was chosen, and the following letter was written on the occasion to Professor Lorimer, one of Max Müller's most eager supporters: —

OXFORD, *January* 31.

'Your letter was a great relief to me. Though I had told you how little I thought myself fit for the Gifford Readership and how overwhelmed with work I was, yet I do not know that I should have been able to resist the temptation of accepting a position which offered so grand an opportunity of saying to the world what one wished to say on the subject of "Natural Religion." Since I wrote to you last, a new work has come to me which I could not decline, a new edition of the *Rig-veda* with Sâya*n*â's Commentary, six volumes quarto, each of 1,000 pages. How I shall ever finish it I do not know, but there are certain things to which one cannot say No, and I am afraid your Readership would have been one of them. I know the man whom you have elected: he is a bona fide student of philosophy, and he will tell you what Natural Religion *would* or *could* or *should* have been. *I* think the time for that is past. We want to know what Natural Religion *has* been; that is enough for any man who knows what history means, and what even a Hegelian will have to admit, if he knows the true secret of Hegel, that the Rational only is the Real, nay what even the Darwinians will have

to learn in time, that Natural Selection is in truth Rational Elimination, and that Development means the historical triumph of what is right, or reasonable, or, as they now say, fittest.

'Allow me to thank you for your kind feelings towards me. I should have enjoyed a season at Edinburgh very much.'

As soon as the result of the Edinburgh election was known, Max Müller heard from Principal Caird that the Senate of Glasgow University would like to appoint him to lecture in the autumn of that year, and no sooner had he accepted the proposal to stand than he received by telegram the news of his unanimous election. Meantime a letter was on its way to him from the University of St. Andrews, but arrived too late, he was already elected at Glasgow.

Early this year Max Müller brought out his *Biographies of Words, and the Home of the Aryas.*

'The second part of the book,' says one review, 'is concerned with the discussion as to the home of our Aryan ancestors at the time of their division into the branches of the race which we now recognize. The early philologists were unanimous in selecting Asia as the continent, and there was a general disposition to fix on the mountain ganglion in Asia, the Pamir Steppe, known locally as "the roof of the world." Prof. Müller declines to regard it as possible to determine either the exact locality in which the proto-Aryans lived, or the exact language they spoke, or the date at which they parted company. He thinks that the preponderance of evidence favours an Asiatic rather than a European home for the whole race.'

The Appendix to this work contains several very valuable letters to Max Müller. One is on different plants and animals, others on the original name of Jade, whilst the last is on the question whether it was iron or copper that was known to the proto-Aryans, in addition to gold and silver. These subjects are all treated as throwing light on the home of the Aryas.

On March 9 the old German Emperor died, and Max Müller was asked to deliver the Oration at the great Memorial Meeting held by the Germans in Exeter Hall on March 24. It was a memorable occasion. The Hall was hung with black relieved

by silver, there was splendid music, the Funeral March from Beethoven's 'Grosse Symphonie,' Siegfried's Tod from the 'Götterdämmerung,' and lastly Wagner's 'Kaiser-Marsch'; and the 'Integer vitae' of Fleming, and Neefe's 'Wie sie so sanft ruh'n,' were exquisitely rendered by the joint choirs of the various German Musical Societies in London. Max Müller's speech was listened to with deepest interest and really breathless attention, and his allusion to the Emperor Frederick moved all hearts, and many were in tears. Our present King and other members of the Royal Family were present, and the Hall was crowded, every one in deep mourning. Max Müller's speech is given in the Appendix.

TO HERR G. VON BUNSEN.

OXFORD, *March* 27.

'I am indeed glad to see your writing again. Old age comes with its troubles. I, too, was unwell, but am now better. I could not let the opportunity pass without speaking my mind and my heart. It was an effort, but I could not say No. Yes, the days of '48, where are they, and how much is forgotten! As I was about it, I have written something about the present Emperor for the next *Contemporary Review*. One does what one can, what will come is in other hands. If it were only spring perhaps you would come to us, and we might talk over old times. There are few left with whom one can do so.'

The following letter bears no date, but must have been written to the Crown Prince during his stay at San Remo:—

Translation.

'From day to day I have asked myself, Shall I write, or shall I be silent? But I can no longer resist the desire. I was so firmly convinced that all danger was over, and now suddenly this terrible news, "overpowering, hopeless, showing men the power of the gods," these are the words that are always recurring to my mind. And yet not hopeless. No, imperial hero! You have seen greater hopes fulfilled, greater than the greatest kings and emperors. You were willing to lay down your life for that which Germany achieved with you and through you — Koniggrätz, and Worth, and Sedan. Who has such names on his shield? And yet that which was behind the shield,

deep in the heart, was greater and finer, and that remains untouched. If we only hold fast the belief that nothing happens but by the will of God, we learn to be still, and can bear everything. The older one grows, the more one feels sure that life here is but a long imprisonment, and one longs for freedom, and higher efforts. An imperial crown is a glorious ornament, and difficult to renounce, but how small and insignificant is all in this life, when we raise our eyes above. Gazing up to the Lord of the Universe, all strife is made easy. We speak different tongues when we think of the Highest, but we all mean the same thing. But one thing, as long as there is life there is hope, and a man who not only fills his place in life, but has won it for himself, does not give it up. The Englishman is proud, when it can be said, "He died in harness!" In one, in two, in five years much can be done, and much hindered, and the German people stand at your side, and will bear no tyranny. I can think of nothing, can do nothing; it is as if the last dream of life were dreamt. On all sides one sees and hears German mourning. Yet it is well, that we can suffer with each other. What can I say to Her Imperial Highness, the Crown Princess? That gold shines brightest in the furnace. My wife feels all that I feel.

'In old and true friendship.'

Early in April Max Müller was called on to mourn the loss of another relative and faithful friend, his cousin Emilie, Baroness Stolzenberg, widow of Prince Wilhelm of Dessau, whom she had survived twenty-three years. From his childhood she had been devoted to her little cousin, and after her marriage helped him in many ways, not only with money, but by her kindly support, when other members of the family looked askance at what they thought his unpractical views of life and work. To her he owed the introduction to Bunsen, to whom she wrote about him and his projects so early as 1844.

TO HIS DAUGHTER BEATRICE.

OXFORD, *April* 1, 1888.

'MY DEAR BEATRICE, — Aunt Emilie's death breaks another link that kept me to this life. From my earliest childhood she loved me dearly, and if anything happened to me, good or evil, my thoughts turned to her. There are few left to whom I feel still tied; I shall leave few behind who love me, but there are many who loved me, and

to whom I feel united as closely as ever. Those who are gone before us can be very near to us, and they seem to belong to us altogether.

'Ever your loving Father.'

The following letter was written in reply to one received from the Duke of Argyll on the subject of Max Müller's speech on March 24:—

TORQUAY, *April* 14, 1888.

'I did not wish to imply that Bunsen advised the King to yield to the Berlin mob. Bunsen, as far as I remember, was not in Berlin at that time. Of course, like everybody else, Bunsen was a little off his balance in February, 1848, and he thought that what happened in 1871 ought to happen in 1848. I believe he exercised an excellent influence on the Prince of Prussia at that time, and his advice has borne good fruit.

'When I spoke of the late Emperor as great, I thought I had made it clear that I spoke of his work, not of his personal gifts. But that was the very lesson I wanted to teach — that a very ordinary lever may be used in history to lift the world out of its old hinges. He had a good horse to ride, and he proved himself a good jockey. In his character, so far as I knew him, there was much to admire. He never was self-indulgent, he was very humble, very industrious, very truthful. How different from Napoleon le Grand! As to Charlemagne, we know very little of his private character — what we know of his family life does not give one a very high idea. But great as the work is which he achieved, it seems to me that a united Germany in the centre of modern Europe is a greater work, and the difficulties were enormous. No doubt, the Emperor had Bismarck's assistance. But Bismarck too is personally — so I am told — a very ordinary mortal; and far less free from human weaknesses than the Emperor. But he too knew how to ride his horse, and a splendid horse it was. In the end it was the German people, and in one sense, the German schoolmaster, who really did the work. But that is understood, and when we say that the Emperor won the battle of Sedan, we mean his generals, his officers, his soldiers down to the smallest drummer-boy. I have great faith in the future of Germany. If only England would take a leap and openly join the League of Peace, I do not see how war for some time to come would be possible. Where I admire Bismarck's cleverness is in his allowing so much Home Rule to Saxony, Bavaria, Würtemberg, &c., and yet reserving all imperial interests for the Reichstag. That showed a bold hand and real political genius.

I hope that no attempt will be made to simplify matters, as they call it, and to swallow up some of the minor principalities. They are centres of life and very useful, without being dangerous any longer.

'. . . On philosophical questions I should like to write to you more fully than I can at present. It requires an effort to see the inseparableness of language and thought. It has taken me a whole life to perceive it. People imagine that I hold that language and thought are identical. There is no sense in that. No two things can be identical. But they can be inseparable — neither can exist without the other, that is what I mean. We imagine that we can think without words, because we can distinguish between the sound and the meaning. So we can between an orange and its skin, but in *rerum natura* there is no skin without an orange nor an orange without a skin. You were one of the few men in England who I thought would see what I meant. But it requires an effort, and it is only an historical study of language in all its phases that has at last led me to the conviction that the Greeks were right, and that what really makes us men and distinguishes us from the animal, is the Logos, *i.e.* the gathering, or, as Hobbes said, addition and subtraction.'

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

OXFORD, *May* 17, 1888.

'I send you my paper, which will not take up much of your time, and yet, I hope, make my meaning of the oneness of thought and language clearer.

'When we say that we think of a thing, but cannot recollect its name, does not that mean that we think of it under different higher names, but cannot recollect its less special name? If I cannot recollect the name of a flower, I think of it and know it all the time under its more general names, say a kind of anemone, a flower, a growing thing, a visible thing, &c. I know it has a special name of its own, and I may remember that name in German, but cannot recall it in English — perhaps never knew it in English. All this does not prevent my thinking of the special flower under less special names, but to think of it at all, not merely to stare at it or remember its image, I must have names. If that is once admitted, much will follow from it — but I shall not have time to work it out.'

Translation. TO PROFESSOR BÜHLER. *May* 27.

'. . . Dr. Winternitz is getting on now much better, and if we go on working together so steadily, it is possible that I may live to see the conclusion of the *Editio Secundi*.

'My lectures at Glasgow on Religious Philosophy are interfering with my work, especially the second volume of the *Rig-veda* translation gets interrupted. Well, I sometimes seem to myself a "maid of all work," for everything is put upon me, though I am no longer young. Happily, however, my health is much better, and work agrees with me. . . .'

Early in June the Eighth Centenary of the University of Bologna was celebrated in that city. Max Müller was invited, but was unable to be present. He received the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and sent his thanks to the Rector as follows: —

OXFORD, *June* 12.

'MOST HONOURED AND ILLUSTRIOUS RECTOR, — I received today the Diploma by which the University of Bologna conferred on me the honour of Doctor of Philosophy at the celebration of its eighth centenary.

'Though I deeply regret that I was not able to be present to witness that great historical event, I feel proud indeed that your ancient and world-famed University should have thought of me as worthy of a distinction which can never be rivalled by any other honours.

'A University which has lived and worked 800 years represents one-third of the whole history of Europe.

'If 800 years constitute the life of your University, another 800 years will carry us back to the time of Constantine and the recognition of Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire, while another 800 years would bring us face to face with Junius Brutus, the founder of the Roman Republic.

'These thrice 800 years constitute the whole growth of that European civilization of which we are now enjoying the fruits, and which no country represents more worthily than Italy, the mother of civil self-government in ancient times, the guardian of religion during the darkest ages, and the nurse of academic learning and enlightenment during the last 800 years.

'To have had my name enrolled amongst those who on so solemn an occasion as the 800th anniversary of the University of Bologna were chosen as not unworthy members of your ancient and illustrious corporation, is a reward far exceeding my deserts, but valued with all the deeper gratitude.

'Please, as Rector of the University of Bologna, to accept my

sincere thanks and convey them to my honoured colleagues of the Faculty of Philosophy.

'I have the honour to remain, most illustrious Colleague,
'Yours, with sincere regard and gratitude.'

His deep feeling of anxiety about the Emperor Frederick was telling on Max Müller. He felt unable to attend to his work, and went off alone to West Malvern, where the fine air and more exercise than he could take in Oxford always restored him. There he heard of the Emperor's death, and there he stayed till Commemoration, which was going on at the time of the funeral, was over.

FROM HIS WIFE.

OXFORD, *June*.

'I don't doubt your thoughts, like mine, have been constantly to-day at Potsdam, that palace where we have seen them in their happy private life, where all their children were born, where she has watched over her two dying children, and now over her hero husband. I thought at ten o'clock of the long silent procession winding across the park, where they used to ride daily with their children in happier days, to that beautiful church, with the Rauch statues. I thought of our pleasant drive with them to the Prussian village, our hours with them in Venice, glimpses of them here and elsewhere from time to time, our sight of him at Ems, and all that one has hoped for and from him for years — all ended! What a perfect life it has been, as far as character goes, and who can say what of good he may not have done, in these last months of brave endurance! W. is not going to his club ball to-night. The Emperor was one of the people for whom he had a genuine feeling of respect.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. WEST MALVERN, *June* 16, 1888.

'You see I have followed your advice. I felt so tired, and fled here to the hills. The air here is a continuous refreshment, and the views are beautiful. The formation of the hills is volcanic, and they are covered everywhere with verdure. I have often been here, the last time with my two Japanese friends. One is dead, and the other is working in Japan.

'I received the sad news from Potsdam here. How incomprehensible are these blows of fate — how wonderful the world-symphony

must be in which even such discords as this cannot disturb the grand harmony! His death has entirely wiped out my last German dream. I sometimes thought that he might call me back to Germany — it might after all have been too late. I must now be content to stay here. Germany has not many attractions for me now.

'I am reading diligently now. I have read through Pfleiderer's thick volume of *Lectures*, also Teichmüller's *Religious Philosophy*, and am now reading Gruppe's *Greek Worship and Mythology*, important, or at least full of matter. His attack upon me gives me confidence in my own cause. Besides these I read many English books, which have to be read, to be *en rapport* with the majority.

'And how are you? The goodwill to live means so much. If you were only here, I should make you quite well. I run over the hills like a goat. I am quite alone here from morning till night; loneliness is sometimes very beneficial.'

TO HERR G. VON BUNSEN.

Translation. OXFORD, *July* 7.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — "It was not to be," that says everything, but it is like an earthquake, that overthrows everything. Who could have thought it when you brought the splendid *princeps iuventutis* to Oxford! One must look very high to measure such a fate rightly. . . . My wife and children are paying visits. I sit and toil over the lectures I have to give next winter in Glasgow. Twenty on Natural Religion. At first it was a great weight on me, now it is like new life. I was so glad to get, through you, a twenty-mark piece with the Emperor Frederick's head. It is very beautiful, and reminds me of him, as I saw him the evening before he left Windsor. He called me one of his oldest friends; since then I have heard nothing from him. I hope you are all well. You will still have plenty to do, for I expect serious conflicts, and the time may come when the liberal party may have to support Bismarck, so keep firm in the saddle. I hope to see Morier soon.'

TO G. ROMANES, ESQ.

July 1, 1888.

'Nothing I like better than when I meet a man who differs from me; he always gives me something, and for that I am grateful. Nor am I at all so hopeless as many people, who imagine that two people who differ can never arrive at a mutual understanding. On the contrary, I have been convinced by others and I have convinced others, particularly when we meet face to face. Why do people differ,

considering that they all begin with the same love of truth, and are all influenced by the same environment? Well, they often differ because one is ignorant of facts which the other knows and has specially studied. In that case I am willing to be guided by authority, or at all events to remain silent in the presence of those who know more facts than I do. For instance, if Chinese scholars tell me that they possess books written 4000 B.C., I hold my tongue. But in most cases people differ because they use their words loosely, and because they mix up different subjects instead of treating them one by one. I shall not therefore attempt to answer all your questions, or clear up all the points on which we differ, but take them one by one. You say that because I have proved that all *A* is *B*, I imagine I have proved that all *B* is *A*. You admit that we cannot have concepts without names, but you demur to the conclusion that we cannot have names without concepts. You see at once that you use *names* in two different senses. I speak first of concepts which we cannot have without names, and of such names, without which we cannot have concepts; and of such names only, I state that we cannot have them without concepts. This is a strictly logical inversion, and no more. But now you use the word name in a different sense, not as the *sine qua non* of a concept, but as a sign of something, a sensation, or a percept. Of course you may use name in that sense, but it leads to ambiguity. I know a good deal about the ways of parrots, and I understand the barkings of my dog better than most people. But I keep *name*, considering that it means originally *knowing*, for the signs of concepts. I should never use it for denotative signs or cries. I have shown again and again how even some of these denotative or imitative signs and cries lead a little way — chiefly by poetical metaphor — towards the confines of conceptual language, just as plants encroach on the shore-line of the animal kingdom. But the shore-line is there all the same. Now if we can come to an understanding on this point, if we can agree to use name in one sense and in one sense only, we may afterwards go on to the next point mooted in your letter. You must trust me if I tell you that the great bulk of the Sanskrit language has been derived from conceptual roots; and that words derived from cries, whether bow-wow, or pooh-pooh, or yo-he-ho, are mere outside crust. They may be called language, as we may call whistling language (there is a language consisting entirely of whistles), but we then use the same word in two very different meanings, and we have to pay for it. Language, so far as we can analyse it, begins with conceptual roots — what lies outside these roots could not be called language. How old

these roots are no one can ever find out; they are ultimate facts, just as the notes of our scale are ultimate facts for music, though we may say that they are noises rhythmified. *Onomatopoia* will never lead you to *ὀνόματα* — for that you may trust me, for I should have been delighted if it did. So much for to-day, and simply to show in what sense I say that as we can have no concepts without names, we can have no names without concepts.'

It was in this year that Max Müller signed a protest against the sacrifice of education to examinations, contributing, with several others, an article on the subject to the *Nineteenth Century*. 'Many years ago,' he used to say, 'we wanted examinations for the sake of schools and universities; now we have schools and universities solely for the sake of examinations.' He felt that the perpetual examinations at Oxford and Cambridge had destroyed all real joy in study. He also wished to see the examinations conducted by older men, who would try to find out what candidates knew; whereas young men, who are generally appointed as examiners, try to find out what candidates do not know.

TO MISS BYRD MCCALL.

OXFORD, *October* 22.

'My wife and daughter are gone to Buxton. In about a fortnight I shall go North, to Bradford, Bishopthorpe, Ripon, and then to Glasgow, where I shall stay till Christmas. I have to give sixteen lectures on Natural Religion, which is a hard task at my time of life. I have not been able to get away from Oxford the whole summer. This is my last work, and it ought to be done as well as possible, gathering up all the threads of my former labours, and showing what their object has been. Work is life to me, and when I am no longer able to work, life will be a heavy burden.'

TO B. M. MALABARI, ESQ.

October 24, 1888.

'I am pleased to see that the *Krishna Yajur-veda* has been undertaken by the Theosophical Publication Fund. This text will be useful, and I shall be glad to subscribe to it.

'But it seems to me, considering the higher objects of the Theosophical Society, that you ought to publish a complete and correct

edition of the *Upanishads*. The *Upanishads* are, after all, the most important portion of the *Vedas*, for philosophical purposes, and if the Theosophical Society means to do any real good, it must take its stand on the *Upanishads*, and *on nothing else*.

'If you have sufficient funds, you should also publish the Commentaries on the *Upanishads*, but that may be done later. At present, a beautiful and correct edition of the text seems to me almost a duty to be performed by the Theosophical Society.'

To Miss Byrd McCall.

Oxford, *October* 30.

'I wish I could think of some good book for you on Greek art, but Greek art with me belongs to the past. As one grows old, one says "good-bye" to some old friends — very soon to all. Greek art has always interested me, rather for what it meant to be than for what it was. At first art was meant to express thought and feeling; it often failed, but one liked to see the effort to express something. After a time, the purport of art to express thought or feeling was forgotten; the means became the object, and we get most beautiful copies of nature, true, but nothing behind nature, nothing that speaks and tells us something. So Greek art ceased to interest me, and I am ignorant of recent literature. However, if I should think of a book likely to interest you, I shall send it.

'I am very deep in the waters of despair! Sixteen lectures on Natural Religion is enough to drown anybody!

'I shall go next Monday to Bradford to lecture on *Savages*, to tell them, the worst savages are to be found in Europe.'

It was this year that Max Müller made personal acquaintance with Col. Olcott, one of Madame Blavatsky's ardent supporters, and a genuine believer in Esoteric Buddhism. On his return to India, he wrote, 'I am your debtor for one of the pleasantest days I ever passed, and shall always recall it with great satisfaction. It was indeed an honour to make your acquaintance.' Col. Olcott then pressed Max Müller to consider a suggestion he had made of removing the three images of Buddha, which friends will recollect as always standing on the hearth-stone in Max's library, to a nobler place. 'The Buddhists are very sensitive,' he says, 'about such things, and a

painful impression would be made upon the mind of any sincere person of that faith, if he should call at your house and see them in your fireplace.' Max Müller endeavoured to comfort Col. Olcott by assuring him that with the Greeks the hearth was the most sacred spot, and this had induced him to place these Buddhas, which had been taken from the great Temple of Rangoon, in that position.

On his way to Glasgow early in November, Max Müller lectured at Bradford on 'Savages,' staying with Sir Jacob Behrens, a great benefactor of Bradford. His daughter joined him the next day, and together they went to Bishopthorpe to visit his old friend Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York, where two pleasant days were spent. 'He is overworked,' wrote Max, 'and has no time for anything.' Two days were also spent at Ripon with the Bishop and Mrs. Carpenter.

By the middle of November Max Müller was settled at Glasgow with his wife and daughter, and began his first course of Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion. Everything was done by the various members of the University and many of the citizens to make the stay in their city agreeable to their guest. Soon after the first lecture the Student paper *Quiz* announced that

'Proud as we have been of our university, it is no exaggeration to say that additional lustre has been shed upon it by the presence of the Oxford professor who is now delivering within its precincts the first series of Gifford Lectures. . . . We hear a good deal now and then about the industry and pluck of Scottish students. But at the conclusion of Professor Müller's first lecture there seemed to be only one opinion among his audience, and that was, that in explaining how he had come to devote himself to the study of the sacred literature of the East, and how he hoped by means of the Gifford Lectures to complete and round off the work of his life, he had quite unintentionally taught his hearers a valuable lesson as to the power of industry and perseverance.'

After speaking of the lecturer's style, the writer ends thus: 'He combines at once the boldness and originality of the Germans and the clear, practical, good-sense of the English.'

About 1,400 people were at the first lecture, and the audience settled down into a steady attendance throughout the course of above 1,000, which to an Oxford Professor accustomed to consider 50 a fair number, was a great gratification, and amply repaid the lecturer for all the time and thought bestowed on his work.

A friend wrote to Max Müller at the time: —

'These lectures have given you a reason and opportunity for saying what you had to say on the greatest of all subjects. The longer one lives, the more clearly one sees the terrible mischief done to real genuine religion, I mean piety, the desire to live and work as children of the All-Father, by those who call themselves orthodox; and anything, lecture, book, or sermon, that shows clearly the universality of religious belief, that there *is* one feeling that should bind together all nations, is the best bit of work any one can do. How much you have done already to inculcate this: more than any one now living in England, where religious belief was and is of the narrowest — whether among High Church, Evangelicals, or Dissenters — all alike seeing true faith only in their own little sect, and complacently leaving all others out in the cold.'

Before he left Glasgow a great dinner was given to Max Müller at the University Club, which was attended by Principal Caird and many of the Professors and leading members of the city. The Scotch are fond of banquets and speeches, and on this occasion there were nine toasts, and as many as eighteen speeches. Max Müller also received a deputation from the University Independent Club, thanking him for having been willing to stand for the office of Lord Rector as the Independent Candidate. Under the guidance of some of the younger Professors, he attended various students' meetings, which recalled to him his own German student days, so different to the 'wines' in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge.

The lectures were closely followed by a large number of the Glasgow Professors, Dr. Dickson, Professor of Divinity, hearing the whole sixteen. Ministers of every denomination were in the body of the hall, Established, Free Church, Evangelical Union, &c., even Roman Catholic priests. The whole of this

course was introductory, and the lectures fell under three divisions, (1) The definition of Natural Religion, (2) The proper method of its treatment, (3) The materials available for its study. On returning from Glasgow just before Christmas, Max Müller began at once to prepare these first Lectures on Natural Religion for press. A separate brochure of the Introductory Lecture had been printed and sent to many friends. The following letter from a man in humble life shows how widely Max Muller's works were known and appreciated. The man was known to the Sellars of Edinburgh, Max Müller's old friends, and had often talked of his books with Professor Sellar. Hence the gift referred to in the letter: —

TO PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

CAB OFFICE, EDINBURGH.

'ILLUSTRIOUS SIR, — I wish I could convey to you in adequate language my feelings of gratitude for the distinguished honour you have conferred upon me, in presenting me with a copy of your first lecture. My feelings have been stirred in such a manner that I have not experienced since first I read Dante. You tell the story of your life-work in so fascinating a manner that I feel in the presence and power of, I was going to say, an illustrious personage, embodying philosopher, scholar, teacher, but that does not convey what I feel. You are the Dante of modern scholarship. I am all the poorer to-day in that I missed hearing you when you were lecturing in Edinburgh, but I shall deem it a misfortune indeed if I am not present at your concluding lecture, and witness the ovation that is awaiting you. I am sorry to trouble you for the information, but if you can get conveyed to me the date, hour, and mode of admission to your concluding lecture you will increase the obligations which I already feel.'

Some years before, travelling with his whole family from South Wales, the guard had been very helpful and attentive, and on changing trains Max Müller offered him a tip, without an idea that the man knew him by sight. 'Oh, sir!' said the guard, 'would you send me instead one of your books? I have read some of them.' Needless to say, one was sent off at once to the address the man gave.

TO PROFESSOR LORIMER.

OXFORD, *January* 20, 1889.

'Accept my very best thanks for your letter. I wish I had known that Lord Gifford was a friend of yours. But I assure you I did my best to get information about him, and entirely failed. Mr. —— is about the most reticent man I ever met. I tried all I could to make him speak, but he would not even say "Yes" or "No." However, when I was at Edinburgh for a day I saw Lord Gifford's brother, and though he differs from his brother, he spoke very kindly about him. Then I got some more information from his doctor, and that I have embodied in the reprint of my lecture. If the sheets are not struck off, I shall try, if you do not object, to add something from your letter, but I am afraid it is too late. I have, however, stated that Lord Gifford decidedly gave up his belief in miracles, in the ordinary sense of that word, partly as a judge, on account of want of evidence, partly as a Christian, because they seemed to him in conflict with the exalted spirit of Christ.

'Nothing could have been kinder than my reception at Glasgow. It was hard work having to lecture in the Bute Hall, but I felt that I was in touch with many minds, and that helps. I have been asked to print my lectures as I delivered them, and not to spoil them by learned notes. I have yielded, though rather reluctantly, and I hope the first volume (*Definition, Method and Materials*) will be out this summer.

'And now allow me to ask you a question. For a busy man like me it is impossible to read books as they appear, and so I have only lately, while writing my lectures, been able to read your *Institution of Law*, which you kindly sent me some years ago. First let me thank you for the kind words you have said about me, and, I may add, about my old friend Bunsen. My object in reading your book was to learn something about the relation of law to religion. I see, however, that you lay the principal stress on the relation between law and ethics, though you secure for ethics a divine basis. What you say about conscience is just the same as I had said in my lectures. But though you rejoice in your Professor of Moral Philosophy not treating conscience as a separate faculty of knowing what is right or wrong, you will see that your colleague, Professor Flint, holds the old view in his *Theism*, i. p. 216.

'What I am anxious to know is whether there is any book which shows how closely religion, I mean outward religion, was connected with law, and how law grew up under the wing of religion. Maine

has shown it a little in his *Ancient Law*, and in his article on *International Law*, as starting from *Gastfreundschaft* and Ζεὺς ξένιος.

'But I should think the subject must have been treated in fuller detail. Could you refer me to any book not too bulky? In India the case is as clear as possible, but I want evidence from other civilized nations, and not only from savages.'

TO THE SAME.

OXFORD, *January* 25, 1889.

'I have just returned from London, and find your letter and your kind present waiting for me. Accept my best thanks for both. My question as to the dependence of law on religion referred to ancient times rather than to mediaeval ages, I might almost say to prehistoric times, at least to a period when the earliest legal terms such as *fas*, *lex*, *jus*, *spondeo*, &c., were formal and fixed. I am afraid I shall have to be satisfied with indicating what I want to know myself, and what I hope some more competent person will carry out.

'I shall not be able to gather any more information about Lord Gifford for the present. I hope some other lecturer will do fuller justice to his memory. I send you the proof-sheets of my first lecture. Would you kindly return them to me, also a little slip I sent with the first sheet, and on which I had noted down some of your remarks on Lord Gifford.'

TO PROFESSOR NOIRÉ.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, *February* 9, 1889.

'MY POOR DEAR FRIEND,—I hear that you feel a little better at Mainz, but that you are still far from well. It is sad to think that everything in life turns out so different from what we expected. But ah, it is difficult to make that thought one's own and to bear calmly all the dissonances, in the hope that in time they must all dissolve into harmony. How I should like to come to you, but what good would that do you? And besides I am so tied here now, as I have used up all my holiday in Glasgow. But my thoughts are with you every day, and I do hope that soon I may hear better news about you. I am printing my Glasgow lectures, which still occupy me much. Other work is not lacking, and yet I feel well, though I am so much older than you are. Well, the chief thing is to keep still, and to feel the desire in oneself to get better. With all good wishes for your recovery.'

In February Max Müller opened the yearly course of University Extension Lectures in London, by a lecture at the Mansion House on 'Some Lessons of Antiquity,' which is published in Vol. I. of the new edition of *Chips*. The Egyptian Hall was entirely filled, and the lecture was listened to with great interest; one of the subjects touched on — the relative weight of gold and silver coins in ancient times — calling forth a good deal of criticism in the daily papers, to which Max Müller replied, though declining to enter on the thorny paths of the question of bimetallism, where, as he said, 'wrens make prey, and eagles may not perch.'

This year Max Müller lost his valued friend Professor Noiré of Mainz. It is seldom that it happens to any one so late in life to form so close a friendship as did Max Müller with Professor Noiré. It was perhaps the more strange as the friendship originated (as has been mentioned, ii. p. 39) in Noiré's violent attack on Max Müller's earlier writings. Noiré was alone in the world, entirely without relations, yet a man of the most loving nature. No wonder that his heart was moved on meeting with another equally warm and loving, and far less pessimistic than himself. Max Müller long missed and mourned his friend.

Two lectures were given in March, one at Sheffield and one at Leeds, on the *Sacred Books of the East*. These were almost the last single lectures Max Müller delivered anywhere out of Oxford. He found the effort and excitement more than was good for him, and though constantly pressed in later years to give single lectures in various places, he never again accepted any invitations, except one at Toynbee Hall, in April of this year, when he gave the last Saturday Evening Lecture for the winter Term. This was also on the *Sacred Books*. The room was very full, and many were unable to gain admittance. He received an enthusiastic welcome, and hearty wishes were expressed that they might hear him again. But this was the only occasion on which he lectured at Toynbee Hall, though he had felt great interest in the Institution from the first.

TO KLAUS GROTH.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, *May* 2, 1889.

'My congratulations for your seventieth birthday will, I fear, reach you somewhat late, but you will feel all the same the hearty greetings they are meant to convey to you. How I rejoice to hear once more that you are happy and that you have found in your fatherland the love and appreciation which you so richly deserve. May it be granted to you to enjoy years of quiet and peace in the evening of life! I also approach to the tenth "7" of evil omen, and I long for rest, but do not find it. We are well on the whole, but after such heavy storms as we have experienced one longs for the haven of rest. Work does not decrease, but increases year by year — sometimes it seems almost too much.

'Who knows whether the autumn may not perhaps bring me to Kiel? The King of Sweden has invited me as his guest to the International Oriental Congress at Stockholm, and it will be difficult to say "No" should there be the least possibility of going.

'It is also possible that the monument to my father, in which you have taken such sympathetic interest, may be completed this year, and that of course would take me to Germany.'

A few days after this Max Müller attended the banquet of the Royal Academy, where he had to reply to the toast of Literature. He often said it was one of the greatest ordeals he had ever been called on to pass through, and he used to confess that he came to a pause in the middle of his speech, his attention having been diverted for a moment by a passing incident. The pause could have been but momentary, and he must have recovered his thread in an instant, though to him it had seemed an agony of long duration, for when Browning congratulated him on his brilliant speech, and Max Müller replied in return, 'But the pause was awful!' 'Pause?' said Browning, 'I was attending closely, and I remarked none.'

TO DOCTOR (NOW SIR WILLIAM) RUSSELL, WHO WAS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

OXFORD, *May* 12, 1889.

'Where is *Iquique?* I know if I wrote to you *Ubique* it would find you, but where is Iquique? Meanwhile let me congratulate you

on your wanderings. I thought of you on the Pyramids, or among the Dervishes, and now, like the seal in the Zoological Gardens, you turn up in the Straits of Magellan. It is too late to ask you to bring a baby from Tierra del Fuego home with you. I have been writing a good deal about these Fuegians lately. Darwin said they were like the Devils in the *Freischütz*. I have now before me a Dictionary of their language containing more than 30,000 words, and remember Shakespeare uses no more than 15,000 words. Then what are these Devils talking about with double that number? I hope you are not taking up your permanent abode among those eloquent savages! If you come home before the Parnell Commission is over, you will find plenty of eloquent savages in London. And what has become of the old Irish fun? not a trace of it during all those dreary weeks. Yes, one little scrap. Henry George lecturing in Ireland, telling them the earth was created for all men, that Adam never paid rent for his acres in Paradise. Shrill voice from a corner of the room, "Sure, but wasn't he evicted then?" We shall stay here till the end of August, and then go to Sweden. I have just finished printing my Gifford Lectures on *Natural Religion* — Religion *au naturel*, they call it — 600 pages, and a volume of my new edition of the *Veda* — you remember that in 1848 — 1,000 pages quarto. Pity the sorrows of a poor scholar! Hard labour for life, that seems to be my sentence.'

In June, the engagement of his only surviving daughter to T. C. Colyer-Fergusson, of Ightham Mote, was a source of great happiness to Max Müller. The early part of Long Vacation was spent at Oxford, varied by short visits to London, Claremont, Highclere, and other places.

TO THE PRINCESS MOTHER OF WIED.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD, *July* 30, 1889.

'YOUR HIGHNESS, — I have just received through Sir Robert Collins your kind invitation to Segenhaus. I cannot think how it happens that either my letters do not reach Herr von Roggenbach, or else he does not answer them. I asked him whether I might perhaps see your Highness at Neuwied about the middle of August, and I begged him to wire to me as soon as possible. Not having received any answer, my wife and I made other plans. But I return to my long-cherished wish. Should my wife and I be able to see

your Highness at Segenhaus about the middle of August? also Herr von Roggenbach and perhaps the Prince and Princess and possibly even the Queen of Roumania? That would be quite delightful, only might I hear as soon as possible, so as to fix our plans accordingly? We are bound to arrive at Malmo on September 1, in time for the Oriental Congress at Stockholm. And before that date I am due at Berlin and at Dessau. My daughter goes to Scotland to her future parents-in-law, Sir James and Lady Fergusson; my son goes to Schwalbach, after his examination work; so we two old people are alone again, and intend going on a wedding-tour as we did thirty years ago!

'A line or a telegram would fix our plans definitely.'

At the Summer Meeting this year of the University Extension Students, which was the second held in Oxford, Max Müller delivered three lectures in the Sheldonian Theatre on 'Language.' These were published the next year in a small volume, and were republished in America in 1891, with a supplement, 'My Predecessors,' which had appeared in the *Contemporary* in 1888.

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

OXFORD, *August* 9, 1889.

'Every creative act in language was performed by *one* individual, and, if passively—I mean, driven by outside influences—yet consciously. The unconscious and almost irrational element in the growth of language is due to the acceptance or non-acceptance of individual creations by the majority. The play of this action and reaction does not seem reducible to any rule. By slowly elaborating the rules of language or grammar, the speakers elaborate or bring out the universal laws of thought, and these rule in the realm of thought just as usages that have been found useful become the laws of a political commonwealth.'

The middle of August Max Müller and his wife left for Sweden, for the eighth Oriental Congress. They spent three days with the Princess Mother of Wied at Mon Repos, and went on to Homburg to see the Empress Frederick, and then by Dresden to Dessau, where a pleasant week was spent with the few left of the large family circle whom they had visited there

on their honeymoon thirty years before! From Dessau they travelled by Berlin, where Max Müller saw his old friend von Schlötzer for the last time, to Stralsund, one of the most interesting, though to English people, least known of the Baltic towns, with its fine red-brick buildings.

The next day, after a good passage, the travellers reached Malmö in Sweden, where they landed with many other members of the Congress, amidst enthusiastic crowds. Stockholm was reached next morning. The King opened the Congress in person, and welcomed the members in French, and in the evening he received the whole Congress at Dröttningholm, his palace up the Malar. On the return, the river was illuminated for miles. One day was given to Old Upsala, where the university students welcomed the guests, and where Max Müller, standing on the 'Graves of the Gods,' three huge tumuli, gave the students a stirring address. Each morning was spent in the work of the Congress, Max Müller being first President of the Aryan Section. In common with the other King's guests, twelve representatives from twelve different countries, he dined one night with the King, and received from him the Order of the Polar Star, first class, with star. Max Müller himself read a paper at the last working sitting, when he presented the *Sacred Books of the East* to the King as Protector of the eighth Congress. The King closed the first part of the meeting held at Stockholm in a Latin speech, which excited the greatest admiration. The Congress then moved on to Christiania. The whole meeting had been a continued triumph for Max Müller, and a revelation to him of how extensively his books had been read and appreciated. At the stations where the train stopped, people ran along the line, shouting his name, and at Drammen, an old clergyman when he saw him, grasped his hand, saying, 'I have driven in thirty miles just to see you, and tell you all I owe to your books.' Some of the other eminent men who were present could hardly conceal their feelings of jealousy, while the recipient of all this honour, though deeply gratified by the real affection shown for

him, remained simple and unaffected throughout, and it required the watchful efforts of many of the members to induce him to show himself at the carriage windows to his ardent admirers. On leaving Christiania the great Falls of Trollhattan were visited on the way to Gothenburg, where the final banquet was held, and the members of the Congress separated. The Max Müllers returned by Copenhagen, Bremen, and Flushing.

In spite of the brilliant festivities and the many apparent hindrances to business, Max Müller always maintained that a firmer foundation had been laid at this Congress for future work than at any former Meeting.

One amusing incident touching Max Müller only came to light a year or two later. At the final banquet at Stockholm a menu was prepared in which all the dishes were described in different oriental languages by the learned members of the Congress. To Max Müller was assigned the task of describing salmon (*Lax*) in Vedic Sanskrit. About a year later a paragraph appeared in a Lahore paper, as follows: —

'Professor Max Müller, who is looked upon as a great Sanskrit scholar by some of our fellow countrymen, and as one who has great respect for the ancient literature of this country, has, it appears, been making fun of the *Vedas* for the delectation of his friends. He has composed what is termed the *Matsya Sukta*, consisting of six Mantras in praise and honour of Laksha, a species of fish. We will give here a translation of it: "(1) O friends, sing the praises of this wonderful fish, whose name is Laksha, and which is the beloved of the people. (2) When, after having been fed in the sea, and looked after and protected in the rivers, it became hale and strong, it came to us as a guest. (3) May this Laksha, whose praises the poets of this age should sing, as they have been sung by those of old, bring unto us the goddess Lakshami. (4) Come and look at it, how red its flesh is! How pretty it looks, how like silver it shines! (5 and 6) Broth, prepared from its flesh, is palatable, and worthy of kings, and hence it is that we long for it in this assembly. This beloved fish, which is so pretty that we cannot be satiated by looking at it, is worthy the table of kings." These are the sublime sentiments embodied in the Professor's *Sukta!* But what, we may ask, can the Professor's object be in composing it? Why, merely to express his contempt of the

Vedic teaching. Will this open the eyes of those who are such admirers of the Professor, and who regard him as a great admirer of our past?'

Max Müller's attention was drawn to this paragraph by a Hindu admirer, who took the whole thing as seriously as did the writer in the paper.

January, 1891.

'DEAR SIR, — An article has appeared in an Urdu paper, in which after saying that interested parties have been interpolating the Hindu *Shastras*, the writer accuses you of the same thing, *i.e.* that you have interpolated certain Mantras in the *Vedas*. Now to us it seems a clear misrepresentation and falsehood, and as this article has been copied by other papers, would you kindly give me the true facts of the case?

'Yours truly,

'S. N. AGNIHOTRIS,

'Minister Diva Somâj.'

To this Max Müller answered: —

OXFORD, *February* 7, 1891.

'DEAR SIR, — I am much obliged to you for sending me the extracts from the *Arya Gazette*. They are very amusing, but they can hardly have been intended as serious.'

Max Müller then describes the banquet at Stockholm, and how he came to write in praise of the salmon (*lax* in Swedish).

'I confess I was afraid that I might have used grammatical forms not entirely Vedic, or made a mistake in the Vedic, but I did not expect that I should have been accused of an attempt at forging a Vedic Hymn!'

This autumn Max received a letter from a clergyman in Boston, America, asking him whether the word Christos did not mean a *quality* rather than a *person*, whether it was not a *characteristic* passing gradually into a *name*, and whether the word had not been used among the Greeks before the birth of Jesus. The writer adds: —

'I owe more to you than to any other man for establishing me in the sympathies of religion; and helping me to appreciate the breadth

of the Christian instructions. I find great help in all your works, and many times have felt a strong impulse to write and tell you of the great services you have rendered. Let me thank you again for what your work has been to me.'

Unfortunately no answer was sent to the above, as the writer contemplated a visit to England, and it was thought that the subject was too vast for a letter. In sending this information to the Editor, Mr. Rexford says: —

'I feel more deeply indebted to Max Müller than to any one man for my understanding of religion. He made it sacred by declaring it a universal factum for man, instead of making it artificial by declaring it local and special. More and more I think all the world appreciates the colossal task which he accomplished. It seems a misfortune that he should have been called away from so great a work, but he has taught us all to be submissive.'

TO SIR ROBERT COLLINS.

OXFORD, *October* 18.

'I write to ask you for some advice. When I was at Stockholm the King gave me with his own hand the Polar Star, first class, with star, and expressed a hope that the Queen would allow me to wear it. What ought I to do? I want on no account to ask anything that the Queen would have to refuse, and I know, of course, that in certain official quarters no opportunity would be missed to annoy or injure me. The King told me that the star which he gave me was the highest distinction which could be given in Sweden to men of science. We had a splendid meeting. The King was perfectly charming, and when at last he addressed us all in a Latin speech without any notes, that lasted nearly a quarter of an hour, the Professors were in raptures. He is a very remarkable man, and yet how little the world knows of him!'

The Duchess of Albany herself brought her Uncle, the King's, wish before the Queen, who at once gave her gracious permission to wear the Polar Star at Court. Only a few months before Max Müller's death, the King of Sweden sent him the Grand Cross of the Order. Several friends were by chance at his house, when the Secretary of Legation arrived from London

with the decoration, and will remember Max Müller's pleasure at this wholly unexpected honour, and the sad feeling of those present that, shattered as his health was already, there was little hope it could ever be worn. Max Müller was right in his fears expressed to Sir Robert Collins. Red-tape tried to interfere, saying that a *British subject* ought to have no foreign Order. Her Majesty remembered that, when a few years previously she had wished to bestow an English Order on Max Müller, the objection was made that he was a *foreigner*. The present cabal was therefore stopped by the command: 'Max Müller may certainly accept the Order, for though naturalized, he is still a German.' In sending his 'most humble and sincere thanks for this new mark of Her Majesty's royal favour,' through Sir Henry Ponsonby, Max Müller adds, 'which I appreciate all the more as being, though not by birth, yet by choice, one of Her Majesty's most loyal and devoted subjects.'

A friend, in writing to congratulate him on the distinction, says: 'Every fresh honour paid you causes me to reflect afresh on what I would fain forget, the remissness of our own Government in not recognizing your claims.'

During this autumn the criticisms on Max Müller's first Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion began to appear. One friend to whom he had sent his book, writes: —

'I like the book greatly, and I am glad that you have said what you do. The time had come for saying it, and some of us had kept silence too long. You will of course be attacked, but the time will very soon come when you will be recognized as having done a real service to religion.'

His definition of Religion, as consisting 'in the perception of the infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of man' was questioned and objected to in many quarters. 'This first course,' says Max Müller, 'was purely introductory. It contained an examination of the various definitions of natural religion, and a statement of the objects which it may hope to achieve.' Whilst one critic declared that 'it is by these Lectures the author will be longest

remembered; they cover the whole field of study with which his name is associated, and they present his conclusions and opinions in their matured form'; another summed up his criticism with the assertion that 'the learned Professor found something good in every religion, *except in Christianity*.'

But neither praise nor blame moved him, and he was strengthened by the conviction that he had done his best in the cause of truth.

Max Müller had postponed his second Gifford Lectures till February, 1890, and the work of this autumn Term was devoted to finishing them. Being his daughter's last Term in her old home, it was also one of constant social intercourse and gaiety, and many farewell visits too were paid to old friends and relatives, and the Lectures progressed but slowly.

CHAPTER XXX

1890–1891

School of Modern Oriental Studies. Daughter's Wedding. Second Gifford Lectures. Malabari and Infant Marriages. Deal. Queen of Roumania. Birth of first Grandchild. Third Gifford Lectures. Attacks on Lectures. Christening of Grandson. Dr. Leitner's Oriental Congress. Visit of Prince of Naples. British Association at Cardiff. Wildbad. Unveiling of Monument to Wilhelm Müller. *Science of Language* rewritten. Resignation of Dean Liddell.

THE first work of this year was connected with the establishment of an Institute which appealed peculiarly to Max Müller, as filling a gap in our system of education which had weighed heavily on him for more than thirty years. This was the establishment by the Imperial Institute, in connexion with University College and King's College, London, of a School of Modern Oriental Studies. Max Müller was asked to give the Inaugural Address, at the Royal Institution, on January 14. The Prince of Wales, our King, as President of the Imperial Institute, was in the chair. In his address, Max Müller adverted to the efforts he had made more than thirty years previously, at the time of the Crimean War, and then again after the Indian Mutiny, to call attention to this great need in English education; but he had spoken then to deaf ears, notwithstanding the interest which it was known the Prince Consort took in the subject. He acknowledged that the schools and universities had since then done their best, but entirely without support or aid from Government. Yet, as the speaker said, when Imperial interests are at stake, the country has a right to expect Imperial, that is, concentrated, action, such action as has been taken in Russia, France, Austria, and

Germany. The night before, Max Müller had written to Sir Frederick Abel, the Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Oriental School: —

TO SIR F. ABEL.

January 13, 1890.

'I hope a beginning has been made. It seems to me absolutely necessary that the sinews of war should be supplied by the Government. If it declines, then nothing remains but to go begging in the City, in Manchester, Birmingham, &c.'

In his speech Max Müller mentioned the number of letters he received from manufacturers and others, asking him to translate advertisements or notices in Oriental papers; and he hoped in future the new School of Oriental Studies would be able to supply such information to every merchant in the British Isles. He then dwelt more particularly on the great benefit it would be to India, if not only officers and civil servants had every facility for acquiring the vernaculars, but merchants, clerks, and employés in general; how the task of government and life in India would be simplified if the governing race were able, by knowledge of their languages, to enter more readily into the thoughts, lives, and aspirations of those they governed. The Prince of Wales, in thanking Max Müller for his 'interesting and eloquent speech,' spoke of him as 'one whom, ever since my undergraduate days at Oxford, I have had the advantage and privilege of knowing.'

Max Müller's speech was keenly appreciated in India, and reviewed in many Indian papers.

The newspapers took up the subject warmly, and the great daily papers, not only in London, but in the provinces, emphasized the importance of the School for practical purposes, and urged the need of Government support; yet but a few days later, Max Müller heard from the Chairman of the Committee of Management that there was little prospect of receiving any assistance from Government; and thus this subject, of such vital importance to the country, notwithstanding the efforts and

interest of the Prince of Wales, was again left to private enterprise.

The Government has never contributed in any way towards the maintenance of the School of Modern Oriental Studies, established by the Imperial Institute authorities. When the School had been organized by the joint action of the Institute, King's College, and University College, and placed under the direction of a committee representing each institution, application was made to the Foreign Office and the War Office to obtain an official recognition of the School, by including in the circulars issued to candidates for Government appointments in Oriental countries the languages, taught at it, as optional subjects for the first examinations for such appointments; and, in making this application, it was especially stated that no pecuniary assistance was at that time desired. But this application, although repeated and supported by eminent authorities, was not entertained, and the School has simply continued to this day a struggling existence, supported only by the reputations of the two Colleges, and by a fund furnished by the daughters of the late Colonel Ouseley for the establishment of a few scholarships in Oriental languages.

Max Müller's youngest and only surviving daughter was married on January 30 in Christ Church Cathedral to Thomas Colyer Colyer-Fergusson, of Ightham Mote, Kent. Her happy marriage, his son-in-law's affection, and constant visits to their beautiful old home, were important factors in the happiness of his later years.

As soon as the wedding was over, Max Müller and his wife went to Glasgow, for the second course of Gifford Lectures, on Physical Religion. If the six weeks of their stay in Glasgow were not so entirely filled by social engagements as the first in 1888, they were varied by visits to Thornliebank, Mr. Crum's; Largs, Sir W. Thomson's place on the coast, and to friends at St. Andrews and Edinburgh, besides pleasant day visits to places immediately round Glasgow.

The lectures were again very well attended, even though

the audiences were not quite as large as at the first series. This second course was intended to show how different nations had arrived at a belief in many gods in nature, and at last in One God, above all gods; how, in fact, they had conceived and named what Max Müller called the infinite in nature, or that which underlies all that is finite and phenomenal in our experience. Physical religion is the earliest form of human faith, and is based on the phenomena of nature, through which man in his earlier stages of thought endeavoured to account for what lay behind the veil of nature, and created in his own mind the gods of the sky, the fire, and the storm, which concepts, in the development of ages, culminated in our belief in God, the Father. Although traces of physical religion may be found everywhere and among all races, Max Müller limited his study of its origin and growth to a single country at first, choosing India for the reason that in no other country is physical religion in its simplest form so completely developed as there. Towards the close of the spring, he was elected for a further two years.

Whilst at Glasgow Max Müller, after a lapse of several years, heard again from his friend Mr. Mozoomdar, who was discouraged in his work by the divisions in the Brâhma Somâj since the death of Keshub Chunder Sen. He writes: —

'Much of Keshub's outward work was premature. It will have to be re-embodied and done again. Some one else will have to do it. For myself, it is enough if I can keep the great ideals untainted, and stand firm on the old ground, in spite of the influences that tend to drag us downwards. Perhaps you in Europe, where centres of thought are easily formed, and social sympathies soon organized, cannot conceive the absolute desertion that overtakes truth in the far East.'

TO B. M. MALABARI, ESQ.

March 12.

'Your suggestion of a journey to India has gratified me very much, but I have come to the conclusion that at my time of life, and with so much important work still to finish, I must not think of it. It is a great self-denial, doubly difficult, after what you told me, that some

of my Indian friends would have been willing to defray my expenses. There would have been no necessity for that, still that such an idea should have been entertained was a great pleasure to me. You are perhaps not aware of the intrigues which some so-called Sanskrit scholars and their friends, old members of the Indian Civil Service, have for years been carrying on against me, as a defender of the Indian character. However, old as I am, I never believe in the success of wickedness; and hitherto it is curious how my enemies have always been, against their will, my greatest benefactors.

'I feel sure you will find the same in your battles for what you consider right. We may be all of us mistaken in what we consider right, but so long as we believe it right, we must fight for it. I have never doubted that early marriage is the greatest impediment in the natural development of a woman's character, and I am equally certain that your stunted wives and mothers are the chief cause of the slow, the very slow social progress in India. You have made rapid progress in everything else, but you do not know yet what light an educated, healthy, and thoughtful wife can spread over every home, whether rich or poor. You deprive your children of the happiest time of their lives, their independent youth, or, at all events, you shorten that period, the happiest in an English girl's life, without any rhyme or reason. I know, of course, all your difficulties, and I never expected you would be able to grapple with some of them so well as you have done. You suffer from your mediaeval traditions, just as we did in Europe. Go back beyond your Middle Ages, go back to your really ancient literature, and you will find there no mothers of twelve years of age, but strong, healthy, educated women, who could even be trusted to choose their husbands. I have nothing to say on the physiological side of the question; but from a psychological point of view, marriage at ten, at twelve, even at fifteen, seems to me the surest means to stunt the natural growth of the mind in its various phases. The law should prevent all that is really noxious to physical health; no individual effort on the part of men of light and leading in India can effect a change in the long-established custom.

'I quite agree with what you say about Ramabai. There you see what an Indian woman *can* be. Most Indian women can talk of nothing but their trinkets, their dresses and their family affairs. With Ramabai you can talk about everything. And what is more important still, you can perfectly trust her—and what a blessing that is! I knew her becoming a Christian would deprive her of many means of usefulness. I quite agreed with her, when she told me "a good Brâhmani can be a good Christian." But now that she

has become a Christian — and I could quite understand her motives — she will have to prove that "a good Christian can be a good Brâhmani"; and you ought all to help her in her work. If you see her, please tell her we often speak of her, and wish her all success.

'I am very busy, as usual. I have just finished the printing of the first volume of the new edition of the *Rig-veda* and *Sâyanâ*. I am printing my *Lectures on Natural Religion*, delivered at Glasgow, and a new edition of my *Lectures on Language*, to say nothing of smaller matters. It is such a pity that one has to do so much mechanical work, which any young man might do quite as well; and there is little time left to do what one can do best. Life in England is so expensive — unnecessarily so. You are much more independent in that respect in India. Still, as long as I can work, I do not complain, and I have through life always been able to make as much as I wanted, and a little more.

'I hope you are in good health and spirits, and that the work in which you have done so much, is advancing steadily. Trees do not grow to their full height in a few years. If only they grow, that is enough, even though they who planted and watered them are forgotten, and receive small thanks. *Work done* is the true happiness of life, and you must feel that you have done some good work.'

TO THE SAME.

OXFORD, *March* 29, 1890.

'Let me thank you, first of all, for your unflagging interest in the translation of my *Hibbert Lectures*. I hope, like seed scattered broadcast over a field, a grain here and there will bear fruit. We can do little more than to sow. You yourself have done that all your life, and you must know how often some of our best intentions lead to nothing, while others succeed beyond our expectations. I am glad to hear that you are going to allow yourself some rest, and pay us a visit in England. Be sure of a very hearty welcome at my house, whenever you come to Oxford. When you told me that some of your countrymen wished to invite me to India, I was very much pleased. You know how angry the Anglo-Indians are with me for having spoken the truth about India and the Indians. An expression of sympathy therefore from India will show them that, after all, I am not so ignorant of "What India can teach us" as they wish the public in England to believe, and that I have friends in India, though I have never been there in the body.

'I have just received the number of the *Indian Spectator*, con-

taining a review of my *Natural Religion*. I was very much pleased, and have to thank the writer, whoever he is.'

TO HIS SON.

OXFORD, *March* 27.

'I do not believe that there has been much of a quarrel between the Emperor and Bismarck. Bismarck is tired, he knew that the Emperor was not in full sympathy with him, and he thought the present moment the most opportune for effecting a transition that otherwise might take place under less favourable circumstances. There have always been two natures in Bismarck — littlenesses on the surface, and great principles at the bottom. No doubt, the littlenesses often predominated, but he was seldom carried away by them. However, we shall see. There will be squabbles in the next Chamber, and the Centre will have a good time of it.'

The following letter, which belongs to this date, shows the feeling for Max Müller in Sweden: —

STOCKHOLM, *April* 4, 1890.

'HONOURED SIR, — Count Landberg has asked me to send you a curious article which appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung*. I am glad indeed of the opportunity to tell you at last, what I longed to tell you months ago. In your book, *The Science of Thought*, you develop in your well-known masterly manner the close connexion which exists between word and thought. All who read your fascinating statements, so rich in original ideas, cannot but feel deeply grateful to you. How much more he who has had the honour of receiving the book from the author, from Max Müller himself!

'However, I say much too little when I mention that I count my gratitude by *months*. Thirty years ago, when I was still a mere boy, I *devoured* with delight your *lectures*, and since then my gratitude has increased every year. You have taught me Sanskrit grammar; guided by your hand, I have gone through the *Hitopadesa* and *Meghadita*; it is also you who have introduced me to the *Rig-veda*. Your essays, your religious-historical lectures have fascinated *me* as they have fascinated all your readers. And now I have been allowed to see and hear you personally! I shall *boast* of this for all future time. You can imagine how glad we all are to see from your wife's interesting description of the Congress, that you were both pleased with it, as well as with Scandinavia in general. That you were yourself the most prominent person of the Congress, and that therefore

it was chiefly due to you that it received so much attention here, I need hardly mention; this cannot have escaped you. You are indeed not only the *Teacher of the Learned*, but — what is of far greater importance for humanity — you are the *Teacher of the Cultured*.

'In deepest reverence,

'Your faithful disciple,

'E. TEGUES.'

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, THOMAS COLYER-FERGUSSON.

OXFORD, *April* 7, 1890.

'MY DEAR TOM, — I am so glad to hear to-day from B. that in about a fortnight we shall see you again, B. as a demure matron, you as burdened with all the cares and responsibilities of a married man. How you must have enjoyed your time in Italy! I can quite understand your not liking Rome. I was never well there, I don't know why, and as soon as I reached Perugia I was a different being. However, you will enjoy Venice, and I should not be surprised to hear that you could not tear yourself away; just now in spring it must be perfect. We enjoyed our time at Glasgow, but it was hard work both socially and intellectually. They have not re-elected me, and I am not sorry for it. I have plenty of work which I ought to finish. The Scotch papers still go on discussing my lectures. The *Glasgow Herald* had no less than eight letters in one number. Some people would like to burn me, but there seems a strong majority on my side, and there is a wonderful amount of good sense among the people in Scotland.

'Yours always affectionately,

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

Soon after Max Müller's return to Oxford he received a Sanskrit translation of the English inscription for the statue of the Prince Consort, to be erected in Windsor Park as part of the Women's Jubilee Offering to the Queen. The inscriptions on the pediment of the statue were to be in English, and Latin, Gaelic, and Sanskrit. Max Müller was not at first consulted as to the Sanskrit translation, but the secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Tully, who had some knowledge of Sanskrit, felt doubtful as to the rendering sent him, and asked Max Müller's opinion. He at once found that the translation sent was absolutely use-

less, and concluded his careful analysis in these words: 'The rendering is a poor attempt, in my opinion, by some one with a limited knowledge of Sanskrit and English.' It was curious that he should have so exactly divined the truth, the fact being that one of his opponents had put the matter into the hands of a half-educated native, resolved that Max Müller's name should not be associated with the great monument, a malicious trick that was frustrated by the secretary's conscientious care. Max Müller sent a translation made by himself, which Professor Cowell of Cambridge pronounced to be 'very good,' and he afterwards sent it, with the one submitted to him, to Professor Bhandakar of Poona, one of the most learned of Indian Pundits, who wrote back by return that, among other gross errors, the word used by the first translator for 'Consort' was an absolutely inadmissible word. 'You are certainly to be congratulated,' Bhandakar wrote, 'on having saved our august Queen from a standing insult.' The secretary decided that Max Müller's rendering was the only one of several sent in that could be used. Max Müller submitted his translation to various other scholars in Europe and India, who suggested a few trifling amendments, and it is his translation into Sanskrit that is on the metal plate which was affixed to the monument in 1895.

TO PROFESSOR VICTOR CARUS.

Translation. OXFORD, *April* 11.

'It was a great pleasure to see your well-known writing once more, and to learn that all goes as well with you as one dares to expect at our age. Here too all goes well, but our house has become very empty. Beatrice and her husband are in Venice — may they long enjoy their happy life! They have a house in London, and a lovely old place, Ightham Mote, in Kent. My boy has done with his examinations here, and is preparing for the Diplomatic Service, a precarious career, but what can one do? We, my wife and I, were in Glasgow again in the winter, where I had to deliver the Gifford Lectures. Now we are enjoying the quiet here, and I, the time for work. I have not seen Acland since his return from the Canary Islands.'

In April, Mr. Malabari, of Bombay, visited England, hoping to stir up active interest on the questions of infant marriage and the status of Hindu widows. It was a great interest to Max Müller, who had in 1887 shown such concern in the case of Rukhmabai, and also exerted himself to aid Ramabai in her noble work for Hindu widows, to make the personal acquaintance of the energetic reformer, and a close friendship sprang up between the two men, which lasted till Max Müller's death. Mr. Malabari paid his friend a visit at Oxford, and Max Müller gave him good counsel as to his further proceedings, and later in the summer attended a Drawing-room Meeting, to discuss some of the questions relative to the position of women in India. Princess Christian and the Duke of Connaught were present, and Lord Reay was in the chair. Max Müller spoke on the resolution 'that any legal obstacles that still stand in the way of the remarriage of widows should be removed.'

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, T. COLYER-FERGUSSON.

OXFORD, *June* 3, 1890.

'MY DEAR TOM, — Many thanks for your liberal contribution to my father's — your grandfather's — monument. It would be very pleasant if we could all be there to see it unveiled. You would be very much interested and amused in the life of a small capital in Germany, and the country is beautiful. I am very tired. Love to B.

'Ever yours affectionately,

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

In the course of the summer, whilst staying with his daughter, Max Müller met his old friend 'Billy' Russell, a meeting that called forth the following letter: —

CARLISLE MANSIONS, *June* 12.

'MY DEAR MAX MÜLLER AND FRIEND, — It was strange to find myself under your daughter's roof-tree, face to face with her father, and "memory through the vale of years," recalling the *eidola* of two young fellows, with all the world before them, light hearts and empty purses! Well, I'm a scribbler still, a worker in the rubbish called daily literature — it should be spelt litter-a-shure — and *you*, the

owner of a name to conjure with all over the world, where men know and think. Heaven help us both, Amen!'

To B. M. Malabari, Esq.

7 Norham Gardens, Oxford, *June* 28, 1890.

'My dear Friend, — I saw Princess Christian before I left London. She knew all about you, and is to receive you in a few days.

'But now let me tell you frankly how matters stand. Lord Lansdowne has been written to about the enabling clause. You understand what I mean — a clause enabling a father to keep his daughter till the time has come for her to leave her father's house. That clause will probably be carried by Lord Lansdowne in Council. There ought to be no pressure brought to bear on him. He ought to be allowed to do it himself, spontaneously. Any public demonstration to bring this about would, under present circumstances, do harm. The other question, as to raising the age, is much more serious — is, in fact, a political question, that will have to be fought out openly in India. Whatever Princess Christian may feel on the subject, she could not possibly express an opinion on it in public, or in private, at present. She ought not to be asked to do so.

'I think, therefore, that, however small the enabling clause may seem to be, we ought to be satisfied with getting that carried at present. When that is done, then the agitation ought to begin once more in India.'

To Klaus Groth.

Oxford, *July* 25, 1890.

'I thought you might be interested to hear how a thought — which years ago was raised for the first time by you — is now nearing its realization.

'The monument to my father is to be unveiled next spring. We all hope to be in Dessau for that occasion — as many of us, that is to say, as have remained — my son who is preparing for his examination, and my happily married daughter, my wife, and myself, aged sixty-seven!

'I hope old age is not too heavy a burden on you, though the world has grown very lonely.'

It was a great pleasure to Max Müller to have a long visit from his daughter and her husband during the Long Vacation;

and though he was busy writing his third series of *Gifford Lectures* for the coming year, and preparing the second volume for press, he was more inclined to take work easily, and joined in many of the water and other excursions taken in company with the Fearns, a very agreeable American family, spending the summer in Oxford. Mr. Fearn had been American Minister at Athens and Bucharest.

At the third Summer Meeting of the University Extension Students this year, Max Müller delivered the Inaugural Address, a 'Lecture in defence of Lectures,' which was afterwards published in the first volume of the new edition of *Chips*.

In August he went with his daughter to Deal, where he particularly enjoyed the intercourse with Lord Granville at Walmer, and Lord Herschell at Deal, as well as exploring Sandwich, Minster, and many interesting places round. He could always throw himself with zest into these excursions, when not oppressed with too much work. In September the whole party were again settled in Oxford. So hard had Max Müller worked, with his admirable secretary, Dr. Winternitz, at the new edition of the *Rig-veda*, that the first and second volumes were brought out early in October.

The Queen of Roumania had spent the late summer in Wales and Scotland, and had hoped to stay a few days in Oxford; but finding that was impossible, Her Majesty summoned the Max Müllers to London, to spend the last days of her time in England with her. Together they visited the studios of Mr. Watts and Mr. Alma Tadema, and saw the *Bride of Lammermoor* acted at the Lyceum. But the thing that most astonished Max Müller, well as he knew the Queen's versatility of talent, was her reading aloud in English a tragedy, *Meister Manole*, which she had written in German. The Queen was very anxious to have this play acted, and invited Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry and other friends [illegible] it. About twenty people were assembled, when it appeared that neither Sir Henry Irving nor Miss Terry could follow German read

Photo. Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

The Library at Oxford.

(7, Northam Gardens.)

aloud. 'Then I must read it in English,' said the Queen, adding to Max Müller, 'Sit by me, and help me.' For two hours the Queen translated aloud, without hesitating for a word. Her reading was acting, and she kept her hearers spell-bound. On finishing the tragedy, the Queen turned anxiously to the great actor: 'Well, what do you think?' 'Madam,' was the reply, 'such a play requires an Ober-Ammergau audience;' exactly expressing the feelings of all present.

From London the Max Müllers paid a visit to their daughter in her beautiful old home, Ightham Mote, in Kent, the first of many happy days to be spent there.

To Mrs. Sellar (after the death of Professor Sellar).

Ightham Mote, *October* 24, 1890.

'Many times I have thought of writing to you, but what is one to say! Whenever I thought of you till now, all seemed bright and cheerful with you, and now all is changed. We reckon too little with death, and then when it comes it overwhelms us. We know all the time that our friends must go, and that we must go, but we shut our eyes and enjoy their love and friendship as if life could never end. We should say good-bye to each other every evening, — perhaps the last good-bye would find us then less unprepared.

'Your dear husband's life has been a long one, well filled, and full of much happiness. Who knows but that the few remaining years on which he might have reckoned, would have been years of suffering to him, and to you? One or two more stations, and then we also have come to the end of our journey. Nearly all our cheerful companions are gone, it is difficult to make new friendships, and I assure you, those who have left us are nearer to us, and we nearer to them, than those who are still sitting by our side. We have often been truly happy together: believe me, I feel now truly unhappy with you.'

On Christmas Day, Max Müller's old friend Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York, passed away. He was associated with some of the brightest and also the saddest days of Max Müller's early life in Oxford, and but two years before, the friends

renewed their youth in much pleasant intercourse when Max Müller stayed at Bishopthorpe.

Christmas was spent by Max Müller at Oxford alone with his son; his wife being with her daughter. On December 30 his first grandchild, a boy, was born.

TO HIS WIFE.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *December* 30, 1890.

'You don't know how entirely upset I have been all day: it seemed such a sudden joy, and the suspense and tension had been so long. I quite collapsed with joy. I hope all will go well. I thought I should never see my children's children, and now even that blessing has been granted me! I am tired out.'

OXFORD, *December* 31, 1890.

'MY DEAR LITTLE GRANDSON,—I was delighted with your first letter, and I hope I shall receive a great many more, for though I have not seen you yet, I think of you a great deal, and always want to know how you are, and how your dear Mama is. I am glad you like your Grandmama; I like her too, and I know she will be very kind to you, and she will not mind your crying. I don't wonder at your crying; it is a hard world you enter, as you will find out by-and-by. Many people would cry all their lives, if they were not ashamed of it. Besides, you have as yet nothing else to do, and so you are crying "brightly, because you have nothing else to do," isn't that it? Your grandfather is already very proud of you, and perhaps he may live long enough to be really proud of you. Anyhow he hopes you will be a pride to your father and mother; you cannot be anything better. And now when you have cried yourself out, try to sleep, and forget the beginning troubles of your life. Your grandfather is trying to do the same, but he does not always succeed.

'Your loving Grandfather,

'F. MAX MÜLLER.

Early in January, Max Müller started for Glasgow, for his third course of Gifford Lectures, taking London on his way, that he might see his first grandchild. His wife joined him in Glasgow later in the month. This third course, on 'Anthropological Religion,' was intended to show how different nations

arrived at a belief in a soul. The first two courses had roused some animosity among the narrower-minded men in Scotland, and this year a violent attack was made on Max Müller's lectures at a meeting of the Established Presbytery of Glasgow, where Mr. Thomson, Minister of Ladywell, moved the motion: —

'Inasmuch as the teaching of Professor Max Müller, the Gifford Lecturer in the University of Glasgow, is subversive of the Christian faith, and fitted to spread pantheistic and infidel views amongst the students and others; the Presbytery appoint a committee to examine the views of Professor Max Müller as set forth in his lectures, and to ascertain the Senate's power in relation to the acceptance of the Gifford bequest and the appointment of a lecturer.'

As an amendment Dr. Watt moved: —

'That the Presbytery express profound regret that teaching of an unsettling character should be given apparently under the sanction of the Senatus of the university, but deem it inexpedient to take any action in the matter.'

Dr. Watt, after saying that it was impossible that any fault could have been found with the first appointment, Professor Max Müller being a man of very great eminence, not only in philology, but also in all branches of modern human learning; and that if fault could have been found with the appointment, voice would have been given to it long before the Professor began his lectures; admitted that possibly it had been a mistake to elect him a second time. Yet, had the Senate said, 'We will not reappoint you,' and if the reason for doing so had been stated, the outcry against them, on the plea that they were repressing freedom of thought, would have been quite as strong as the outcry for giving too much licence.

Dr. Robertson moved, as a further amendment: —

'The Presbytery being advised that the Gifford Lectureship, at present held by Professor Max Müller, was founded by Lord Gifford in order that the origin of religions might be discussed on a scientific basis, declare that it is without their province to express an opinion on the wisdom of the founder in constituting the trust, and on the expediency of the university in accepting the trust.'

After further discussion, the clerk having proposed that a vote be taken, a disgraceful scene followed, Mr. Thomson exclaiming, 'Aye, let us see who is for, and who is against, Christ,' an expression he was requested to withdraw. Dr. Robertson's amendment was carried by seventeen votes to five, when Mr. Thomson again exclaimed, 'Only five for Christ,' an expression he had to withdraw. One of the Glasgow papers, commenting on the whole meeting, said: —

'It may be taken as certain that the assertions made to the effect that Mr. Max Müller is a foe to religion in general and to Christianity in particular are altogether unwarranted, and it is conceivable that a serious question may arise as to how far a member of a Presbytery is shielded by his official position from the consequences that sometimes attach to rash statements of this character.'

An even stronger attack on the lectures was made by Monsignor Munro in St. Andrew's [R.C.] Cathedral. His text was from St. Matthew's account of the betrayal of Christ by Judas.

'He meant,' the preacher said, 'to apply that terrible narrative to the subject of his lecture that evening. The Gifford Lectures delivered by Professor Max Müller were nothing less than a crusade against divine revelation, against Jesus Christ, and against Christianity. The guilt of those who permitted that anti-Christian doctrine in a university founded to defend Christianity, was simply horrible. It was a strange thing that in a Christian university, public feeling should have tolerated the ostentatious publication of infidelity. The pantheism of the lectures made divine revelation simply impossible; it reduced God to mere nature, and did away with the body and soul as we know them. It was strange that the Professor, who knew so much of other religions, should know so little of the religion which it was his object to overthrow. Judge what Christianity would be in this country in another generation, if teaching was to be tolerated like that of these *blasphemous lectures*. The lectures were the proclamation of atheism under the guise of pantheism. Professor Max Müller was incapable of a philosophical idea, and ignorant of the Christianity he sought to overthrow. His theory uprooted our idea of God, for it repudiated the idea of a personal God.'

The following lines show that such was not the judgement of all his hearers: —

TO MAX MÜLLER (on hearing him lecture, February 13, 1891).

'The same as when a youth thy charm I felt,
Illustrious scholar! loving to shed light
Into the caverns of Religious Night,
Where, thro' the ages, men so oft have knelt
Abject before a fetish, wood or stone,
Of their own making: and, most sad to say,
By Magi have been fool'd; their night call'd day;
And their rude concepts vaunted as full-grown
And final! Thou hast shown us wider skies
Than we were wont to see and call Heaven's gate,
Beneath which rose sweet praise and sacrifice
Ere Abraham was; now teachest us to rise
Unto the Universal, scorning fate,
While Truth with lighted torch stands by elate.'

These attacks made no difference to Max Müller's teaching; he only felt it was unfair to have judged him before his final course of lectures. He had long laid Channing's advice to heart: 'Wait not to be backed by numbers. Wait not till you are sure of an echo from a crowd. The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own.'

To those who know Max Müller's firm faith in a personal God ruling and directing all things in love and wisdom, and in Christ's own teaching (not, indeed, as shown in the teaching of Roman Catholic priests, or Calvinistic ministers), will hardly believe that such attacks could have been made upon him.

The lectures were again very well attended; the last lecture of the course was crowded. The *Baillie*, a Glasgow paper, wrote thus of this set of lectures:—

'Professor Max Müller's earlier course, like everything that comes from his pen, was both able and interesting. But able and interesting as it was, it was not to be compared, for either of these qualities, with that by which it is being followed. Whether regarded from the scholar's or the philosopher's point of view, the present course is at once wonderfully powerful and wonderfully fascinating. The Professor's amazing stores of knowledge, his keen intellect, and the fervid

and almost emotional character of his temperament, are qualifications specially suited for this high and memorable task. In Glasgow the Professor has now become in a measure acclimatized. He finds an abundance of congenial society in University circles at Gilmorehill. Pleasant and unaffected in manner, and simple in tastes, he makes no heavy claim on the ability or attention of the people among whom he passes his days. As a result of his good-nature, the Professor has been trotted out, both publicly and privately, during the present season, now by people of the lion-hunting persuasion, and now by hangers-on of the Young Men's Association species, but the little penances involved by these trottings-out have all been accepted by him in excellent part, and with the best of tempers.'

One of these 'trottings-out' is so characteristic of Max Müller's power of becoming young with the young, that the account of the meeting of a students' club is given from a students' paper:—

'At ten o'clock Professors M'Call Anderson and Max Müller joined the company. Mr. Ramsay was just finishing the present popular song "His funeral's to-morrow," and at its conclusion the company sang a students' chorus in good style. The chairman then gave the health of the two new arrivals, which was pledged with great enthusiasm. Professor Max Müller, in replying, said: "In Germany, I would say *Cameradones;* in Scotland, I salute you 'jolly good fellows.' As your chairman has told you, I have known student life in Germany, professorial life in Germany, professorial life at Oxford, but not student life there — in fact, there is no student life at Oxford. I have tasted a little of the professorial life of Glasgow, but this is the first time I have shared its student life — and I feel a student at Leipzig once again. There is never a meeting like this in Oxford."

'Later in the evening Mr. MacLaren sang "Die wacht am Rhein," and Mr. Buchanan "Rhine Wine," at the request of Professor Müller. On their conclusion, he asked the company to join him in singing a song, known in every college in the world — a song that had come down for hundreds of years, the "Gaudeamus igitur." The Professor then took his seat at the piano, and in grand style led the splendid old song, the company joining with the greatest heartiness.'

To Dr. Hosäus.

January, 1891.

'It is indeed a blessing to be able to hope th t we shall both live to see my father's monument finished. I will gladly say a few words at the unveiling, but the leading part falls to you.'

To B. M. Malabari, Esq.

Glasgow, *January* 18.

'I was delighted to hear that the first step has been taken. Whatever you may feel yourself, in the eyes of the world, and particularly in England, this will be a great triumph. It would be very bad policy to show ourselves discouraged. On the contrary, the victory is on our side. The principle has been admitted, and may now be acted on, that the limit of the age of consent has nothing to do with religion, but is a matter of public hygiene, for which the Government is responsible. As new light comes in, new measures will have to be taken. I congratulate you on what you have achieved so far, but I feel sure it would be the greatest mistake if you were to show yourself dejected or disheartened.

'Take care of your health — there is no medicine so good as good spirits, and there is still many a fight to fight.'

On Max Müller's return south, he attended the christening of his little grandson at St. George's, Hanover Square; Princess Christian standing sponsor to the child, whom she held at the font, giving him the names of Max Christian Hamilton. Max Müller's old friend Dean Bradley performed the ceremony, and the little fellow was taken from the Dean by his great-great-grandmother, on his father's side, who came to London for the occasion.

In contrast to the attacks made on him in Scotland, Max Müller received just about this time a letter from an almost unknown admirer, recalling a walk 'some few years before, which you permitted me to share with you; . . . on that evening my inner self was fed with food that strengthened me, and made me so much the better man to face facts, and live in the Light which lighteth every man, and made me receptive to the incoming of that Life, which by His coming He brought us.'

TO ARCHDEACON WILSON.

OXFORD, *March* 22.

'If you can find time, please read my last lecture, Gifford III, and if you would let me know what you think of it, I should feel grateful. Yes! I know that one or two sentences contain what we had talked and written about at Maloja, happy Maloja! No, my faith in England is not shaken. We must not expect too much, we must not expect all strata of thought to become *one*. Here in Oxford, we shall never get rid of impenetrable Oxford clay, but there is a healthy layer of gravel on the top. I see you are fighting. I have had my fight at Glasgow, but the Professors, with few exceptions, have stood by me. No, I do not despair. In fact, I have no time for it.'

The following letters show how Max Müller was appealed to on every variety of subject: —

OXFORD, *March* 13.

'DEAR SIR, — I cannot enter into details, but if you trust me, you may take it for granted that there is no reason for supposing that the English race represents the lost tribes of Israel.'

OXFORD, *February* 19, 1896.

'DEAR SIR, — I doubt whether the number of Germans pronouncing German in the Hanoverian fashion is known; anyhow, I do not know it. There is no reason to suppose that the South German fashion of pronouncing German is due to the Jews.

'Yours truly,

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

A good deal of Max Müller's time was taken up this year, as in 1890, by the unfortunate determination of certain members of the eighth Oriental Congress, held at Stockholm in 1889, to upset the arrangements made by the committee of management at Christiania, before the Congress separated. Some members of the Congress, notably Drs. Leitner and Oppert, had taken offence at the arrangements made in Sweden, and succeeded on their return to France and England in gathering

round them a body of malcontents, who announced the ninth Congress for September, 1891. It had been proposed in Sweden that Max Müller should be President of the ninth Congress, probably to be held in London. Drs. Leitner and Oppert, both German Jews by birth, declared it was an insult to French scholars to ask them to attend a Congress under the Presidency of Max Müller, quite forgetting that Max Müller was a member of the French Institute and a naturalized Englishman, and that it had been said of him at a former Congress that he was 'Allemand par cœur, Français par honneur, Anglais par demeure,' also that Helmholz had lately acted as president at some congress held in Paris. Attempts were made at a compromise, but Dr. Leitner would not agree, and declaring that the meeting at Christiania had departed from the statutes framed in Paris in 1873, as if, as years went on, no alteration was ever to be made in accordance with the demands of the times, he succeeded in gathering an assemblage together in London in September, which he called the ninth Oriental Congress. All German Orientalists held aloof, and Weber wrote a pamphlet against the whole proceeding. Leitner had none of the minutes and regulations of the committee of Christiania, and the beautiful horn presented to the Congress by the King of Sweden, to be held by the President of each Congress till the next meeting, was still in the hands of the Swedish President, and was only passed on the following year to Professor Max Müller. When it was found that Dr. Leitner was determined to carry out his schism, the committee formed at Christiania settled that the real ninth Congress should meet in 1892 in London, and take no further notice of Dr. Leitner. Oxford had been discussed as an alternative place of meeting. All this involved immense correspondence with Oriental scholars throughout Europe and America, and Max Müller often lamented the valuable time thus frittered away.

A new edition of the *Three Lectures on Language* was published this year in America, and it is to this that the following letters allude: —

TO PROFESSOR ROMANES.

OXFORD, *July* 2.

'Here is my defence. I hope you will accept it in the spirit in which it was written, and I do not give up all hope yet that we may come to agree in the end. I believe we both care far more for *what* is right, than for *who* is right.'

Leave has been given to insert the answer:—

OXFORD, *July* 3.

'DEAR PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER,—Many thanks for your *Language*, both as regards the Lectures and the letter. It appears to me after reading the former, that very little difference remains between us, when once my "misapprehensions" have been subtracted. And my "defence" touching these must be that, as you observe, I am no "master" in philology, and therefore apt to fall into the misunderstandings of an amateur. At the same time, you will doubtless be the first to perceive that it would have been impossible for me to have even attempted a work on the evolution of human thought, without reading the "several books" on language to which you refer. And this much good, at least, may be said to have come from my attempt, that of enabling you to correct erroneous interpretations into which some other of your readers may likewise have fallen. Anyhow, in my eyes, the corrections which you have supplied serve only to enhance the high estimate which I have always held of the value of your work. Of course, I shall notice what you say, should there be a second edition of my book, or if any other suitable occasion should arise.'

TO PROFESSOR ROMANES.

IGHTHAM MOTE, *July* 6.

'I must thank you for your letter. It is so painful when personal feelings are mixed up with scientific research. Facts and correct deductions from facts, are all we ought to care for; who discovered them and who made them is of very little consequence. Yet I know from experience that there are but few who would be so completely above all personal feelings as you have shown yourself to be. As you say, the points on which we differ are few and they seem very small, yet I should like some day to reason out some of these questions with you. Of course, I feel the break in evolution between animal and man quite as much as you do. I do not want it or look

for it. But I cannot get over this. What is impossible cannot be the same as what is possible. It seems to me we may say that it is impossible for any animal, except man, to attain to language, in its true sense of Logos. At least, it is as impossible as that the sun should rise in the west. It may, of course, but it has never done so. I admit in the abstract that an animal may begin to speak, we see ever so many attempts at communication among animals, and among children, long before the sunrise of language — but I take my stand on the fact that no animal has ever done so. And then I ask why? and I can only answer, because there is something in the human animal which is absent in the brute animal from beginning to end.'

It is a pity that literary differences are not always expressed in the courteous tone of these letters.

To Dr. Hosäus.

Ightham Mote, *July* 8.

'I am delighted to hear that no further difficulties stand in the way of the unveiling of the monument. I certainly hope, please God, to be present. . . . I shall be delighted with any arrangement you make about the festivities. My own family is, as you know, greatly reduced in number, and even of my contemporaries but few are left.'

The Prince of Naples (the present King of Italy) visited Oxford this summer for a few hours, and by desire of the Prince of Wales, Max Müller acted as his guide. The most important colleges were visited, and finally All Souls, where the whole party partook of the famous and potent All Souls' ale, and inscribed their names in the college visitors' book and in Max Müller's autograph book. The Prince was much amused with the constitution of All Souls, a college without students, and asked whether the monks of All Souls were married, and if their wives might live in college and dine in hall. At the Bodleian, the Prince, who was a keen numismatist, begged to see the collection of coins. The Library had lately acquired some old Italian coins, which the Prince at once proceeded to arrange. He repeatedly expressed his delight with the beauty of Oxford, and showed great interest in everything.

The next event of this year was the Meeting of the British

Association at Cardiff, which Max Müller attended, he and his wife being the guests of the Dean of Llandaff. Max Müller, as President of the Anthropological Section, gave an inaugural address on the 'Classification of Mankind by Language or by Blood,' which is published in *Chips*, Vol. I, new edition. He had taken no active part in any meeting of the British Association for forty-four years, since he, as a mere youth, read a paper on 'The Relation of Bengali to the Aryan and Aboriginal Languages of India.' He recalled that meeting, and the belief of those days in Linguistic Ethnology, a science against which he protested even at the time, young as he was, maintaining that there ought to be a complete separation between Philology and Physiology, as sciences, though he acknowledged that the old heresy of Linguistic Ethnology was not entirely extinct even at the present day.

Max Müller and his wife spent a month of quiet enjoyment after this at Wildbad, in the Black Forest. From here he wrote to his old friend Professor Carus: —

WILDBAD, *September* 16.

'MY DEAR VICTOR, — The monument to my father is to be unveiled on September 30. How delightful it would be if you could be present! I hope to be there with my son, daughter, and son-in-law. My grandson is unfortunately too young for travelling. Who knows if we may otherwise meet again in this life?'

At Wildbad they were joined by their son, and they went on together to Dessau, there meeting their daughter and her husband, who, like themselves, had come to attend the unveiling of the monument to Wilhelm Müller, which took place on September 30. The Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, and other members of the Ducal family, were present at the ceremony. In front of the veiled monument a covered stand was erected, occupied by the Ducal party, all the living connexions of Wilhelm Müller, and other invited guests; whilst Max Müller, his son and son-in-law, the deputations from various parts of Germany, the choir, and the speakers at the ceremony, were grouped on each side of the monument. Some fine

choruses were well rendered by the choir of the Gymnasium, with military accompaniment, some good speeches were made, and after the monument had been unveiled and handed over by the committee to the care of the town, Max Müller spoke, recalling all the work his father had carried out during his short life of thirty-three years. Then, as the sounds of the Anhalt hymn rose, the deputations, headed by Wilhelm Müller's grandson and the husband of his granddaughter, and two old pupils of the poet, laid wreaths at the foot of the statue, and the interesting ceremony was over. It was followed by a banquet, presided over by Minister von Krosigk, where Max Müller had to respond to the health of himself and his family. Many old friends had come together from a distance, as much to meet Max Müller as to do honour to their popular poet, and many merry old recollections were revived and old ties reknit.

There was a gala representation of *Iphigenia in Aulis* that evening, at which the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt were present, when the Duke sent for Max Müller and presented him with the Anhalt Order of Albrecht the Bear, first class with star, the oldest Order in Europe, even older than the Garter.

Soon after his return to England, Max Müller went to Reading to take part in a gathering of the Reading University Extension Association. After a warm eulogy on the system of University Extension Lectures, in which he had from the first been keenly interested, he told his hearers that in his late visit to Germany he had had to answer innumerable questions on the system, which was totally unknown there, and which, as a new departure from the old university lectures, was exciting great attention in Germany. He ended by a word of warning to those attending these lectures: —

'They should not imagine that by attending lectures they have done their duty. Lectures are not meant to stuff and cram the mind. Lectures are meant to excite an appetite for knowledge, and to show how such knowledge may best be acquired. But the actual acquiring of knowledge, the masticating of facts and their healthy digestion, can only be done by each student for himself. There are cramming

and stuffing lectures — we know them but too well. They take away all real appetite for knowledge; they produce chronic intellectual dyspepsia. I know from experience how much good a teacher may do by one lecture, aye, by a few words of warning and advice, and I welcome these University Extension lectures as a standing protest against that mere stuffing and cramming, which has wellnigh extinguished all true love of learning among our young men.'

This year Max Müller brought out the final edition of his lectures on language, which he called *The Science of Language*, founded on lectures delivered in 1861 and 1863. The book had been almost rewritten, and yet so much has been done in the study of philology since 1891, that the work is now looked on as antiquated. In reviewing it in 1891, the *Academy* says: —

'We are glad to find that the new edition is not of such a character as to affect the essential identity of the book, which has attained something of the position of a classic. . . . It has never been superseded as a preliminary survey of the whole subject. . . . The grace of style and felicity of illustration have not evaporated in the process of revision.'

TO LADY WELBY.

October 18, 1891.

'I have to finish my fourth volume of Gifford Lectures for next January — it will be the last word I have to say, and it is not easy to find out how best to say it, and how to explain in English the unity of the Infinite in nature and the Infinite in man, the true meaning of the "I and My Father are one." After that I shall say no more, for I am getting tired and should like to retire into the forest, if I only knew where to find it.'

TO MRS. THOMSON.

OXFORD, *November* 14.

'Like everybody else I have been laid up with a wretched cold, otherwise I should have answered your kind lines before. It is sad to think of all that was, and is no more, and yet there is something much more real in memory than one used to think. All is there but what our weak human senses require, and nothing is lost, nothing

can be lost except what we knew would vanish one day, but what was the husk only, and not the kernel. I have learnt to live with those who went before us, and they seem more entirely our own than when they were with us in the body. And as long as we have duties to fulfil, so long as there are others who lean on us, and want us, life can be lived a few years longer, it can only be a few years now . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

In November the Duchess of Albany visited Oxford, to show her two children the place where their father had spent so many happy years. They came to tea in Norham Gardens, and Max Müller, finding that the little Duke had not yet made acquaintance with the famous German child's book *Struwelpeter*, bought one the next day, and took it with him to the Bodleian Library, where he was engaged to meet the Duchess and show her some of the treasures. After a time, Her Royal Highness missed her guide, and he was found in one of the reading recesses with the little Duke on his knee, carefully explaining *Struwelpeter* to the small boy. It was a curious contrast, the old Professor, the little child, *Struwelpeter*, amid all the treasures of the Bodleian.

It was at the end of this year that Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, resigned his Deanery, and he and his family left Oxford; a great loss socially to all Oxford, and especially to the Max Müllers and other families who had been among their more intimate friends. What the loss was to Max Müller he has shown in the article, 'Dean Liddell, as I knew him,' reprinted in the first series of *Last Essays*. From this time, he withdrew almost entirely from participation in University matters, with which he had never much concerned himself; but in those in which he took part, he missed the support and influence of the Dean, from whom he rarely, if ever, differed, and ere long he resigned his place as a Curator of the Bodleian, and, some few years later, as Delegate of the Press.

TO W. LILLY, ESQ.

December 17, 1891.

'I am deep in the Mystics just now: they are my *premier amour*, and I expect they will be my *dernier amour*. They have been through life my protection against all troubles. I only wish people would not call them Mystics; they are as clear as daylight, clearer than the Scholastics with all their systematic arrangements. But will people in England listen to them? Will they not turn up their noses, like Mansell, &c., and say that the Infinite is a negative concept only? . . . I must confess that social and political questions have almost ceased to interest me. I feel so helpless and hopeless before them. I admire those who try to purify the Thames, but I have no shoulders for that kind of work. My favourites of course are the German Mystics, particularly Master Eckhart and Cardinal Cusanus. Even Thomas Aquinas is permeated by Mysticism — with him too the highest beatitude is the *Visio Dei per consentiam*; that goes beyond Dionysius, who denies the *per essentiam*, does he not? Still, he does not go as far as Eckhart, who is a real Vedântist, and knows the difference between Wesen and Sein.'

TO SIR HENRY ACLAND.

OXFORD, *December* 21, 1891.

'I have read your letter, and feel, like you, very sad to see Oxford falling away more and more from the ideal which men like Rolleston, Pattison, Stanley, Goldwin Smith and Henry Smith placed before us. Oxford is becoming a machine, a most successful machine, for enabling a very large number of young men to pass their examinations. To do that under the present system of examinations, either with or without honours, young men have little or no time left for subjects which do not pay in the schools.

'It was the object of Universities to widen and strengthen the minds of young men, before they entered into the narrower grooves of their professional work; now the narrowing and deadening process begins as soon as a boy leaves school. That is, no doubt, a great misfortune, a national misfortune; and its effects begin to be felt in different professions. The present system may produce very fine and sharp blades, it will no longer produce the powerful axe which is wanted to clear a way through the dark future before us. Still, *nil desperandum*.

'With best wishes for the New Year.'

The following alludes to Archdeacon Wilson's noble letter to the *Times*, December 15, appealing in the name of Christian liberty against the 'Declaration on the truth of Holy Scripture,' sent to the *Times* a few days earlier, signed by thirty-eight clergy, advocating the most rigid belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible:—

TO ARCHDEACON WILSON.

OXFORD, *December* 28, 1891.

'I read your letter in the *Times* with very great pleasure. The original manifesto also gave me a better idea and greater hope of the Church of England, considering that thirty-eight only could be found to sign it. I have nothing more to say, beyond what you have said, and I feel so tired out by writing my final course of Gifford Lectures, that I really have no heart to do anything else. My third volume has been printed for some time, but it is not to be out before January 1, when I hope to send you a copy. I expect there will be a strong protest from some quarters, but I am quite prepared for it. I have had to read lately Thomas Aquinas, *et hoc genus omne*, and am surprised at their liberality. They invariably place reason above faith, at least from a subjective point of view. However, my real heroes are what are called the German Mystics, Master Eckhart, &c. There is nothing mystical in them. It is all as clear as daylight, and very true and beautiful.'

CHAPTER XXXI

1892–1893

Last Course Gifford Lectures. Birth of second Grandchild. New edition of *Rig-veda* published. Tercentenary, Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Froude returns to Oxford. Ninth Oriental Congress. Gifford Lectures IV published. Journey to Italy, Greece, and Turkey. Stay at Constantinople, Buda-Pesth, Vienna, Leipzig. Jubilee of Doctor's Degree. Neuwied. Birth of third Grandchild. Seventieth Birthday.

To Lady Welby.

January 5, 1892.

'For all my sins I have been elected President of the next Oriental Congress, and during the last week I have had thirty letters to write to different Rajahs and Mahârâjahs, so what should I give for a little rest! I want to finish my fourth volume of *Gifford Lectures*, and my thoughts are very much where yours are. What is the origin and purpose of a *Sign*, and how is it that we understand a sign in what is Significance? I said long ago that the history of philosophy is the history of our fight against language and all its inevitable misunderstandings. Thence, as Herbert says, true philosophy is definition.

'I think I shall soon elope with myself and hide somewhere in the forest.'

Early in the month the third volume of Gifford Lectures on *Anthropological Religion* came out, the subject being the gradual growth of a belief in something infinite, immortal, and divine in man. In his Preface Max Müller says: —

'In lecturing on the origin and the growth of religion, my chief object has been to show that a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution can be gained, and not only can be, but has been gained by the right exercise of human reason alone, without the assistance of what has been called a special revelation. I have tried to prove this, not, as others have done, by reasoning *à priori* only, but by historical investigation. In doing this, I

thought I was simply following in the footsteps of the greatest theologians of our time, and that I was serving the cause of true religion by showing by ample historical evidence, gathered from the Sacred Books of the East, how what St. Paul, what the Fathers of the Church, what mediaeval theologians, and what some of the most learned of modern divines had asserted again and again was most strikingly confirmed by the records of all non-Christian religions which have lately become accessible to us. I could not have believed it possible that, in undertaking this work, I should have exposed myself to attacks from theologians who profess and call themselves Christians, and who yet maintain that worst of all heresies, that, during all the centuries that have elapsed and in all the countries of the world, God has left Himself without a witness, and has revealed Himself to one race only, the Jews of Palestine.'

One reviewer, speaking of the attacks on Max Müller, says: 'The Professor may well be content with expounding what he believes to be the truth with a wealth of learning which few men could rival, and a general sobriety of tone which might be an example to some of his critics; for the rest, we may remind both parties to the controversy of the old motto of another Scottish University, "They say. What say they? Let them say."' One friend to whom the book was sent, wrote: 'One reason why I value your book is because it is conciliatory, yet firm, and seems likely to help the advance well onward.' The Master of Balliol (Jowett), in writing about this work, spoke of the passage on 'Miracles' at the end of the Preface, in which he entirely agreed. 'It was a very bold, and, I think, a very wise thing to make such a statement; it does great service to religion.'

Before the middle of January, the Max Müllers left for Glasgow for the fourth and last series of Gifford Lectures. These were on *Psychological Religion*, giving the history of the various attempts made to define the relation between the infinite in nature and the infinite in man, or the union of the soul with God. The attendance was very large, and this concluding course excited great interest. This time in Glasgow was less filled with social duties, and for the last fortnight

Max Müller was alone, his wife having been summoned to her daughter, by the birth of their second grandchild.

TO MADAME BLUMENTHAL.

GLASGOW, *January* 27, 1892.

'I quite sympathize with your indictment against Greek Grammar. But you see language is not made, but grows, and as we accept a gnarled oak-tree, we must accept the Greek language, such as it has grown up. Of course, a language was never meant to be learnt by grammar, but by ear; and the Greek children, who never heard a wrong accent or a wrong tense, never made a mistake. I think that Greek scholars also ought to be satisfied if they know a Greek form when they meet it, and not break their hearts about a solecism, when they attempt to write it. There is, no doubt, reason in all that seems unreasonable in grammar, but the reason is often very unreasonable. False analogy prevails largely, and irregular forms become popular, if used by popular poets. We must not attempt to find a reason for all media — the rules would become as fanciful as the fancy that gave rise to the media in many cases. Anyhow we must not be Pharisees. English and French are quite as bad as Greek. Why do we write *le prix*, but *le palais*? Why *curieux*, but *mauvais*, formerly *curieuse*, *mauvaise*? Voltaire wrote *aprocher*, *soufrir*, *coroux*, *alumer*. Why are unfortunate examinees ploughed, if they write as Voltaire wrote?

'I remember an American Grammar in which it was said that in this language *all* verbs are irregular; I remember a German Grammar in which it was said that the only regular verbs are the irregular. The question is, with whom rests the *norma loquendi*?'

TO MRS. HUMPHRY WARD (on receiving 'David Grieve').

GLASGOW, *February* 2.

'Many thanks for your new novel. I have read it, though I had no cold and no influenza. Looking at the mere workmanship, the mixing of the colours, and the putting them on the canvas, I am perfectly amazed at the mastery you have attained. I am almost afraid I shall be converted to novel-reading in my old age. I used to teach and preach against them like a young Saul. As a matter of fact, tales meant for entertainment form generally the last stages of the literature of the great nations of the world. But there is evidently no escape from them now, and who knows but I shall have to write

a religious novel instead of Gifford Lectures? I have no doubt your work will prove a great success, and I can see that there is hard and honest work in it. Still, knowing the feelings of a mother for her first-born, I know you will not feel angry if I feel more deeply interested in *Robert Elsmere* than in *David Grieve*.'

To Professor Maurice Bloomfield, Baltimore (after receiving his 'Contributions to the Interpretation of the Veda.')

Oxford, *March* 23, 1892.

'I must answer your very kind letter at once. I feel very guilty, but when you are as old as I am, you will, I am sure, have pity on me. I can assure you that if I were to acknowledge all books and papers sent to me, I should simply break down. It is physically impossible. I have always read your papers with real pleasure, because they contained substantial facts, and I always look forward to an opportunity of acknowledging my obligations in public. I should have been delighted to have a translation of the *Atharva-veda* from you for the Sacred Books of the East, but alas! my forty-eight volumes are full, and the Press has lately declined several new offers.'

As time went on, his correspondence weighed more and more heavily on Max Müller, and though he tried to answer some letters through his secretary or his wife, he found such vicarious answers were seldom accepted in good part. People forgot that the eye and hand are not as active at seventy as at thirty; whilst each year added to the mere number of his correspondents and to the multitude of books sent to him on all subjects.

To Professor Estlin Carpenter.

April 8.

'Could you, without much trouble, tell me what is the latest date that can safely be assigned to Exodus iii. 14?'

Professor Carpenter having replied that probably Exodus iii. 14 is a late addition to the text, Max Müller wrote thus: —

To the Same.

April 11.

'Many thanks for your letter; it was really what I expected and wished for. The very thought struck me as not Jewish, and far too

philosophical. Besides, v. 15 contradicts v. 14. But I had another reason. "I am what I am," *Ahmi yat ahmi*, is one of the great names of Ahuramazda, and I could not bring myself to believe that this coincidence was accidental. In Zend the connexion between *Ahuro* and *ah-mi*, "I am," is still felt; it hardly is in *Jehovah* and *hayah!* It seems to me a clear case of Zoroastrian influence on Judaism: what I wanted to know was the chronological limit. The mental influence between the two religions belongs to very different dates, some very early. It seems to me that the reaction against polytheism and the worship of the Old Devas, in fact the very origin of the Zoroastrian religion, and the belief in one Supreme God, Ahuramazda, may have been due to contact with the Jews settled in the cities of India. It is difficult to account for this sudden change without admitting some external impulse. During the second exile the influence seems to come from Mazdaism rather than from Judaism, except in the very latest Pehlevi traditions. We have just published West's translation of the *Dinkard* in the Sacred Books of the East. It is very interesting.'

In April, Max Müller received a letter from the Duke of Argyll, on the subject of his third series of Gifford Lectures, *Anthropological Religion*, which the Duke had just read. He replied as follows: —

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

OXFORD, *April* 16, 1892.

'. . . I did not wish to enter on the question of Miracles, because I had little to say that was new; and yet it seemed to me cowardly to avoid the question altogether. What I wanted to say was that Miracles, in their true sense, so far from being impossible, are inevitable; they arise from the distance which always exists between the founders of a religion and their immediate disciples. They spring everywhere from the same source, a deep veneration felt by the great unreasoning masses for those whom they do not understand. Miracles thus receive a new and a more profound meaning. We are relieved from those never-ending discussions as to what is possible, probable, or real, what is rational, irrational, natural, or supernatural. We find ourselves before true *mira*, not small *miracula*. In a world where all is *admirable*, there is no room for small surprises. In a world in which no sparrow can fall to the ground without the Father,

where is there room for an extra sparrow? The Greeks have brought themselves to conceive what is *ὑπέρμορον*; are we to conceive what is *ὑπέρθειον*? I confess I cannot, though as to denying the physical possibility of miracles, who would do that? My difficulty is to find anything that is *not* a miracle. Thus I take the resurrection, not the ascension, as a fact. Then, people will say, "Christ was not really dead." I answer, "If resuscitation excludes the possibility of antecedent death, then he was not." But who is to draw that line? certainly not the centurion who thought that the blood running out of his side proved death, whereas medical authorities say that it proved the contrary. To me what people call a mere trance is quite as miraculous as any other deathlike state. To me it is enough that, in the case of Christ, whatever happened was not without the will of God. That is enough for me, and I dare not ask whether it required any exceptional effort. My belief in Christ's true Divinity is based on my belief in the Logos, and so was the belief of such men as Clement, Origen, and others, who became Christians without surrendering an iota of their philosophical convictions. If only I had more time to read! There it is where the true solution of our difficulties seems to me to lie. I shall try to point out the way in my next volume, but I feel I shall break down — I cannot read what I ought to read. However, I shall try. There is not only Clement and Origen, there is Dionysius the Areopagite, then there is Thomas Aquinas, and last, but by no means least, Master Eckhart, Tauler, Suso, and all the rest. The Cambridge Neo-Platonists are the last flicker of that ancient light, and all depends on the true meaning of Logos, both word and thought. How much more profoundly these old Platonists conceived the Origin of Species than the Darwinians!'

In the spring of this year, the third and fourth volumes of the new edition of the *Rig-veda*, brought out at the expense of the Mahârâjah of Vijayanagara, were published. These completed the work. In his Preface to the first volume, Max Müller alluded to the correspondence that went on during 1884, between himself and the India Office, relative to a new edition of the *Rig-veda*, and which has been fully detailed on p. 226. To these statements the India Office demurred, and took the peculiar step of writing to the Delegates of the Press early in 1891, complaining of these statements. Max Müller at once begged that such complaints might be addressed

straight to him, that he might have an opportunity of replying personally to the points adverted to in the letter to the Delegates. *This was never done.* These accusations were never addressed directly to Max Müller, and would therefore not be noticed here, had not Professor Boehtlingk in his 'Max Müller als Mythen-Dichter' ended his attack by bringing up these charges, saying, on the authority of a former employé of the India Office, that Max Müller's statements were all *pure inventions* (aus der Luft gesprungen). When the third and fourth volumes were ready for publication, Max Müller wrote a letter to the Secretary of State for India, in which he spoke of the charges as 'grave, and most offensive, if not actionable,' but he trusted to be able to prove by 'evidence that cannot be questioned, that every one of these charges is utterly unfounded, and that they reflect great discredit on the persons who invented them.' Who these were, and by what motives they were influenced, was perfectly well known to Max Müller. In his letter to the Secretary of State, he disproves all the charges, and in a letter to Mr. Curzon, then Under-Secretary of State, dated April 9, 1892, agrees not to advert to them in the Preface of the last volume, but to let bygones be bygones. In a later letter, he says that he does not ask for an official retractation of the charges, only, as they came from the Secretary of State in *Council,* he asks to be set right in the eyes of the Council. He concludes his letter thus: —

'I have either refuted every one of these libellous charges, or I have not. If I have, surely the Members of Council should be informed of it; if I have not, surely I ought to be informed what charges have remained unrefuted. I therefore leave my case with perfect confidence in your hands, being most unwilling to cause a public scandal, either in India or in England, and being most anxious to see those friendly relations re-established between the Indian Government and myself, to whom in the past I have owed so much.'

Unfortunately the matter had become known on the continent, through a man who did not hesitate to use official information for personal purposes, and who assisted Dr. Boehtlingk's

attack, which was widely circulated, whereas Max Müller's refutation was never known.

It was in this year also that the arrangements for the final volumes of the *Sacred Books of the East* were completed, and the number of forty-nine volumes filled up, though Max Müller was occupied with his work as editor to the last.

TO MR. NANJIO.

OXFORD, *May* 1.

'I was glad to hear yesterday from your young countryman at Oxford that you were well. I was really afraid that some misfortune might have happened to you during that terrible earthquake. But now that I know where you are, and what you are doing, I write to tell you that we are printing the Sanskrit text of the *Buddha Karita*. I lent your copy to Professor Cowell, who had received another MS. from India, and has restored a very fair text. The book is very important as the oldest life of Buddha, also as the earliest specimen of the Kâvya style in Sanskrit, which we know from Kâlidâsa and others who lived much later. It is not an easy book to read, and I hope Professor Cowell will publish an English translation.

'I have now two grandchildren, a boy and a girl, both flourishing. My son has passed his examination for the Diplomatic Service, which was a great pleasure to me. I myself and my wife are both well.

'If I thought you would read them, I should gladly send you my Lectures on the *Science of Religion*, but I am afraid you might consider me a heretic in Buddhism, and wish to burn me! I wish you would come to our ninth Oriental Congress, to be held in London next September. I shall have to act as President. It will be a brilliant gathering of Oriental scholars, and would interest you very much.'

Professor Whitney had written a violent attack on Max Müller's new edition of the *Science of Language*, and to this the following letter mainly relates: —

TO HORATIO HALE, ESQ.

OXFORD, *May* 1.

'No plagiarism, I am sure, is more delightful than that which we all commit on truth. If we succeed in stealing the same good morsel

from the larder of Truth we should feel delighted, as I always feel, if others, in their own independent way, arrive at the same results at which I have arrived. We two differ on some points but agree on most, and where we differ I believe an exchange of ideas by word of mouth, and not on paper, would soon make us agree. With regard to Linguistic Ethnology, for instance, all I meant to concede was that though some of the black inhabitants of India learnt to speak an Aryan language, they are ethnologically, or, as people say, by blood, different from the Âryas their conquerors. The Celts in Ireland are Celts, though they speak English. More than that I did not mean, and from what happened at the time I believe the people at Cardiff quite understood what I meant. I feel very grateful for what you said about Whitney. I do not know whether you have followed his raids from the first. I thought at first he was honest and sincere, and took the trouble to answer him in a long paper, "In Self-Defence." In order to put an end to mere squabbling, I proposed to him to choose three judges among his own friends to submit the points in question to them, and to have done. He showed the better part of valour, and declined the trial on purely whimsical grounds. After that he went on sending me articles, anonymous or signed; in fact, he placed himself outside the pale of literary criticism. As, without losing all self-respect, I could not answer him, I have made it a rule for at least fifteen years never to read his invectives. . . . This is the man who adopts a magisterial tone in all American newspapers. I have always thought him to be exactly what you say, un-American, and I believe my American friends are much too shrewd to be taken in by his discharge of venom. I always think if a naughty boy in the street throws mud at you, it is better not to fight him, but to let the mud dry, and brush it off, or still better, wait till one's friends brush it off for us.'

TO M. RENAN.

OXFORD, *May* 2.

'MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—We are very anxious to have your support, if not your presence, at the next Oriental Congress to be held in London in September. I have to act as President, and an ill-natured report has been spread that French scholars could not attend a Congress presided over by a German. Now I am a German by birth, but I am a naturalized Englishman, and I doubt whether real Frenchmen, real scholars, share the Chauvinism of ——. Lord Reay has asked me to write to you; all we want is your name as a

member of the Congress, which entails no more than the ordinary subscription, for which you will receive the Transactions of the Congress.'

During Commemoration of this year, the Max Müllers took refuge from the gaieties at Ightham Mote, and then went on to Rugby to their valued friends the Percivals for Speech Day, staying there again a week later on their way to Ireland to attend (by invitation) the Tercentenary celebration of Trinity College, Dublin. There they were the guests of the Lord Mayor. The week was spent in incessant gaieties. On the second day the Honorary Degrees were conferred, Max Müller being one of the recipients, and being loudly cheered. He was one of the guests chosen to address the students on the last morning of the meeting in Trinity College. The *Irish Times* described his speech as follows: —

'The cheering which marked the appearance of Professor Max Müller at the orators' table was tremendous. This celebrated scholar is a man who rivets the attention of his audience. His style is scholarly and clear; he expresses the results of his study in the simplest of language, and there is not a trace of the pedant in his kindly manner and in his musical voice. He is somewhat above the middle height, is well-built, and his face is one of those strongly-marked, powerful, grey faces which seem to be rough-hewn from granite. His thin hair and bushy whiskers are perfectly white, and, brushed back, they added to the dignity of his highly intellectual face. His pronunciation of English is generally unimpeachable, but at rare intervals a delicately imperfect utterance, corrected almost as soon as spoken, reminded the audience of the celebrated philologist whom they had forgotten in the fluent and forcible speaker of English.'

This fatiguing week was followed by a resting visit to Lord Rosse for three days, after which the Max Müllers made their way by Cork, Glengariff, and Kenmare, to Killarney, where they stayed with their old friends Professor and Mrs. Butcher, of Edinburgh, exploring, under their guidance, the Lakes, Muckross Abbey, and Ross Castle. The fine scenery was a great delight to Max Müller, whose love of beautiful nature was

as vivid at sixty-nine as at twenty-six, when he first visited the Lakes of Cumberland. A day or two were spent at Sir Edmund Verner's at Corke Abbey, near Bray, before returning to England.

TO C. E. NORTON, ESQ., OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

OXFORD, *July* 29.

'Please accept my late but very sincere thanks for your welcome and very helpful translation of Dante. I value it all the more, because it shows me that you have kept a place for me in your memory. Life is drawing to an end, the number of friends becomes smaller and smaller, and it is pleasant if our wandering thoughts can dwell with some, and feel that these are still among the living. I ought not to complain, for though I have lost much, much that is most precious has been left to me. I myself go on with my work, though I cannot trust to my memory as much as I did formerly, and must be very careful in verifying everything, not without considerable trouble. I have just finished a second edition of the *Rig-veda*, in four short quarto volumes, and my *Sacred Books of the East* are approaching completion as far as I am concerned. I send you a volume which may interest you more than my ordinary books. You will easily see how I try to solve the problems of Nature, Self, and God, historically, if possible. There is a fourth volume to follow, but I find it almost too hard to finish, and begin to feel my ignorance more and more. At present I am hard at work for the ninth International Congress of Orientalists, to be held in London in September. I have to be President, a great honour, but, like most honours, rather onerous.'

A great pleasure came to Max Müller this year: his old friend Mr. Froude was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History, and though he had not to reside till the autumn Term, all through the summer he and his daughters came constantly to stay with their relations, first when choosing, and then when furnishing, their house. During the two years of Mr. Froude's professorship, the old friends were constantly together, taking long walks, as in long-past days (for Mr. Froude, though nearly five years the elder of the two, was singularly active and vigorous) or dropping into each other's

houses for tea, sharing their guests, and London or foreign visitors; discussing their work, or politics, or the many interests they had in common. To both it was a renewal of their youth.

TO HIS DAUGHTER BEATRICE.

OXFORD, *August* 2, 1892.

'MY DEAR B., — Leading such a vagabond life as we do, I quite forgot the first of August and your birthday. But for all that, I wished you many happy returns of the day, now that you are so comfortably settled with so many opportunities of making yourself useful to other people, not only to those who are dearest to you, but to many who are brought in contact with you. We spent some pleasant days with old Sir Harry Verney. The park was swarming with people on Bank Holiday. They had a flower show, athletic sports, and dancing, and everybody seemed supremely happy. Much good, I am sure, is done in that way, and the old man is evidently revered by all the farmers in the neighbourhood. Love to Tom, and a kiss to Maxie and the little girl. How grateful you ought to feel with all that has been given you! May you enjoy it for many years!

'Ever your loving Father.'

In the first days of September, the Max Müllers went to London for the ninth Oriental Congress, which, in spite of all the intrigues, was very successful, thanks chiefly to the exertions of Lord Northbrook, Lord Reay, and others. Knowing that no Congress could hope to rival the one at Stockholm in social brilliancy, the committee wisely endeavoured to make the ninth a real working Congress. On the Monday Max Müller delivered his Inaugural Address as President of the Congress. It gave a sketch of the achievements of Oriental scholarship during the last fifty years, and, as Hofrath Bühler said in his proposal of a vote of thanks, might fill the hearts of Orientalists with just pride. The proposal was seconded by Signor de Gubernatis. The Address will be found in the first volume of *Chips*, new edition. One great interest of the meeting was the paper on 'Archaic Greece and the East,' written by Mr. Gladstone. As he could not be present, the paper was read by Max Müller.

One afternoon the President's son-in-law and his wife received the members at their lovely old house, Ightham Mote, near Sevenoaks. On the last day the Congress visited Oxford, the sections being entertained at luncheon in different colleges, and in the afternoon, the whole Congress was received in Wadham Gardens by the President and his wife, Sir William and Lady Hunter, and Professor and Mrs. Clifton. Max Müller returned to London for the final meeting, and there is no doubt that much good work was done during this Congress.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *September* 15, 1892.

'It would have given me the greatest pleasure to be allowed to pay another visit to you at Hawarden Castle, but I am just packing my books and papers to spend a few weeks with my children and grandchildren at Westward Ho, and I feel really so tired after our Oriental Congress as to be quite unfit for society. I considered it a great honour to read your paper at the Congress. It was a very great help to us to have your name among the Presidents of Sections, and I only wish you had been there in person to hear the cheers, and to listen to the debate which followed. The impression left upon those who spoke, myself among the rest, was that there certainly was something behind the restricted use of *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν*, but that Homer was unaware of anything Phoenician or Egyptian in it. Your explanation took most of us by surprise, but we are getting accustomed to surprises from the East, and I look forward to more surprises to follow. I look upon *ἄναξ* as a Greek word. We have *Ἄνακες*, the Dioscuri, then *Ἀνάκεια* and *Ἀνάκειον*. Then there is *ἀνάκτωρ* in Aeschylus, and *ἀνακτόριος*. Could it be connected with the perfect *ἄνωγα*, I command? It is possible, but I can say no more. I do not know whether you received a copy of my Presidential Address which I sent to Hawarden, nor do I expect that you will have time to read it. But you would see how I try to find bridges on which Egyptian and Phoenician thought could have travelled from the East to Greece. My best bridge is the Alphabet. Grant that, and all is granted. But I must not take up any more of your time. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you next Term, when you are to lecture at Oxford. Unless you have already made arrangements, may I venture to say that it would give us the greatest pleasure if you and Mrs. Gladstone

would stay with us, while you are at Oxford. I should consider your visit a very great honour, and I should do everything to secure you rest, and quiet, while preparing and delivering your lecture.'

To recover the fatigues of the Congress, the Max Müllers joined their daughter and her husband and children at Westward Ho, near Bideford. An expedition was made by Clovelly and Bude to Boscastle, but the trip was spoilt by the rain.

To Dr. Hosäus.

Translation. Westward Ho, *October* 2.

'You may feel sure I recollected yesterday the happy days in Dessau, and thought of all those who showed their sympathy by attending the Fêtes. It is seldom that anything that one has wished for so long, is brought to so successful an end. I shall never forget all I owe to your untiring energy. It must be a constant satisfaction to you to have the outcome of all your efforts daily before your eyes. Everything has gone as well with us, this year, as one could possibly expect at our age. I certainly do not get much rest. When the Oriental Congress was over, I and my wife joined my daughter and son-in-law and two grandchildren here at the sea. I was here years ago with Charles Kingsley, when he was writing *Westward Ho*, and now I am staying in the bathing-place named after his novel. So life flies by. I am delighted to say that my son entered the Diplomatic Service this year, so that, as far as one can see, his future is settled. It is a fine career, and he takes great interest in his work.'

Early in December Max Müller paid his last visit to Hawarden Castle.

To his Wife.

Hawarden Castle, *December* 7, 1892.

'It was a long journey, but the country looked beautiful in the snow. The old man is marvellous, he looks stronger than ever, and Mrs. Gladstone too, wonderfully well. The French Ambassador had to leave, so there is only Lady K. staying here. It is certainly interesting to see a man at his age so vigorous, and full of interest for all things. We have not come to Home Rule yet, but I dare say that will come to-morrow.'

On December 15, Max Müller's son left England for his first post as attaché at Constantinople. The parting was a

severe trial to his father, and a visit to Claremont, a few days later, was hailed as a welcome change for him.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

December 17.

'The letter and book from Kiel, which was sent to me to Hawarden, contained the answer from Professor Oldenberg, and the number of the *Luneberg Journal* which I wished you to see. The article contains a chemical analysis of a large number of ancient bronzes, and shows, as far as I can see conclusively, that bronze was gained by accident, that is by smelting ores containing copper and tin. I remember in Cornwall that people speak of the "brown rider on a white horse," when copper is found above tin. The article likewise shows that really pure copper and pure tin are later discoveries, and so is the intentional combination of the two. The article was published in 1865. If you have time to read it during your short holiday abroad, please let me know and I will send it to you.'

TO HIS SON.

December 21, 1892.

'I should like to see the Piraeus and the Acropolis, if only for what was there once, and what we can enjoy in Greek literature. A man who has ancestors is called a nobleman, but it is our intellectual ancestors, Plato, Sophocles, &c., that give us true nobility and make us feel our place in the world. Classical education gives us a respect for the past, and without that respect, without that firm ground to stand on, we are like reeds shaken by the wind, like *nouveaux riches* without any heirlooms.'

The first two months of the year 1893 were passed quietly at Oxford, in printing the last series of Gifford Lectures, *Theosophy or Psychological Religion*. 'Don't be distressed by any comments,' wrote a friend; 'there will be deepest gratitude to you for putting these truths so plainly and so gently.' Max Müller had purposely added the word 'Theosophy' to his title, because

'The venerable name, so well known among early Christian thinkers, as expressing the highest conception of God within the reach of the human mind, has of late been so greatly misappropriated that it was high time to restore it to its proper function. It should be known once for all that one may call oneself a theosophist without . . . believing in any occult sciences and black art.'

In his Preface Max Müller again defends the historical method which he had pursued, not only in these four courses of Gifford Lectures, but in all his writings on kindred subjects.

'So long as we look on the history of the human race as something that might or might not have been, we cannot wonder that the student of religion should prefer to form his opinions of the nature of religion, and the laws of its growth, from the masterwork of Thomas Aquinas, the *Summa Sacrae Theologiae*, rather than from the *Sacred Books of the East*. But when we have learnt to recognize in history the realization of a rational purpose, when we have learnt to look upon it as, in the truest sense of the word, a Divine drama, a plot revealed in it ought to assume in the eyes of the philosopher also a meaning and a value far beyond the speculations of even the most enlightened and logical theologians.'

This last volume was fiercely criticized. The *Academy* considered that it exceeded in interest and information all the preceding volumes. Whilst the *Record* maintained that it was a grave question whether the definition of the Logos could be accepted by the Christian student, another paper declared that they had read nothing better than the particular lectures on the Logos doctrine. The *Inquirer* quoted

'The striking passage . . . in which Mr. Max Müller refers to the difficulty which has been felt by some Christian theologians in fixing the oneness and yet difference between the Son of God and humanity at large. "It was not thought robbery that the Son should be equal with the Father (Phil. ii. 6), but it was thought robbery to make human nature equal with that of the Son. Many were frightened by the thought that the Son of God should thus be degraded to a *mere man*. Is there not a blasphemy against humanity also, and is it not blasphemous to speak of a *mere man?* What can be the meaning of a *mere man*, if we once have recognized the divine essence in him, if we once believe that, unless we are of God, we are nothing? If we once allow ourselves to speak of a mere man, others will soon speak of a mere God."'

Another review says: —

'There is, perhaps, no one of the Gifford Lecturers who has endured more vituperative criticism than Professor Max Muller; and yet to

the single-minded inquirer after truth his four volumes of *Gifford Lectures* are full of suggestive thought, of fearless criticism, and of reverent study such as should not produce an evil result. Max Müller points out that his plan in framing these lectures was "to show that, given the human mind such as it is, and its environment such as it is, the concept of God and a belief in God would be inevitable." To accomplish this task he set himself to trace the history of religion from the earliest indications of a belief in the supernatural, and was able, as he thinks, triumphantly to show that God had never been without a witness. He traces the influences exerted by Oriental religions upon Christianity with the outspoken frankness that characterizes all his *Gifford Lectures*, and certainly he suggests some very hard problems for his critics to explain upon the theory of a comparatively recent revelation. In his researches he came across many curious maxims and incidents in the oldest Oriental theologies, which strangely anticipated what are deemed distinctive characteristics of the Christian religion. To him these coincidences seemed to prove the truth of Christianity and to make its divine origin more apparent. But it was not so with his critics. They imagined that these striking similarities, so far from proving Christianity, showed it to be an imposture, composed of fragments of earlier beliefs, the outcome of mere human intelligence. The Professor does not spare these purblind zealots. He says: "There survive even now some half-petrified philosophers and theologians who call it heresy to believe that unassisted human reason could ever attain to a concept of, or a belief in, God; who maintain that a special revelation is absolutely necessary for that purpose, but that such a revelation was granted to the human race twice only — once in the Old, and once in the New Testament." This is very bold language, but it is the proper attitude for a Gifford Lecturer to assume. If Professor Müller has stated untruths as facts, or has drawn the wrong inferences, the most fitting reply is to set him right, not simply to abuse him, as if he were a magnified Volney or Voltaire.'

A friend, whose judgement Max Müller valued highly, congratulated him 'on having thus completed so long and laborious a work. The truths expounded are indeed of the first importance. I rejoice that this aspect of religion should have found so powerful and persuasive an interpreter. The ease and freedom of your exposition give us all a lesson in the intelligible treatment of the most abstruse things.'

TO H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *January* 2, 1893.

'MADAM,—I was much interested to hear that the little I said to your Royal Highness about the *Word*, that is the *Logos*, has found an echo in your thoughts. At present all my work is really concentrated on the origin and the history of that thought. Its deepest roots lie in the most ancient portion of Greek philosophy, there it grows in Plato and Aristotle, and comes to full maturity in Philo. It was adopted by the Greek converts to Christianity, who were steeped in Greek philosophy and yet honestly persuaded of the truth of Christianity, such as it was in the first and second centuries. It is very different now from what it was then! My fourth and last volume of *Gifford Lectures* will be almost entirely devoted to this subject, and will make it possible, I believe, for honest philosophers to be honest Christians. But the work is very hard; I have so much to read, more than I have time and strength for. Still I must do my best before I can take my holidays. In the meantime I should be very glad if you and Mrs. Moreton would look at the first three volumes of my *Gifford Lectures*, which I have taken the liberty to send to you. They are only preparatory, and occasionally, I am afraid, somewhat tedious. But that could not be helped. One has to make bricks before one can build an arch. With the fourth volume as the coping-stone, I hope the arch will prove safe and sound. . . . With many thanks for your Royal Highness' kind wishes for the New Year, which I heartily reciprocate, I have the honour to remain,

'Your Royal Highness' most faithful servant.'

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

OXFORD, *January* 9, 1893.

'I send you the paper on Bronze by Dr. Wibel. It has attracted very little attention, but it seems to me extremely valuable, and to remove all difficulties in the most natural way. It is founded, as you will see, on 230 chemical analyses of ancient bronze. It shows that here, as elsewhere, nature suggested the most important discoveries. It was not that people at first learnt to extract copper and tin, and then intentionally mixed the two to produce the harder metal bronze. They could not have done it, it seems, because the extra smelting of pure copper is more difficult than the promiscuous smelting of impure copper and tin ore which produced bronze. It seems to follow that

this discovery of bronze could have been made nowhere but in England, where the two ores are found in close propinquity. There are a number of other hints in the paper which I feel sure will interest you, if you can *really* make time to read it.'

TO HIS SON AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

February 19, 1893.

'From what I saw of M. Waddington, his reasons for resigning seemed to me all far-fetched. Though here he is *plus royaliste que le Roi*, in his heart there is some English feeling, at all events no anti-English feeling. Now my impression is that the French Government wants, by any means, to burst the Triple Alliance, and its *entente* with England. To throw the French upon the German army is a dangerous experiment, and a descent on Italy too would be risky. But to show the teeth to England, or bully it on one of its many vulnerable points, might trouble the waters and enable them to fish. They might then offer almost anything to Russia to excite her ambition, or they might hope to cajole England into a more friendly understanding with France, by offering Egypt or Madagascar, in fact anything that might seem tempting. Now this general policy, Waddington as a sensible man would not approve, and would probably decline to have anything to do with it. I feel sure he does not go for the sake of his numismatic studies.'

Soon after this Max Müller dined at the farewell dinner to M. Waddington at the Mansion House, and then with his wife went to Ightham Mote, where they spent the whole of March with their married daughter. Towards the close of the month Max Müller delivered an address at the German Athenaeum in London, 'My Friends in India.' It was published in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, June, 1893, and formed the nucleus of *Auld Lang Syne*, series ii, printed in 1899. Before returning to Oxford, Max Müller writes to his son: —

IGHTHAM, *March* 23.

'We have had a delightful time here: the weather beautiful. I have enjoyed my stay here very much. They all seem so happy here that one trembles. Constantinople must be a lovely place but for the unspeakable Turk. I confess I belong to the bag and baggage party: there is no excuse for these Turanians living in Europe, and keeping the old Byzantine Empire in a state of semi-barbarism.'

This year Max Müller once more received a telegram from the German Emperor, conveying his hearty congratulations to the Oxford crew on their victory after the boat-race. The telegram, which, with the exception of the concluding sentence, is in German, was as follows: — 'By right of my old and never-failing friendship for beautiful Oxford and her brave sons, I again beg you to be the interpreter of my heartiest congratulations to the crew on winning the boat-race. So enthusiastic a lover of aquatic sports as I am must always rejoice when young men use and cultivate their strength in so rational a way.' (Then in English) 'It was well done from first to last. — WILHELM I. and R. Berlin.'

To COLONEL OLCOTT.

OXFORD, *March* 22, 1893.

'I have just been reading Professor Deussen's Address on Vedantism which he delivered at Bombay. That is a true account of Vedantism and of Theosophy, that is what you and your friends have been looking for, that is what you will find, only far more developed, in my last volume of Gifford Lectures, entitled *Theosophy or Psychological Religion*. You should now try to persuade your friends in India to make a new start, *i.e.* to return to their ancient philosophy in all its purity. I have not forgotten your telling me once that a new religion in order to grow must be *manured*.[1] I do not believe in that. I trust to the pure rain of heaven, and to the light and warmth of the sun, that is, to the vivifying power of truth. Everything else is of evil, particularly in India, where people are so much inclined to believe in what seems miraculous, and not in what is natural. If I have spoken and written against you, I should have done just the same against myself and my best friends, when I saw that they were seeking for the truth but were going on a wrong road to find it. You can do much good in India if you will treat the Hindus, not as children, but as men. Wait till you get my *Theosophy*, and then tell me whether that is not what you really wanted for India and for Europe also.

[1] '*Comment by Col. Olcott:* — An entire misunderstanding. What I said was that, as young plants had to be manured, so I had noticed that new religions were commonly attended at the beginning by "miracles" — *i.e.* psychic phenomena, which gave them quickly a grip on the public mind. And the observed wonders were multiplied indefinitely by partisan writers, who thought to thus fertilize them.'

'Once more, you can do a great deal of good if you will help the people in India to discover and recover the treasure of truth in their old Brahma-sophy.'

Not content with all the trouble given before the meeting of the Oriental Congress in 1892, the following letter proves that the same mischievous spirit was still active: —

TO B. M. MALABARI, ESQ.

OXFORD, *April* 8.

'If you could see an article which I have just sent to the *Deutsche Rundschau*, "On my friends in India," you would not think that I or my wife ascribed untruthful articles on the Oriental Congress in your paper to you. Many people, like you and myself, have been puzzled by these London letters, and the only explanation is that money has passed between some one and the writer. You know how many things become intelligible in that way, but I must say I was sorry for it, for your sake and for the sake of the writer.

'In a fortnight I shall go away on a long holiday, and see my son at Constantinople. On the first of September I must be at Leipzig to receive my honorary diploma from my old University, where I took my degree fifty years ago! The Emperor of Germany, as you may have seen in the papers, has just sent me his life-size portrait, magnificently framed, in recognition of my life-long services to ancient Indian literature, and as an acknowledgement for my recent edition of the *Rig-veda*, brought out at the expense of the Mahârâjah of Vizianagram, and of which the Emperor accepted a copy for his private library. The Queen also accepted a copy.

'I hope you are enjoying some rest, and are satisfied with the progress of the reforms which you started.'

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

OXFORD, *April* 16, 1893.

'I hope my publishers have by this time sent you a copy of my last volume of Gifford Lectures, *Theosophy or Psychological Religion*. It may seem very irrational on my part, not to say very conceited, to imagine you could find time to look at any book at present. Still there are things more important than Ireland, things that

appealed to human hearts before the names of England and Ireland were known, and that will continue to appeal to human hearts, long after the names of England and Ireland have been forgotten. Some of these eternal questions I have ventured to treat in my volume. I do not think you will find much to interest you, except perhaps the last three or four lectures on the *Word*, or the *Logos*, where I try to show what an immense amount of gratitude we owe to Greece in regard to what we may call Christian Metaphysics. I only wish I had more time to give to this subject, but the time for *contrahere vela* has come, and I have still much in hand that I should like to finish if health remains what it has hitherto been. I assure you I expect no expression of opinion from you, but I should feel glad to think that some evening you have looked at this last book of mine.'

To Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Oxford, *April*, 1893.

'I have asked my publisher to send you a copy of my last volume of Gifford Lectures, which I have called *Theosophy*, in order to restore that old name to its legitimate meaning. I wonder what you will say to it! It seems to me to give the solution of all our difficulties. If we can find out why philosophers and men of complete independence like St. Clement and Origen embraced Christianity without sacrificing one iota of their philosophical convictions, we can judge for ourselves whether we can honestly follow their example. I believe that the Anti-Nicene theology and philosophy will supply a rallying-ground for all of us. It is strange that the German reformers should have actually neglected this Anti-Nicene Christianity. They did not see that such expressions as *υἱὸς μονογενής*, filius *unicus*, not *unigenitus*, were of Greek workmanship, that the Logos was the quintessence of all Greek philosophy, bequeathed by the Aryan to the Semitic race, though misunderstood by some of the earliest disciples of Christ. What Philo did to reconcile Greek thought with Jewish faith, sometimes very wildly and fancifully, was achieved by Clement and Origen in reconciling Greek thought with Christian faith. There was no more inducement for Clement to become a Christian than there is for ——, and yet he joined the persecuted Christians bona fides. When he spoke of the Son of God, he meant nothing vulgar or mythological, he used the word in the sense in which Plato had started it.

'I was asked to preside at the Religious Congress at Chicago, but have had to decline, and have sent them my book instead as an

irenicon between philosophy and religion. I send it to you with the same object, for I know how near this conflict is to your heart, and you will see how here too, all we want to solve our difficulties is history, or a knowledge how things came to be what they are.'

TO H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *April* 20, 1893.

'. . . I send to your Royal Highness the last volume of my Lectures. It is the key to the whole. I have now said all that was in my mind and heart. Whether the world will understand it, is another question. But I feel certain the truth is there, and that it will be understood some day. I have had to work so hard that, almost for the first time in my life, I feel that I must rest.. The springs begin to creak, and the whole carriage jolts. Threescore years and ten is the orthodox limit, and I certainly begin to feel as if *la première jeunesse* was gone!'

Before leaving Oxford in the end of April, Max Müller heard from Colonel Olcott, asking whether he had rightly understood Max Müller to say that there was no such thing as an esoteric interpretation of the Sanskrit *Sâstras*, and that he had exhorted him (Colonel Olcott) not 'to destroy all the good he had done in helping to revive Sanskrit, by pandering to the superstitious credulity of the Hindus, and telling them about phenomena that are impossible, and Mahatmas who do not exist.' The answer, though written later, is given here: —

TO COLONEL OLCOTT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *June* 10, 1893.

'DEAR COLONEL OLCOTT, — I was much pleased to receive your two letters of April 25 and May 11.

'With regard to your letter, I can quite understand your feelings for Madame Blavatsky, particularly after her death, and I have tried to say as little as possible of what might pain her friends. But I felt it my duty to protest against what seemed to me a lowering of a beautiful religion. Her name and prestige were doing real mischief among people who were honestly striving for higher religious views, and who were quite willing to recognize all that was true and beautiful and good in other religions. Madame Blavatsky seems to me to

have had the same temperament, but she was either deceived by others or carried away by her own imaginations. There is nothing esoteric in Buddhism. Buddhism is the very opposite of esoteric — it is a religion for the people at large, for the poor, the suffering, the ill-treated. Buddha protests against the very idea of keeping anything secret. There was much more of that esoteric teaching in Brahmanism. There was the system of caste, which deprived the Sudras, at least, of many religious privileges. But I do say that, even in Brahmanism, there is "*no such thing as an esoteric interpretation of the Sâstras.*" The *Sâstras* have but one meaning, and all who had been properly prepared by education had access to them. There are some artificial poems, which are so written as to admit of two interpretations. They are very wonderful, but they have nothing to do with philosophical doctrines. Again there are, as among the Sufis, erotic poems in Sanskrit which are explained as celebrating the love and union between the soul and God. But all this is perfectly well known, there is no mystery about it. Again, it is true that the *Vedânta Sûtras*, for instance, admit of an Advaitic and a Vasishta-advaitic interpretation, and the same applies to the *Upanishads*. But all this is open, and nothing is kept secret from those who have passed through the proper education. Besides, in our time all MSS. are accessible, and the most important *Sâstras* and their commentaries have been printed. Where is there room for esoteric doctrines ? No living Pandit or Mahâtma knows more than what is contained in MSS., though I am quite aware that their oral instruction, which they freely extend even to Europeans, is very helpful towards a right understanding of the Sanskrit texts and commentaries.

'You may have seen Mr. Sinnett's answer to my article. It is so childish that I do not know how to answer it. He evidently wishes to step into Madame Blavatsky's place, and to claim for himself the authorship of this whole movement. He and Mrs. Besant are trying to divide the spoils. I believe that Mrs. Besant is honest, at least she was so; as to Mr. Sinnett I have my doubts. A man who can say that the pork of which Buddha died was the *Boar* Avatar of Vishnu is outside the pale. I have always thought that the account of Buddha's death speaks very strongly for the good faith of his disciples. They told the truth, though they must have known that their enemies would make sport of it. Besides, what harm is there in his accepting the gift of Kunda, and what does it matter how the body dies ?

'You can really do a good work if you can persuade the people in

India, whether Buddhists or Brahmans, to study their own religion in a reverent spirit, to keep what is good, and discard openly what is effete, antiquated and objectionable. If all religions would do that, we should soon have but *one* religion; and we should no longer call each other unbelievers and Giaurs, and commit atrocities like those in Bulgaria, in which the Christians were quite as bad as the Mohammedans. Nothing can be more useful than publications of the old texts, critically edited, and trustworthy translations. My *Sacred Books of the East* have opened people's eyes in many places. I am sorry to say that I cannot continue the series. Neither the University of Oxford nor the India Office will vote more money. Still, some one will come hereafter and continue the work!

'As to the *Upanishads*, I have the Telugu edition, but the Telugu letters are not familiar to me, and a Devanâgari reprint would be much more generally useful. I am glad to hear that it is in preparation.

'You can help to forward or retard the good work that has to be done in India. If I can be of any use, I am always willing to help; and, in spite of many disappointments, I have never lost my faith in man, nor in the final victory of truth.'

The end of April the Max Müllers left Oxford, and after some pleasant days with Dean and Mrs. Liddell, at Ascot, and a short visit to Ightham Mote, they started for their long-planned holiday. Stopping at Rheims and Lucerne, they crossed the St. Gothard for the first time since the railroad was completed, to Milan. A day was given to the Certosa, which had formerly been shut to women, and nearly a week was spent in Venice. Sleeping at Ravenna and Ancona, the Max Müllers left Brindisi for Patras. The ship stopped long enough at Corfu to allow them to drive to Canone, and form some idea of the beauty of the island, and the luxuriance of the vegetation. The next day, landing early at Patras, they crossed the country to Athens. Max Müller's enthusiastic delight at the first distant view of the Acropolis, rising out of the plain, can never be forgotten. Here a week was spent in the enjoyment of all that is to be seen in Athens, but the weather was too hot, and Max Müller too tired for any expeditions.

TO DR. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

ATHENS, *May* 23, 1893.

'Your note of May 2 reached me here. We are on our way to Constantinople, and hope to get some rest there. Our journey has been delightful, but I still feel tired, and Athens, seen for the first time, does not allow much rest. I saw Tricoupi, and also the King. There has been much muddling between the two, and I expect Tricoupi will soon come back. They are in a regular mess financially. You get forty-two drachmas in dirty paper for £1. And yet they say the country is progressing, and can afford to pay its debts!'

Modern Athens, except for its horrible dust, made little impression on Max Müller.

TO HIS DAUGHTER BEATRICE.

ATHENS, *May* 23, 1893.

'MY DEAR BEATRICE, — I must send you a line from Athens and tell you that we are quite well, and that we have enjoyed ourselves very much. This is a place worth seeing when you can. The weather has been splendid. Just now we are back from the harbour of Phalleron, where the French fleet is lying. The sunset was magnificent, and every point you see full of recollections. Yesterday I had an audience of the King, and in the evening we dined at the English Legation to meet Tricoupi the ex-Minister, so the Greek papers declared the English Minister had given a political dinner, and were very angry! To-morrow we shall leave the Piraeus at 7 P.M., and in thirty-six hours we hope to be at Constantinople.

'Ever your loving Father.'

The long quiet day on board, sailing through the Greek Islands, rested Max Müller, who threw off all traces of fatigue the next morning as the vessel neared the Golden Horn, and the Embassy launch appeared, with his son on board. For nearly three months Max Müller revelled in the beauties of Constantinople and the Bosphorus. The Sultan showed great kindness to him, receiving him and his wife and son (after the first Selamlik they attended) in private audience, when he presented Max Müller with the Order of the Medjidieh.

During the whole time of his visit, one of the palace Aides de camp was in attendance on him, so that he was able to see many things not open to the general traveller, amongst others, the Qurban Bairam reception, on the Feast of Sacrifices, when the Sultan having, like every other householder, slain his ram, holds court in the great hall of the Dolmabaghcheh palace, the largest audience-hall in the world. Max Müller dined at the palace, and on the occasion of his presenting the *Sacred Books of the East* to the Sultan, received the Liakat, or Order of Merit, being the first infidel, not in the service of the Sultan, who had received it. He also visited the Sultan's private library and examined the books, but neither there nor in the Seraglio could he discover any trace of Greek MSS., though there is a general impression outside Constantinople that some are still in existence. Broussa was also visited, but the heat was tremendous, and Max Müller was very much exhausted by the excursion; still he was able to enjoy the marvellous beauty of the city, with its countless mosques and *turbehs* or tombs.

TO MR. NANJIO.

THERAPIA, *July* 2.

'Here I and my wife have been staying for some time, to be near our son. The climate is most beautiful, and the complete rest has done me a great deal of good. We hope to stay here another month, and then go back through Germany, and be at Oxford in October. I had to work very hard to finish my fourth volume of Gifford Lectures. I wanted to print my translation of the *Sukhâvativyuha*, the one which I dictated to you, but I had to put it off as I felt too tired. I hope you will be able to pay one more visit to Oxford; I am now nearly seventy years old, and cannot hope to live much longer, but I feel quite well and hope to do a little more work when I return to Oxford. Kasawara saw how much truth there is in Christianity, and I think it is a serious mistake if followers of different religions always dwell on the points on which they differ; it is far better to try and discover the truths on which different religions agree. On all essential points the best religions of the world agree; there are in each inevitable fictions, and on these they differ. I hope some good may be done at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, but I did not feel strong enough to go there.'

In 1892 Max Müller had made acquaintance with Madame Butenschön, a Swedish lady, a student of Sanskrit, and she then spent some days in Norham Gardens.

TO MADAME BUTENSCHÖN.

THERAPIA, *July* 22, 1893.

'You will be surprised to receive my answer from the East, and not from the West. We have been spending our summer at Constantinople, and on the Bosphorus, and have enjoyed it immensely. I had no idea of the beauty of this part of the world. The climate is simply perfect; for three months, when I opened the windows in the morning, there was the bright sun and the fresh air of the sea. I came here very tired and suffering from neuralgia, and I feel quite restored now, and very sorry to have soon to leave for England.

'I was delighted to receive your letter. I had a feeling, after our pleasant meeting at Oxford, that our orbits would meet again. I am glad to see that you are not discouraged by the difficulties of Sanskrit. You will certainly be rewarded, if you persevere. You have divined what treasures there are in Sanskrit literature, and it is absurd to suppose that a woman's brain could not master the difficulties of a language like Sanskrit. I wish I could send you my last book to St. Moritz, but I have only one copy here, covered with notes. But if you would get it, you would find how fully all your anticipations about the wisdom of India are realized. It is the fourth volume of the Gifford Lectures. It contains my last word on the greatest problems of life. I am quite prepared to find that people will not understand it, but I know that there are some who have understood it, and I feel convinced that in the future the old Vedânta philosophy will hold its place of honour by the side of Plato and Spinoza and Eckhart. Perhaps you do not know the latter, but you will know him and love him.'

Leaving Constantinople by Orient express, two days were spent at Buda Pesth, where, under the guidance of Professor Vambéry, the Max Müllers explored those beautiful towns. They then passed a week in Vienna, which had been very much improved and beautified since Max Müller had visited it nearly forty years previously. Thence the travellers made their way by Dresden to Leipzig, arriving there in time for the seventieth birthday of Max Müller's old friend Professor Carus.

The following letter is an answer to one which gave Max Müller unfeigned pleasure to receive, as it proved to him that his Gifford Lectures were penetrating into circles where he had not expected that they would find a welcome: —

TO REV. R. CORBET.

VIENNA, *August* 19, 1893.

'A letter like yours is precious indeed, and I must thank you for it, though writing on one's journey from place to place is troublesome, and pen, paper, and ink abominable. I well remember our meeting at Headington Hill many years ago. I hope and trust that other clergymen may find in my Lectures what you have found in them. They are the result of a long battle: I have found peace, why should not others? I may be wrong on this or that point, but on the main point, our relation to God and to Christ, history, I believe, will bear me out. We may look forward to new discoveries, throwing light on the early stages of Christianity. I saw some curious fragments of the Gospels (pre-canonical) yesterday in the collection of papyri belonging to the Archduke Rainer. Thanking you heartily for your letter.'

TO B. M. MALABARI, ESQ.

LEIPZIG, *August* 25.

'Here I am at last at Leipzig, my old University. I received both your letters here, the one with the rough draft of the address on my jubilee, and the other yesterday. I like the address very much — it might have been written by a German Professor, and is quite free from Oriental phraseology. I do not see why Indian reformers should be excluded from signing it. I have all my life been an Indian reformer, though there are some reforms of which I do not approve. I have all my life been a Liberal and a Gladstonian, but I do not approve of Home Rule. I should like to see the names of such men as the Mahârâjah of Vijayanagara, who has been, as you know, very kind to me. But you know best, and I am very grateful for what you have done. I had some most interesting conversations with the Sultan about the *Sacred Books of the East*, and the relation between Christianity and Islam. He is an intelligent, tolerant, and very kind-hearted man.

'I long now to be back in England, and in Oxford among my books. My holiday has done me much good. I hope your health

and your good spirits will soon be quite restored. You are much too young to retire from the world — true youth is strong will.'

On September 1, Max Müller celebrated the Jubilee of taking his Degree as Doctor of Philosophy, and received a new diploma from the University of Leipzig. All the professors were away except Carus and Drobisch, whose lectures Max Müller had attended more than fifty years before, and who was too old to accompany Carus when he presented the new diploma in the name of the University. Telegrams of congratulation came from many people, and various Sanskritists sent their congratulations in the form of Sanskrit slokas. Those from Professor Cowell were rendered into English by their author: —

'Years like a stream flow past nor know return,
Youth fades away, — yet why, loved guru, mourn?
This *râhu*-body has its little day, —
But the bright moon of fame shines on undimmed for aye!'
E. B. COWELL.

Professor Maurice Bloomfield, of Baltimore, wrote: 'You have been in the front rank of those who have liberalized and beautified the thought of the century.' The Bavarian Academy of Sciences sent their congratulations 'to one who for more than forty years had been a foreign member of the Academy.'

But what Max Müller valued most, was an address from India from the Pandits, who regretted that there had not been time to collect more signatures. The address runs thus: —

'SIR, — We beg to approach you with our sincere congratulations on your having completed half a century of arduous and important work since you took your Degree at the University of Leipzig. In the midst of the congratulations that will greet you from all parts of the civilized world, we beg you will permit us, who have been your admirers in the far East, to send you this brotherly greeting. Notwithstanding the distance that separates us, we hope that you will welcome this greeting as coming from a land which has been endeared to you by ties of intellectual and spiritual fellowship.

'2. The last half-century has been distinguished by the vigorous and sustained effort of European thought to emancipate itself from

the bias caused by the influence of race, nationality, and religion, and to move towards the conception of the essential unity of mankind. This effort has derived a great deal of its momentum from the study of the sacred language of our country and of the literatures and religions of India and other eastern countries, which European scholars have pursued with wonderful patience and vigour. Among these you have occupied a very prominent place.

'3. By your edition of the *Rig-veda Samhitâ*, with Sâyaṇa's commentary, you rendered possible an independent study of that unique memorial of the early condition of the whole Aryan race, and not merely of the Indian branch of it; and by your volume of the translation of the hymns to the Maruts, you showed the way how to pursue such studies.

'4. Your series of the *Sacred Books of the East* is calculated to generate and strengthen in the minds of those who read it a conviction that God's ennobling and elevating truth is not the monopoly of any particular race. It unfolds the gradual evolution of religious thought, the different stages of which were developed by different races or by the same race at different times. It has already communicated a strong impetus to the unifying movement alluded to above, and we are glad to observe that the philosophic writers of England have begun to avail themselves of the information therein laid before them.

'5. By your numerous works on comparative philology, and comparative mythology, and on the science of language, and science of religion, you have materially contributed to the advance of those branches of knowledge.

'6. Though a German by birth, you have obtained such a command over English idiom that the charm of your literary style has enabled you to spread far and wide the knowledge of the results of your labours, and of the labours of your brother scholars in the several departments of knowledge which have engaged your attention and theirs.

'7. It is in this last respect that your services to our country have been of signal value. You have, by publishing in an agreeable form the results of the study of the thought and literature of our country, enabled the people of the countries in which the English language is spoken to understand us, and raised our race in their estimation. And by your works generally, you have made it possible for us, most of whom cannot read German or French, to understand the European methods of study, and enabled a few of us to co-operate with European scholars.

'8. In conclusion, we wish you a long and happy life, and hope and pray that health and strength may be long spared to you to enable you to continue your beneficial and useful labours.'

The following year they sent the address on parchment with many additional signatures. The signatures comprise the best-known names not only of Hindus, but of Mohammedans, Parsis, and of Civil Servants from every Presidency. The sheets containing the signatures were sent in a beautiful silver casket of Indian repoussé work, in the form of a manuscript, having on one side a representation of the sun rising above the Himalaya mountains, with the Ganges flowing from the summit, and at the top the sacred syllable *Om;* on the other side the picture of a sacred bird.

From Leipzig Max Müller and his wife went on to Dessau, and from there he wrote to his son:—

DESSAU, *September* 4.

'I had, among many other telegrams on the 1st, one from the Queen of Roumania, asking us to see her at Wied. The Calices also telegraphed. All went off very well at Leipzig, though there was not a single Professor of the Philosophical Faculty there. Carus had been commissioned to present the new diploma to me. He came in the University carriage, with the bedell, and we made some speeches one to the other. Then we had our Doctorschmaus, and enjoyed ourselves.'

TO DR. WINTERNITZ.

DESSAU, *September* 4.

'Thank you heartily for your friendly congratulations on my Jubilee. We have enjoyed our summer on the Bosphorus extremely; there is nothing more beautiful in Europe, and as one can cross over any afternoon in a small boat or caique to Asia, one is brought nearer to the East than ever before. I have experienced and seen much that was interesting, though nothing Sanskritic. How is Takakusu? He too telegraphed to me. When I return, I should like to work with him on Buddhism, especially the *Mahâyâna*.'

TO PROFESSOR WEBER.

DESSAU, *September* 9.

'MY DEAR WEBER,—Of all congratulations and letters which September 1 has brought me, your letter of the 4th has, I may say,

been the most welcome to me. When we get old, we long for rest and peace, and so I say like you, "Let bygones be bygones!" Our scientific quarrels have not been hurtful to science and learning. We have both tried to show that one is as good as the other, and we have both contributed our part to make Sanskrit philology far more advanced than it was fifty years ago. My warmest thanks therefore for your hearty letter. We both deserve a little rest now. Though I cannot complain of my state of health, yet I cannot work now as I could formerly. And you have well deserved to rest on your laurels after your arduous and pioneering labours. I passed September 1 in Leipzig on my return journey. I saw one of my old examiners, Professor Drobisch, received a new diploma and a *tabula gratulatoria* from the German Oriental Society. Other addresses, among others one from the Pundits in India, await me in Oxford. I hope to return home by the end of September, and then I shall see what can be done with the years that may still remain to me. I have said everything I wish to say in my last volume of the *Gifford Lectures*. More and more I spin myself into the chrysalis of the Vedânta — just as it should be.

'We often dwell on the glorious days in Sweden. The evil consequences of it, I hope, have long passed away, and the next congress at Geneva seems to promise to be a peaceful one.'

From Dessau the Max Müllers went to Neuwied to stay with the Princess Mother at Segenhaus. Her daughter, the Queen of Roumania, was staying there, recovering from a severe illness. It was during this visit that Max Müller wrote the following lines in the Queen's album: —

'Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern hier auf Erden.
Doch weht ein Hauch durch unsre Brust
Von einem höh'ren Werden.
Vom andern Sein,
Von dem der Schein
Den Sinn uns hier bethöret,
O sehet ein,
Dass Schein, wie Sein,
Dem Einen angehöret.'

Translation for this book: —

'The Miller loves a vagrant life
Through Earth's fair scenes to wander.
But still a whisper stirs the soul
Of higher Life out yonder.
The vision real
Of Life's ideal
Pursues us unabated,
That Life to find,
Let heart and mind
Alike be dedicated.'

MABEL PEACH.

From Wied the travellers turned their steps homewards, Max Müller far stronger and better for his long rest from literary labours.

Many more congratulations awaited Max Müller on his return to England, and amongst others one from the German Athenaeum in London. On October 18, his third grandchild, a second grandson, was born.

TO MISS SWANWICK.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *November* 3.

'It was very kind of you to send me the new edition of your translation of *Faust*. It is one great advantage of getting old, that we can bring out new editions of our works, and mend our ways, if it is necessary. I must congratulate you on being able to remain young in mind. I try to say with Wendell Holmes, "I am now seventy years young," but how long it will last, who can tell! I enjoyed the whole summer on the Bosphorus immensely. The climate of Oxford is very trying, and all one can do is to lie still and hibernate like a dormouse.'

As President of the Society of Historical Theology in Oxford, Max Müller this year delivered an address on the 'Proper use of Holy Scripture.' It was published the following year in the first volume of the new edition of *Chips*.

On December 6 he celebrated his seventieth birthday. He had the happiness of having his daughter and her husband and his eldest grandchild with him. Telegrams came from all

parts. One, full of kindness and with the expression of a wish for many more *Chips from a German Workshop* in England, came from the German Emperor, and this was followed next day by an announcement from the German Embassy that a colossal bronze bust of the Emperor had arrived as a birthday gift from His Imperial Majesty. The bust was accompanied by the kindest letter. Several learned societies abroad telegraphed their good wishes. An admirer who signed himself 'One who owes to Max Müller's enticing words his first attraction to the study of Ethnology,' sent the following lines: —

'Hermes of varied tongues, nations' bright star,
Be thy years many as thy glories are.'

with a Greek rendering.

The professors and teachers of German in the universities and colleges in England, Scotland, and Ireland, sent him a fine illuminated address.

TO PROFESSOR ALTHAUS

(who had been instrumental in starting this address).

Translation. OXFORD, *December* 8.

'Many, many thanks, I cannot say anything but thanks! How small everything which one has done, looks now, and how undeserved the praise from so many sides! What pleases one most is praise from those who have long known one, and are attached to one by common interests. I have long known how to value highly your unchanged friendly feelings, though our duties lead us along different paths, and we have been able to meet but seldom. As yet the so-called years of grace have dealt gently with me. May the evening of life be a peaceful one to you and your dear wife! I hope your son is prosperous. That is our greatest blessing in old age.'

TO DR. W. H. RUSSELL.

OXFORD, *December* 10, 1893.

'My dearest William, and certainly always William the First, but now tell me how William the Second came to know of my seventieth

birthday. You know I don't fib, but I have not the faintest idea how directly or indirectly he came to know it. It was a long telegram, and full of all manner of kind things which would not have done for the *Times*. It is sad how even a man of seventy likes chocolate, though of a different make from that which his grandchild loves. The little man was here on my birthday, and stumped about as if the whole of Oxford belonged to him. Wilhelm III,[1] to whom at first I ascribed the imperial telegram, wrote and telegraphed. . . . Who is going to Constantinople, and who to St. Petersburg? Morier[2] was a very old and dear friend from my undergraduate days at Oxford. There are none left now, none to please, none to tease. Well, I hope you will hold out, and fight on, on your stumps, for many years to come. "Years of Grace" they call them in Germany, the years after seventy. Let us hope for the best!'

Christmas was spent in Oxford, his daughter and son-in-law and their three children spending it in the house of the grandparents.

[1] His son. [2] Had died November of this year.

CHAPTER XXXII

1894, 1895

Lectures on Vedânta Philosophy. Three months in London. Picture by Watts. British Association in Oxford. New edition of *Chips*. Mundesley. Death of Mr. Froude. Bournemouth. Visitors from all countries. Picture by Herkomer. Dr. Barrows. Visit to Glyn Garth. Dr. Karl Blind. *Sacred Books of the Buddhists*. Centenary of French Institute. Last volumes of *Chips*.

THE presence of the Froudes in Oxford, and the Colyer-Fergussons in his own house, made the year open brightly for Max Müller, even though the loved son was far away.

The following letter from Archdeacon Wilson was a great delight at the time it was received, and permission has been given to insert it here: —

THE VICARAGE, ROCHDALE, *January* 16, 1894.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — The reading of *Stanley's Life* has brought you much into my mind, especially vol. ii. p. 554. I was at Balliol lodge with him; he was as brilliant as ever; his conversation with Jowett and Lord Lingen was something to be remembered. But as we walked back from Carfax, where he preached, I felt his depression. There was no crowd, but few University men; he felt that he belonged to the past: he gave up this generation.

'And I am almost afraid that you think the same of yourself. Nevertheless it is not so.

'Look at Stanley's work. His spirit does live. His treatment of the Old Testament has revolutionized all teaching of it; and much of what was so new and daring in his mouth is now in every one's mouth. That gentle and sweet spirit has left us. There is none like him. But he did not outlive his work.

'So, if it is not an impertinence in me to say so, I doubt whether you can know or guess how much we all owe to you. Of course, only the mere fragments and epitomes of the results of your work

find their way to the masses; but these have found their way, and have done much to transform and deepen the thought of religion. I was preaching last Sunday evening, and quoted from the *Vedas* the saying of Brahma: "Those who honestly worship other gods, involuntarily worship me;" and a working man, as he went out, thanked me for that quotation, and told me he had been reading one of your books. That quotation in a sermon on the Epiphany, and that remark by a weaver, could not have been made but for you.

'Science has discovered much, in the Victorian era, but I think that no discovery will bear such lasting fruits as some of yours, and your great edition of the *Sacred Books of the East*.

'So in case the New Year finds you lonely and discouraged, I send you a word of thanks and love from this smoky foggy town of Rochdale.

'I keep "pegging on." I send you a tract that was published today. With all best wishes.

'Ever yours,

'J. M. WILSON.'

TO THE REV. J. M. WILSON.

OXFORD, *January* 24.

'I have also been reading *Stanley's Life*, but I want to know a great deal more. In fact, I know a great deal more, but I suppose it could not be published. The second part is much too scrappy: they ought to have given more letters of his, and not extracts only. There were reasons why Stanley was rather disheartened towards the end of his life, yet how well his life was filled, and how much good remains! One must not imagine that one man, during this short life, can change the world, and cart away the rubbish of centuries. All we can do is to cart, and happy those who enjoy the carting. I am glad to say I can still enjoy it, though that cannot last much longer. I enjoyed my stay on the Bosphorus immensely. How I wish you and Mrs. Wilson would stay with us in our quiet house! I have many things I should wish to talk over with you. Any time would suit us. We have had B. and her husband and three children with us all January, and that was very delightful. Now we are quite alone again, and shall be till our boy comes home for his holiday in May. Happy fellow, he is in Egypt just now, basking while we are shivering. I am anxious to know what you think of the last few chapters of my *Theosophy*. Am I right, or am I wrong? If I am wrong, I should be glad to learn, but if I am right

then the main difficulty of Christianity is solved, and solved in a way satisfactory both to historians and dogmatists. I have had many letters from Harnack, Duke of Argyll, from Jowett, shortly before his death, but I should like to know what you, as an experienced carter of rubbish, think of it.'

In sending the following letter to the Editor, Mr. Boyes-Smith explained that he and a friend had eagerly read the Gifford Lectures, and that the last one on Theosophy had failed to satisfy them on two points, on which they wrote to Max Müller. The two points were, (1) The argument of the Lectures showed how Greek philosophy might well lead to the identification of Jesus with the Logos of Man, but this was a long way short of the Christian belief in Christ as the Logos of God, and they asked if the interval could be bridged. (2) The references in the Lectures to the miracles in the life of Jesus seemed to imply that a miracle means a breach of natural laws, which the New Testament does not necessarily assume; and they referred to the wonders of hypnotism, &c. Mr. Boyes-Smith concludes, 'We valued Professor Max Müller's reply, and have kept it carefully since, on account of this new evidence of his fearlessness and consideration, as well as his single-hearted search after truth.'

TO THE REVS. E. BOYES-SMITH AND H. B. COLCHESTER.

OXFORD, *February* 1, 1894.

'I should have answered your letter before, but I was immersed in proof-sheets. Please forgive the delay. I was much struck by your letter. I have received many letters on my last book, but none of them hit the weak and yet very critical point on which you write. There is a flaw in my argument, and I have tried in vain to get over it. My position has always been this. There was no external inducement for philosophers like Clement and Origen to embrace Christianity. They lost, they did not gain by their open profession of faith in Christ. Therefore we must admit that they reasoned the step out for themselves honestly. As philosophers they believed in a Supreme Being, and they looked upon the world as His work, His thought and manifestation. In the world all individual objects were

perishable, but behind the manifold individuals they had discovered something real, the types, the ideas of things. These ideas were to them not abstract generalizations, but the most real realities, without which the manifold phenomena would be impossible and inconceivable. These ideas were the thoughts or words of the Supreme Being, and they constituted in their entirety the Thought or Logos, or the Son of God; but each single idea or logos also might be called the word or son of God. I have not been able to find any passage which makes it clear in which of these two senses the name of Logos or Son of God was assigned by Clement or Origen to Christ. They do not seem to me to have made the difference clear to themselves. Of course the Logos in its entirety would assign to Christ the ideal fullness of the Godhead, while the Logos of manhood, if manifested in Christ, would make Him the ideal man, the perfect man or the realization of the thought of man as conceived by God. If the word was used in the latter sense, other human beings also might aspire to various degrees of divine sonship or ideal Manhood; if in the former sense, the fullness of the Divine Logos would dwell in Christ only. I have been hard at work to find passages which would show clearly in which sense the name of Logos was assigned to Christ by the Alexandrian Philosophers, and I am still reading, but I am afraid our difficulty was not their difficulty, and after having once given the name, they felt satisfied and their philosophical conscience was appeased. If they could conceive God the Father as a person, they would conceive the Son, the Logos, the first thought of the Universe, before all creation, as a person also, as a power, the Sophia of earlier days. These early thinkers could not entirely shake off their mythological language; everything had to be either masculine or feminine, either man or woman. I should much prefer the explanation that Logos was the logos of man, realized in its original intention once and once only; but I think it will turn out that the Alexandrian philosophers adopted the other view. I think the Urgrund, or the abyss of the Mystics, is the Divine Substance of which Father and Son are the persons. The Urgrund is not personal, as little as the Âtman of the Vedântists. It is shared in common, it forms the essence of both God and Man. Even πνεῦμα is already too much specialized to stand for the Self and the selves. I agree with you that we must allow to Christ great δύναμις in order to account for the effects which are fairly attested. Only I take the manifestation of his δύναμις as facts, not as τέρατα, as they were doubtless taken by the multitudes, and are still. I wish I could have sent you a more satisfactory answer, but this is all I have to say.'

Early in this year Max Müller was made a Doctor of Letters at Lafayette College, Pennsylvania. 'We feel,' wrote President Warfield, 'that you will confer honour on Lafayette College in accepting this degree, and I hope it may be proof of the wide recognition of your services to learning and letters. Please accept our congratulations on the years of honour and fruitful labour God has given you.'

During March Max Müller delivered three Lectures at the Royal Institution on the 'Vedânta Philosophy.' The Lectures were an attempt to interest an English audience in the philosophy of the leading school of the thinkers of ancient India—the school that appealed most to the mind and heart of the lecturer, so that he could, as the result of his own experience during a long life devoted to the study of many philosophies and many religions, endorse the words of Schopenhauer, 'In the whole world there is no study so beneficial and elevating as that of the Vedânta philosophy, as contained in the *Upanishads*. It has been the solace of my life, it will be the solace of my death.' Max Müller was most anxious to impress on his hearers that there was nothing esoteric in the Vedânta philosophy, that it was open to all; and he closed his last lecture by repeating the Sanskrit line in which a native philosopher formulated the whole teaching of the Vedânta philosophy, which Max Müller translated 'God is true, the world is fleeting, man's soul is God and nothing else.' Then giving the old philosopher's deduction from this teaching, he rendered it, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' It was Max Müller's last course at the Royal Institution, where, thirty-three years before, he had delivered his epoch-making Lectures on the 'Science of Language.'

Towards the close of March Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria, stayed for two days in Norham Gardens. The Princess came to Oxford for a meeting in the Sheldonian Theatre of the National Union of Teachers, where H.R.H. received purses contributed on behalf of the Benevolent Funds of the Union.

After a short visit to Brighton to recover the fatigue of his London Lectures, and a good deal of troublesome work connected with the *Sacred Books*, Max Müller and his wife settled for three months in London, where they were joined by their son from Constantinople.

Professor Max Müller was Visitor of Manchester College as well as President of the Society of Historical Research, hence the following letter: —

TO PROFESSOR ESTLIN CARPENTER.

HERTFORD STREET, *May* 1.

'May I present a copy of my new edition of the *Rig-veda* to the Library of Manchester College, as a slight token of my gratitude, and a remembrance of your unworthy President? Yes, a list of technical Vedânta terms which were inherited by the Buddhists would be very useful. Buddhism is Vedânta popularized, and some of the Vedântists were distinctly called Prakhanns-bauddhas, Cryptobuddhists. Dr. Fairbairn's idea that the later Brahmanism was influenced by Buddhism would be difficult to prove. It is the other way. Ahimsâ and similar ideas, adopted by the Buddhists, break out again in later Brahmanism. The older one grows, the more one sees how much there is that ought to be done, but I feel it is time to rest, and trust that all that is really necessary will be done and better done by younger hands.'

TO SIR ROBERT COLLINS.

HERTFORD STREET, *May* 16.

'I was so glad to hear that the Duchess should really have waded through my Gifford Lectures. I have said in them, particularly in the last volume, all that I wished to say on the great questions which concern us all. I hope they may tell in the future even more than they have told now, when most of the theological controversies touch the surface only and leave the depths untouched. My Vedânta Lectures are meant to show how some of the greatest problems which occupy us now, occupied the minds of the earliest philosophers who are known to us. There may have been other philosophers, but they have left nothing behind. I incline more and more to believe that man, instead of being born as the grandchild of an age, was born a philosopher, whether he liked it or not. Who can help being a philosopher and asking "Why?" when he sees a man die, or the sun

set? I shall send the little book to H. R. H. as soon as it is out. Please to thank her, in my name, for the interest she takes in my work. My work is coming to an end. I am just now gathering some more bundles of *Chips from a German Workshop*.'

TO B. MALABARI, ESQ.

HERTFORD STREET, *May* 16.

'I have often thought of you of late, and meant to have written to you about a recent case of a widow committing suicide, in order to escape from the miserable life that opened before her after the death of her husband. You may have seen my letter in the *Times*, about three weeks ago. It elicited many expressions of sympathy, and offers of substantial help, if there was any way of bettering the lot of young widows in India. But what can be done? Would the law allow widows to escape from their families, and take refuge in such houses as Ramabai and others have opened for them? You know best whether anything can be done, and what is the right thing to do. Is not a person who is able to contract a marriage, able to make a contract with say Ramabai, to live at her house and to fit herself for useful work in life? I shall wait to hear from you on the subject, and I am willing to do what I can. Lord Reay is now Under-Secretary of State for India, and he would help us, I think.

'And now let me thank you for all you have done for me. The signatures from Bengal are most valuable, and I shall treasure them with those from Bombay. I am deeply touched by the suggestion of a testimonial. But really the congratulations you have sent me from the most distinguished sons of India are more than I could have expected. If, however, the testimonial should take the form which you suggest, I could only accept it for one of two objects which I have always had at heart. If the sum subscribed is large enough, I should like to see a promising young scholar sent from India to study at Oxford, under my guidance, and to study chiefly the religious literature of India — or, if this would require too large a sum, I should like to assign the proceeds to enable me to publish some more volumes of the *Sacred Books of the East*. My resources have come to an end, and though I have several more important translations to publish, neither the Indian Government nor the University Press at Oxford is willing to expend more money on this undertaking. Forty-eight volumes are provided for. The King of Siam has granted me £600 for three more volumes, and there are three more volumes which I cannot get published, unless I get some help.

'But I say once more, I am more than satisfied by what you and your friends have done already. It shows that my labours have not been in vain, and that I have gained the good-will of many people in India. My time will soon be over now, but this Indian Testimonial will remain as a most valuable heirloom in the hands of my children. My son, now Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople, is spending his five months' leave with us. We have taken a house for him in London, and shall stay here till the end of July.'

TO PROFESSOR VICTOR CARUS.

Translation. HERTFORD STREET, *June* 12.

'The end is drawing near for both of us, and we must manage what is left as well as we can. I have been very unwell all the winter with cold and neuralgia. But one must learn to grow old, and bear the inevitable with resignation! Otherwise, all goes well with us. We have our two eldest grandchildren with us, and ought to be very thankful, and are so, though one constantly feels it cannot always be so under the changing moon. I wished not to be in Oxford during the British Association; but they have made a point of it, so I have settled to be there, and take part in it. Will you not come to us with Gertrude? I thought we had arranged it all. You would wonder at my life here: dining out or going to the theatre almost every night, and visits all day long, so that I get quite giddy. But one goes on as long as one can. Then I have brought out another book, I suppose the last. Shall we yet meet again on this planet? Well, though the planet rolls on, it remains always the same, and so we will hope. All the old friends go though, and one feels forsaken and forgotten.'

TO MADAME BUTENSCHÖN.

HERTFORD STREET, *June* 3.

'I was very glad to receive a sign of life from you, and to learn that you had remained faithful to Sanskrit. I feel sure that you will get something really useful out of it, something to make life interesting and even happy. I send you a copy of my Vedânta Lectures, which will show you what I mean. We are settled for the summer in London, and I have to be idle, and dine out, and all that. My daughter also, and her husband, and her three children, often come to stay with us. I ought to feel very happy, *mais la joie fait peur!*

'I hope you have not quite given up England, and that I may have the pleasure of meeting you once more in this confused world.'

During his stay in London Max Müller heard of the illness and death of his cousin, Major von Basedow, with whom he had grown up as a boy, and to whom, though they met so seldom in later life, he was most warmly attached. The following letters are to his cousin's wife:—

Translation. *June* 14, 1894.

'DEAR EMMA,—I have long been afraid I should have bad news from you about Adolf. We are all coming towards the end, and we can only pray, all of us, for a peaceful parting. May he not have much to suffer! He is my oldest friend, and whenever I think of my childhood, I see him at my side. If he ever thinks of me, press his hand for me. We must all learn to bow to our fate as men, however hard it comes to each one of us. You know where alone help can be found.

'Always your true Cousin.'

Translation. *June* 16, 1894.

'DEAR EMMA,—We so willingly forget that we must die, and yet we should learn it every day. I always hoped Adolf would get better; when I saw him last, he certainly looked very ill, but he still had plenty of strength and could do a good deal. The trouble about —— affected him very deeply, and few were more ready to part with life than he was. Well, he has had a rich and happy life. For us old people there is no happiness so great as the happiness of our children, and he had much happiness from his children, even though he could not shield them from all the troubles of life. To me it is as if one of the oldest anchors had parted. He was my earliest friend, and I believe we never had a misunderstanding. Characters such as his become ever rarer. He lived so entirely after the old rule, *Noblesse oblige*. Nothing vulgar or low ever entered his mind. Even want of proper recognition he bore without remonstrance, and he hardly ever uttered a harsh word. We must all learn to mourn in silence. You still have much in your children to bind you to this life. May they be a comfort in your last years! My love to them all. I need not express in words my heartfelt sympathy.

'Ever your truly affectionate.'

The following letter was written in acknowledgement of the beautiful illuminated address from all the German teachers in England, which was sent for Max Müller's seventieth birthday, as mentioned in the last Chapter:—

June, 1894.

'DEAR FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES, — I have been much gratified by the friendly sentiments to which, on the occasion of my seventieth birthday, you have given such an artistic expression. The profession which you have chosen in England is often no easy one, but it gives you the opportunity of carrying on quietly great things not only for England but for Germany. As teachers of the German language, and as representatives of German thought, you can draw closer and closer the ties that unite Germany and England, you can encourage in the youth of England sentiments of esteem and love for Germany, you can help to prepare a future in which the people of England, Germany and America may feel themselves to be brothers, and with united powers carry out in the world's history those high ideals which for years have been in the minds of the best spirits of those three closely related nations.

'Be true to your highest aspirations! You are the sails which must carry our ship of life through rain and storm to our desired haven.

'In true gratitude and respect.'

The three months in London, though tiring, had been greatly enjoyed by Max Müller, who saw something of many old friends from whom he had been separated for years. Among the new acquaintances he made, none was more valued than the venerable painter Watts, who had asked Max Müller to sit to him for one of the portraits for the National Portrait Gallery. Good part of each sitting was spent in conversation, till Mr. Watts would look up, 'Now we must get on a little,' and Max Müller would settle into the right attitude for a short time, and then conversation would break out again. Various short visits were paid to Ightham Mote, and the Colyer-Fergussons stayed several times with the parents in London.

The British Association met in August at Oxford. M. Vambéry and M. van Branteghem stayed for it with Max Müller, who took no active part in the proceedings, merely attending the meetings of the Sections in which he took an interest. He was feeling tired, and soon after the meeting ended was seriously unwell for some days. On his son's return to Constantinople, Max Müller resolved to try sea-air, and he and his wife went to stay with their daughter at Mundesley, on the Norfolk

coast. Here a delightful fortnight was spent, and expeditions were taken on the Broads, several of the fine Norfolk churches were seen; a long day was spent at Blickling, where Max Müller was deeply interested in exploring the treasures of the Library, especially the famous MS. of the Blickling Homilies, and other rarities. The fine old building and the beautiful gardens delighted him.

Through this year Max Müller had been busy in preparing a fresh edition of *Chips*. The first volume was entirely new, and many papers written since the original edition of *Chips*, were added in the other three volumes. He asked permission to dedicate the work to the German Emperor, 'as a very small token of deep-felt gratitude and sincere admiration,' and heard in September that the Emperor would consider it as 'a great honour to himself to accept the dedication of so famous a work, and that he heartily thanked Max Müller for this friendly attention.' The Emperor had in the spring of the year composed his *Song to Aegir*, which he asked Max Müller to translate for an English version, sending him a copy marked in his own handwriting, 'A musical chip for a German workman, with best thanks for translation. Wilhelm I. R.'

He also received about this time, his life written in Sanskrit slokas, from a Pandit at Jodhpur. He acknowledged it as follows: —

OXFORD, *September* 27, 1894.

'The first thing that I do after my return to Oxford last night is to write to you and to thank you for the kind sentiments, which you express towards me, and for the generous appreciation of the little I have been able to do, as a student of Sanskrit literature. Your learned Pandits in India have been very indulgent in their judgement of my work, and I am deeply grateful to them. I have done what I could, often under great difficulties, but I know but too well how little I have done and how little I have deserved all the kind things that have been said and written about me by the scholars of your country. Least of all could I have dreamt that my life and my work should have been made by an Indian poet the subject of a Sanskrit poem, such as you have composed and sent to me. No Sanskrit scholar in England could have written such a poem, least

of all myself. We study Sanskrit in order to become acquainted with your literature. Our ambition does not go so far as to attempt to write Sanskrit poems or verse. In that respect we shall always have to yield the palm to your Pandits. I see what a high place you hold in the estimation of the Pandits of Benares, and I consider it indeed a very high and very undeserved honour to have had my praises sung in the language of Kâlidâsa.'

This autumn brought Max Müller another loss in the death of his old friend and connexion, Mr. Froude, after an illness of some months. Shortly before his death, Max wrote to his friend: —

OXFORD, *October* 3.

'MY DEAR OLD MAN, — Yes, old we are, but there are few old men who have made such a good fight for it as you have. After all, from the first day of our life, our life is but a constant fight with death. As long as we are young and have the best of it, life seems very pleasant, but after threescore years and ten the old Psalmist is not far wrong. However, there are few men who, after that allotted time, could walk the hours that you could, and now produce another book as you have. I was so pleased to get it, and I am beginning to read it. Many thanks for it. It will be a great treat, for I want to know something more about Erasmus, and I expect to find all that is worth knowing about him in your lectures. But I am not allowed to read much, my eyes are still troublesome — they say it is liver; but I do not see how the liver can jump into my eyes and make me see things crooked and double. You would be pleased to see how respectfully the yappers and yelpers speak of your last book. If you are allowed to read the *Times*, there was an article on the Armada that would interest you.

'I hope you will go on fighting. I do the same, though one feels that, after all, the best of life is gone, and there is little left worth fighting for. Still Aunt Eh seems very happy on her small allowance of vitality. I wish you could come to Oxford.

'Ever yours affectionately.'

Max Müller was always ready to give a warm welcome to any foreigners who joined the University. An American undergraduate thus describes his first visit to Max Müller, to whom he had brought an introduction: —

'I had never seen Max Müller. I tried to recall my earliest knowledge of him, but could not. It seemed to me that every one in America knew about the distinguished Orientalist. Professor Max Müller was in the best of moods, and put everybody at their ease. He is of average height, and well built. He has a high forehead, a genial countenance, and hair almost snow-white. His eyes have lost none of their brilliancy, though he wears glasses. We forgot for the moment that we were chatting with the foremost scholar of the age. That the man so genial and interesting to us had proven equally interesting and entertaining to the highest potentates in the world, and had had all sorts of honours laid at his feet, did not for the moment cross our mind. We were unconsciously as easy as if we were in the house of some intimate friend. I came away with a greater respect and admiration for scholarship. It had, in the person of Professor Max Müller, given me a newer conception of its real meaning. Since that first visit it has been my good fortune to call often at the famous house in Norham Gardens, and I have seen nothing but that which has added to my appreciation of true greatness.'

TO HIS SON.

November 27.

'Here in London people still think the Armenian agitators have been exaggerating and making capital out of local disturbance. I should not wonder if they are in Russian pay, but one cannot see any way out of it. The Germans are angry with England in Africa, and England with Germany. That cannot be helped. In Turkey, too, Germany thinks it can keep Russia in good temper by not interfering. All that is natural, and you see the same kind of thing in private life. But at bottom, Germany and England hold together, and the Emperor's will still counts for something there. Here political life is in a regular mess, no leader and no principles.'

Like most men of any note, Max Müller had to submit to be constantly interviewed. One of the most interesting of these interviews was reported at this time in the *Christian Commonwealth*, from which the following extracts are taken. The writer begins with a description of his victim, and then proceeds to more important topics.

'Erect, virile-looking, with face clean-shaven but for light side-whiskers; hair hanging in thick, silvery masses, with here and there

a darker streak; alert, bright, smiling, Professor Max Müller, looking pleasantly through his *pince-nez*, cordially greets me, his slight foreign accent adding a charm to his clear pronunciation of the language which has become to him as familiar as his mother-tongue. The Professor, for all his long, laborious years, retains the vigour and vivacity of youth. His manner of speech is rather that of the frolicsome undergraduate than of the typical University Don. He talks in free, colloquial style, showing quite a fondness for certain of our figures of speech. Avoiding the jargon of the schools, his one object is to make his meaning clear to the person with whom he is conversing. "If you don't understand me," he remarked to me more than once, with kindly thoughtfulness, "ask me again."

'Though many may differ from Professor Max Müller's theology, all gladly recognize his deeply religious spirit.'

THE BEST SACRED BOOK.

'Would you say that any one sacred book is superior to all others in the world?'

'It may sound prejudiced, but, taking all in all, I say the New Testament. After that, I should place the Korân, which in its moral teaching is hardly more than a later edition of the New Testament. Then would follow, according to my opinion, the Old Testament, the Southern Buddhist Tripitaka, the Taote-King of Laotze, the Kings of Confucius, the Veda, and the Avesta. But this is a very rough classification, and not likely to be accepted by others. There is no doubt, however, that ethical teaching is far more prominent in the Old and New Testaments than in any other sacred book. Therein lies the distinctiveness of the Bible. Other sacred books are generally collections of whatever was remembered of ancient times. For instance, in the *Veda* you get a description of the Flood, simply as a deluge; in the Old Testament it takes an ethical meaning, it is a punishment and a reward; there is the difference between the two; and that distinction runs through the whole of the sacred books. There is, of course, plenty of moral teaching in the other sacred books also, but the distinguishing feature of the Old Testament is that the Jews feel themselves the chosen people of God. That idea runs through the whole book. The Jewish people always referred everything that happened to them, whether happiness or misfortune, to a Divine government; it was meant for them; there was a meaning in it; they were made to feel that God was angry or pleased.'

REVELATION.

'How about the Bible revelation?'

'With us things have taken a different shape; we say, not that revelation makes truth, but that truth makes revelation; the sense of truth within us is to us the sense of God; the voice of God is to us the Spirit of Truth. We do not say that the New Testament was handed down from the sky in any miraculous way. The Spirit of Truth speaks, and it is perfectly certain, and more certain than anything else, that is to us inspired.'

The interviewer then questioned him on the Oldest Sacred Book, the Primal Religion, the Origin of Language, and the Revival of Theosophy, and received clear and interesting answers on all of these topics, till he was forced to leave by the arrival of Mr. Takakusu, the Japanese pupil, who is now Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Tokio.

On December 6 Max Müller wrote to his friend, Mr. Malabari: —

'To-day is my seventy-first birthday, and though I have not been very well lately, I still feel as if I could do some more work. I fully expect to see you in England again next summer. You seem an indefatigable traveller, whereas I rejoice in my quiet forest here.'

Some years before this Max Müller had made acquaintance with a very beautiful German girl, in whose fate he ever afterwards took a strong interest. She had married, but not happily, and Max Müller wrote to her from time to time, giving her what counsel he could for the thorny path of duty she had to tread. The following letters are to her: —

Translation. OXFORD, *August* 3, 1894.

'To-day is my thirty-fifth wedding-day. I have suffered much, and many wounds inflicted by death, bleed as on the first day. And yet, what blessings have been granted me! My daughter, very happily married with three children; my son, a Secretary at the English Embassy in Constantinople, now home on a five months' visit. One trembles at all this happiness. In spite of my age, I still have strength for work, and pleasure in it. I send you my answer to the

many congratulations I have received. May you have strength to bear the weight of life! One can forgive all, as one stands by the bed of death; why not, then, during life?'

Translation. OXFORD, *December* 11, 1894.

'As I had no news from you, I said to myself, let us hope all is now arranged; and when one is perfectly happy, one is self-contained and requires no outer world. But alas! it does not seem to be so, and I ask, how is it possible? I can, of course, form no real judgement. I only think that you, as pupil and friend of ——, must have looked deep into earthly life. You know that behind the world of sense, to which we must accommodate ourselves, with all its forms and conventional opinions, our true world really lies, in which alone we can find rest and peace. However beautiful the love and self-sacrifice of a young girl may be, it is almost always a passion in the world of sense — true love lies much deeper. Appearance and beauty with all its mysterious attraction disappears, it must disappear, but as it disappears true love comes first into sight. One does not love the appearance, but the eternal that is in a human being, often as it hides and veils itself from us. Has one but once perceived the eternal, one never loses sight of it again, happen what may. A mother never gives up her child, however troublesome it may be, for mother's love is the most unselfish love, she desires nothing, she only gives. A woman's love should be the same. She should never think of herself, she should forgive everything, trusting to the nobleness in every man, when one only knows how to call it out. But I wish I could help you. I keep thinking how miserable —— would be, if he could know how unhappy you are. He thought your future would be such a happy one. But one thing is clear — things cannot stay as they are. Then why wait in indecision? The sacrifice only touches the world of sense. The higher one climbs the smaller grow the human figures, the more trifling seem the earthly sacrifices one has to make. Pride, exaggerated self-respect, and whatever one may call all that, are only of this world, and must be given up, where higher interests and higher duties call us. Is there no one who can help you? Resolve firmly, if only for the sake of your children. —— often did things, which no one else would have done, and was therefore often called unpractical, and yet I am sure he had many friends and admirers. And we loved him because he was so unpractical. Forgive my freedom: I wish to think of you as happy — as happy as you certainly deserve to be.'

TO MRS. RADCLIFFE WHITEHEAD (MISS B. MCCALL).

OXFORD, *December* 23, 1894.

'It was very good of you to remember my seventy-first birthday. I had often thought of you, and though I was sorry not to have heard from you, I felt that you were so happy that there was no room left for anything else. And so, of course, it ought to be; otherwise, what is the use of marrying? You seem to live in a perfect paradise; I had no idea of the beauty of California, but I have a very strong idea of the non-beauty of England at this time of year. How could human beings ever have settled here when they came from Italy; and really if this goes on, and we become more and more glacial, I should not be at all surprised if we all migrated to California, to eat peaches and apricots, and bask in the sunshine. We shall soon have a flying machine now, and then, whether invited or not, you will some day see a swallow lighting on your roof and asking for shelter. It is so right that you should be happy, and true happiness consists in making others happy; still, I cannot help grudging you to California. It is so strange to feel that one is not to see those again whom one has learnt to care for; still I have many such, as you may imagine, and some of them seem to me to belong to me more even than when they were with us. My children are doing very well. W. gives us great pleasure; he enjoys his life, but, as he says, his pleasure is his duty, and he takes to it kindly. You should see B. with her three children and in her beautiful old home, the very picture of peace and plenty. We spent three months in London this year, and what with my young son and his still younger mother, they very nearly made an end of me. I am now slowly recovering from our dissipations, and have not dined out once during the whole term. I lost a very old friend in Froude; he was so well while he was here lecturing, and then the end came very quickly. I have known him ever since 1848, and been with him through all his troubles, when he wrote his *Nemesis of Faith*, and was so poor that he had to sell his books; and now he seems to have left a large fortune. You probably look at American reviews; I sent an article to *The Arena* which will amuse you. It was really a lecture I had been asked to give to the members of an American pilgrimage to England. I have to confess that I am writing this while I ought to be at church, but this time of year it is part of our duty to feel goodwill towards *men*, and that does not exclude *women*. Old friends need not become cold friends, and you have my warmest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

'Yours very sincerely.'

Christmas was spent quietly in Oxford by Max Müller and his wife, and for the New Year they went to their kind and valued friends, Lord and Lady Wantage, at Lockinge.

The early months of 1895 were passed at Oxford, varied by constant short visits to and from his daughter and her husband. Max Müller was already beginning his large work, contributions to the *Science of Mythology*, and brought out volumes 3 and 4 of the new edition of *Chips*. There are more frequent notices in his wife's journal of his weariness and want of strength, though his cheerfulness and love of work never flagged, and his friends were hardly aware of the ever increasing feeling of effort in all he did. He had entirely given up dining out during the two winter terms, as the liability to catch cold, which he had felt from his earliest years in England, increased each year. A friend who spent this winter in Oxford wrote later: 'I close my eyes and think myself back seven years, and there I am at 7 Norham Gardens, the dear rooms; the tea-table; the Professor standing before the fire, with his face all lighted by that smile of wondrous beauty which one felt as well as looked upon; yourself behind the tea-urn, and Dr. Silver (a large Persian) climbing about as his catwill dictated.'

TO B. MALABARI, ESQ.

OXFORD, *January* 8.

'Your beautiful casket has safely arrived (p. 321), as you will see from the enclosed. To have won the good opinion of so many men of light and leading in India is the best reward I could have received for the work of my life. Of course, my work has chiefly been the work of a scholar, but I have tried never to lose sight of the higher objects of scholarship, to make us understand the past in order to understand the present, to make us understand others in order to understand ourselves. Kind and generous as the feeling in England is towards India, there still lurks the old prejudice that, after all, the people of India are strangers, different from ourselves, that allowance must be made for them, and all the rest. Now I have always held that the people of India are not strangers, but are exactly like ourselves, if we only would treat them as such. Their literature,

their religion, their customs, are different from ours, but what is essential is the same in both. It may be said that I know the best specimens of Hindu society only, but the best specimens show what a nation is capable of. In literature also, you see, no doubt, the brighter side of a nation; but by all means let us see the bright side wherever we can; the light is there and will conquer in the end, whether in the East or in the West. Reformers like you have the right to disclose the dark sides, and dwell on them: but on one condition only, namely, that like you they work hard to dispel the darkness and to bring in the light. What you have done will not be forgotten, and will bear fruit.'

TO HIS SON.

January 8, 1895.

'My article on Agnosticism ought not to be beyond you, considering that you read Plato, and know what he meant by his Ideas. His ideas are the Stoic Logoi, and all conceived as one act of thought from the Logos, the invisible world, the pattern of the visible. These matters are quite simple; the old people two thousand years ago knew them as we know our A B C. Christianity would never have conquered the world, the educated Greek world, without the Greek philosophers of Alexandria, and their philosophical view of Christianity. However, let each man speak his own language, and do his own work.'

Max Müller's old friend Carrière died early in January. They had known each other from their youth, and Max Müller greatly admired his friend's poems, which are hardly known in England. Unfortunately only one of his letters to Carrière has been kept. He writes to another friend: 'All go before me, and I often feel starved and perished with thirst, lost in the desert. Yes! I have a happy home, but the threads that bind me to the outer world are nearly all broken. We old people are happier than ever in our married life, and only tremble at the thought of our great happiness.'

TO B. MALABARI, ESQ.

'I only wish I could rouse more interest and more sympathy for India in England; unfortunately, the only thing that the large public admires in India is the folly of Esoteric Buddhism and Theosophy, falsely so-called. What a pity it is that such absurdities, nay, such

frauds, should be tolerated! We have had much illness here this winter, and I have lost several friends, Froude among the rest. I myself have hitherto withstood the epidemic, only my eyes have been troublesome now and then, and I feel I must be careful. Still, there is plenty of work I should like to do, if my life is spared.'

At the beginning of the Easter Vacation the Max Müllers went to Bournemouth to take care of their grandchildren, who were recovering from influenza. From there he wrote to his valued friend, Miss Anna Swanwick:—

BOURNEMOUTH, *March* 27.

'It was very good of you, sending me your little book.[1] I read it with very great pleasure. I have seldom read anything where I could say at every page, "How very true!" It is quite a gem, and I am not at all surprised that people who had read it in the *Contemporary Review* wish to possess it. What I always regret when I read a paper like yours, is that so little is done, and can be done, to give it effect. We know what ought to be, but we feel so helpless to carry out what is right. Still, nothing is lost, and at last the flower springs up in the most unexpected places — such as the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, of all places in the world!

'On one point I cannot follow you. I do not believe in what is called Evolution in History. History is the work of individuals; it is not continuous, it advances by fits and starts. To look upon everything as growing and evolving by so-called small and imperceptible degrees, would be to rub out all genius, all impulse, all individuality. When a great work has been achieved, we may look out for its antecedents, and so try to understand it, but that used to be called History or Pragmatic History; it made allowances for free-will, for personal character, for much in men that cannot be explained by formulas. It led to minute and accurate study, instead of lumping things together, and talking of necessary evolution, or so-called Philosophy of History. What we want are facts, minute facts, ever so many facts, which can be classified and thus rendered intelligible; but that is very different from saying that the human race has grown exactly as it ought to grow; that we are evolved from the past, as the future will be evolved from us. I do not think that Goethe was evolved. We are the children of our parents, but not our parents over again. Heredity is another of those lazy words, that save us thinking, but teach us nothing.

[1] *Evolution; or, the Future of Religion.*

'Heredity is always right, if we only go back far enough into the realm of ignorance, but surely we are more than heirs. Excuse this little digression, it only refers to the title, not to the body of your book.'

At Bournemouth Max Müller received a letter from the American Press Association, asking him to contribute one of the papers they wished to publish on the reasons for believing or disbelieving the Immortality of the Soul. In response he wrote the article first published in this country in *Last Essays*, Series II; 'Is Man Immortal?'

TO MISS SWANWICK.

BOURNEMOUTH, *April* 1, 1895.

I must send you one line to say how true an evolutionist I am in your sense of the word. It is so pleasant to agree with others who have thought out the same problems as we ourselves. If you have time to look at an article of mine in the *Nineteenth Century*, "Why I am not an Agnostic," you will see how fully I recognize, in the world of nature and of spirit, the evolution and realization of the *Logos*, the old *Nous*, but not the result of mere natural selection, struggle of life, survival of the fittest, &c. What I am just now working at is to find out in what sense Christ was called the Logos made Flesh. Was it meant for the Logos comprehending all the Logoi in the Divine Mind, or for the Logos of Man, so that he would have been conceived as the ideal man, the realization or incarnation of the Divine idea of Man? I cannot find an answer: even Harnack, to whom I wrote, cannot help me. People then, as now, were carried away by words, and thus made mythology, instead of religion.'

TO THE SAME.

BOURNEMOUTH, *April* 5, 1895.

'I should have written to Dr. Martineau, but I begin to learn what time means when a man gets close to ninety. The question which troubles me is whether the author of the Fourth Gospel meant by Logos the fullness of the Logos, or one of the Logoi, namely that of man as the Son of God. I have read Drummond's book on Philo; it is excellent, but of course does not touch on my question. I have waded through several of Philo's treatises myself, and after that had many conversations with Dr. Drummond, who is a most learned and

delightful man. But he, too, could not help me. I am just now revising the German translation of the fourth volume of my *Gifford Lectures*, where I have treated the Logos question as well as I could, but nowhere can I find a passage which would answer my question definitely. While I am here I am reading Origen and Hippolytus, both overflowing with thoughts about the Logos, but neither of them answering, nay even asking the question, on which to my mind everything depends in forming a rational idea of Christ as the Logos. If you should see Dr. Martineau, and would sound him on the subject, I should feel grateful. There is time to add something in the German translation.'

TO DR. MARTINEAU.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *April* 10, 1895.

'Accept my very best thanks for your kind letter, and for the interesting and helpful remarks which it contains. I am afraid you are right, and that it was really the fullness of the Logos which was supposed to have been incarnate in Jesus; that he was, in fact, identified with the Demiurgos or the Second God, the world being the third God in the language of Numenius. I have been hesitating between these explanations: the Philonic, supposing that Philo, if he had known Jesus, had recognized the Logos in him, as he did in Abraham and others; the Christian, though to me almost unintelligible view, that he was the Demiurgos; and the third, that he was taken as the only realization of the Logos or the idea of manhood, as the Son of God. The last seems to me the sense in which Christ spoke of himself as the Son of God, as the brother of men, and the only sense in which we can honestly apply to him the name of Logos, and see in him the realization of all the possibilities comprehended in the idea of man, as conceived by God. I have tried to digest the materials at hand, and to work out my ideas on the Logos, in the fourth volume of my *Gifford Lectures*, xii–xv. . . . I know the value of your time, and I do not ask you to waste it on my book, but you may find leisure to glance at one or two of my chapters, which will show you what I was striving after, though I am afraid, unsuccessfully. There are curious analogies to the Logos theory in the *Veda*, and these led me on to Philo, Origen, Clement, Hippolytus, &c., in spite of the old warning *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and I cannot give up the subject yet, though I feel it is high time to *contrahere vela*, if at seventy-one one wishes to keep afloat.

'Yours very truly and gratefully.'

One of the many curious visitors whom Max Müller welcomed to his house was a Red Indian chief, who appeared this year, under the charge of an Englishman; the chief's name was Strong Buffalo. He remained to luncheon, conducted himself with great dignity and self-possession, and Max Müller learnt a good deal from him about the former habits of his tribe. Another visitor was a Jain priest, who had already spent a day with Max Müller at Ightham Mote, and now came to see Oxford. He was a strikingly handsome man, and was dressed entirely in yellow, a pale yellow silk robe and darker yellow turban, and he excited great curiosity as he drove about with his host — in several places they were fairly mobbed. Acquaintance was made with Madame Shimoda, a Japanese lady, sent by the Empress of Japan to study girls' and women's education in England. Madame Shimoda is now Head of the Peeresses' School in Tokio, founded by the Empress. Madame Butenschön also stayed in Norham Gardens this year, getting good advice from Moksha Mulara Bhatta for her future studies.

In the summer of this year a curious dispute was submitted to Max Müller. The dispute was between two learned Pandits of Wazirâbâd, on the right ceremonial to be observed in the performance of *Srâddha*, the ceremonies at the death of a father. Max Müller was chosen as arbiter by both sides, and requested to describe clearly the ceremonial as enjoined by the *Veda*. The letters to him were written in Hindi and Sanskrit.

This year Max Müller had further evidence of the influence exercised by his works in a quite unknown quarter. Madame de Wagner, living in Rome, wrote to him about a work written by a friend, *Origine de la Pensée et de la Parole*, which was based on Max Müller's works, and leave was asked to make large quotations from his books. Leave was granted, and about two years later, in passing through Rome, Max Müller called on Madame de Wagner, whom he found to be a highly cultivated, clever woman, and then discovered that she was

herself the authoress of *La Pensée et la Parole*, at which she was still working. It was a clever analysis of several of his books. Early in 1900 the completed work was sent to him. Max Müller was then slowly recovering from his first severe illness, and could only write, 'Many thanks for your present. To-day I can only say, *Brava! brava!* But I hope to say something more, as soon as I can shake off my weakness.' A little later he writes, 'I am very busy and far from well.' Here the correspondence stopped; Madame de Wagner herself passing away not long after her valued correspondent.

TO B. MALABARI, ESQ.

OXFORD, *June* 21.

'I have so long wished that you should devote yourself to some other work, besides that which you have been engaged in for so many years. That work is really finished, and though the last measure of the Legislative Council has been a step backward, this can only be *reculer pour mieux sauter*. You may still have to guide the movement, but child-marriages are doomed in India, and child-widows will be under the protection of public opinion, whenever any flagrant case should arise. Now I want you to do something else. There are many Gujerathi books of which we want English translations. You are a master of both languages. Why should you not give us an English translation of Kanga's Gujerathi translation of the *Vandidad*? From all I can hear, his work is scholarlike, and would be welcomed by European scholars. The work would be worthy of a man who, like yourself, has proved himself a friend of his country and a true reformer, who knows that no nation should neglect or despise their ancestors, their antiquity, their antecedents, however anxious they may be to improve on what their fathers have done for them. I believe this kind of work would give you a new interest in life, and it would help towards realizing an ideal of which we should never lose sight, a recognition of what is good in every religion, and a building up in the future of a temple in which all believers may join in a common prayer, though retaining what is national in every religion, if only it is not in conflict with the voice of conscience and the commands of reason. I am deeply touched with the expressions of sympathy which continue to reach me from different parts of India in the form of signatures to the address which emanated from you.'

TO HIS SON.

IGHTHAM MOTE, *June* 30, 1895.

'I have never liked the aspect of things at Constantinople, and like it less than ever, unless Lord Salisbury is a great deal cleverer than his predecessors. How could anybody believe that Russia and France would help England out of a mess? *into* a mess yes, but never *out* of it. England will have to join the Triple Alliance sooner or later, and sooner would be better than later. The Turkish question must be solved between Turks and Christians. If only the Christians in the Turkish Empire were a better lot, but they seem as corrupt as their rulers, and they imagine that Europe will fight for them, instead of organizing themselves for the fight that is to come.'

This summer Max Müller sat to Professor Herkomer for his picture, done in water-colours in the Professor's own manner of treatment. It was thoroughly successful.

Max Müller had a great pleasure this year in welcoming to his house Frau von Basedow, the widow of his cousin Adolf, with her daughter and second son; the only relatives, except his mother and Baroness Stolzenberg, who had visited him in England. With them excursions were made to Blenheim, Warwick, Kenilworth, and Stratford-on-Avon, and Max Müller took more of a holiday from work than was his wont, and then accompanied his relatives to Ightham Mote. A short visit from his son was also a great happiness.

TO MR. DHARMAPALA (a Buddhist).

OXFORD, *July* 26.

'Nothing I have desired more than to visit India. But when I was young and able to travel, I was too poor. Now that I am able to bear the expense of so long a journey, my doctor would not sanction my running the risk. So I must be satisfied with India as I have seen it in its literature, and in some of her best sons who have come to see me in England. Dr. Barrows, I hope, will pay me a visit here, before he goes to India. I hope he may be able to arrange another such meeting as you had at Chicago, only with some more really practical and lasting results. England would be the best place for such a meeting. In the meantime you should endeavour

to do for Buddhism what the more enlightened students of Christianity have long been doing in the different countries of Europe: you should free your religion from its latter excrescences, and bring it back to its earliest, simplest, and purest form, as taught by Buddha and his immediate disciples. If that is done, you will be surprised to see how little difference there is in essentials between the great religions of the world. And this must be done with perfect honesty. Nothing not quite sincere or truthful should be tolerated. Nothing has injured Buddhism so much in the eyes of scholars and philosophers in Europe, as what goes by the name of Esoteric Buddhism. Madame Blavatsky may have been a dear friend to you, but Truth is a dearer friend. I am just printing a translation of the *Gâtakamâlâ* (Sanskrit) which contains some very beautiful passages.'

Dr. Barrows, alluded to in the foregoing letter, had been the chairman of the World's Parliament of Religions in 1893, and visited Oxford this summer on his way to India. This Parliament of Religions had appealed powerfully to Max Müller's imagination, and he had often regretted that he had not shared in the great gathering where hundreds of people from every part of the world had for the first time joined together in prayer to 'Our Father,' bearing witness to the words of the old Hebrew prophet, 'Have we not all one Father, hath not one God created us?' It was therefore a deep interest to Max Müller to see and talk with a man who had not only been present, but had taken so large a share in originating the idea of the great gathering. Dr. Barrows was on his way to India, to see for himself the state of religious belief there.

The following letter is to Mrs. Pauli, who had sent Max Müller the *Life and Letters* of his old friend, Dr. Pauli, which she had prepared and published: —

Translation. *September* 7, 1895.

'I must send you a greeting and a word of grateful thanks. Reading the letters has touched me deeply. Recollections that seemed to have long disappeared rose again, and I deplored deeply that our different paths in literature had, in late years, kept us so far from each other. I have been a slave to my work, and have had to give up many things in life to finish that which I wanted to com-

plete. What a rich life, dedicated to friendship, is unfolded in the letters of your dear and noble husband, and how he enjoyed his life, and yet how richly and well he used it! Always just the same as I knew him in Oxford, in 1849. You could not have given a more beautiful picture of him. I am still left behind, as if I had been forgotten; hardly any of the friends of my youth are alive. And yet I must not complain. I have my wife and children, and every cause to be thankful. But one gets weary, and one sits still and waits. But enough of myself. Again, hearty thanks.'

The end of September Max Müller and his wife went to stay with Mrs. Salis Schwabe, at her lovely place, Glyn Garth, in Anglesea. The house is built on the rising ground which bounds the Menai Straits, and gives a fine view of the Welsh mountains opposite; the terraced garden slopes down to the waters of the Straits. Mrs. Salis Schwabe was well known for her great benevolence. She founded a large school for poor children in Naples, and, to enable herself to maintain it, had gradually parted with the splendid pictures by Ary Scheffer, left her by her husband. Among the guests in the house were Dr. Karl Blind and his wife. He and Max Müller were already slightly acquainted, and the meeting was a real pleasure to both. 'In society,' writes Dr. Karl Blind, 'Max Müller easily unbent, comporting himself with as much pleasant joviality as simplicity. At table he was easily disposed to humorous remarks, sometimes with a dash of sarcasm of the milder kind. All possible things in science and politics were discussed, at Glyn Garth, and later in Oxford, from questions of ethnology, of language, of history and literature, to German affairs and the condition of Turkey.'

TO DOCTOR KARL BLIND.

OXFORD, *October* 11, 1895.

'Many thanks for the articles on Notovitch, which I return. I had not seen them. You have effectually disposed of him, but it is impossible to kill him. The Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* writes to me that he will bring out another article on Notovitch, and asks me to write a few lines about him, but it is a waste of powder and shot.

The days at Glyn Garth were most beautiful, and I was especially glad to make your nearer acquaintance, as our ways had formerly brought us together but seldom. I am hard at work, and have four books in the press, a new edition of the *Gifford Lectures*, ditto of the *Chips*, a first volume of the *Sacred Books of the Buddhists*, and the *Atharva-veda*, in the *Sacred Books of the East*. At the same time I am writing a big book on Mythology, but who knows whether it will ever be finished! I never get any rest here, and yet I am old enough for rest.'

After Max Müller had completed all the arrangements for the first and second series of the *Sacred Books of the East*, consisting of forty-nine volumes, several offers were made to him of translations of important works, chiefly of Buddhist Texts, which he was most reluctant to leave unpublished. It was a great pleasure to him when the King of Siam came forward and provided the funds for three volumes of Buddhist Texts; and he was able in October of this year to publish the first volume, the *Gâtakamâlâ*, or Birth-Stories, translated by Professor Speyer, of Groningen. In his preface to this volume, as editor, Max Müller, whilst adverting to the great labour and unexpected difficulties he had had to encounter as editor of the *Sacred Books of the East*, expresses his gratitude to the great Oriental scholars of Europe and America for their generous response to his appeal for their aid. 'It has been,' Max Müller says, 'a labour of love, and I shall always feel most grateful to the University of Oxford, and my fellow translators, for having enabled me to realize this long-cherished plan of making the world better acquainted with the Sacred Books of the principal religions of mankind.'

The second volume of the *Sacred Books of the Buddhists* came out after Max Müller's last illness had begun, and when he was already too ill to write a preface. The third volume is now nearly ready.

In October Max Müller, accompanied by his wife, went to Paris for the Centenary of the Institute of France, of which he was, as will be remembered, a Foreign Member. They were

the guests of M. Emil Senart, in his lovely house in the Rue François I, where the large and carefully arranged library excited Max Müller's envy. Though not strong enough to attend all the festivities, it was a great pleasure to him to meet so many old friends from all parts of Europe. This was the last public gathering he attended, and those who met him then will recall his bright spirits, his lively conversation, and keen interest in all the topics broached. The *déjeuners* at his host's house, where distinguished literary men were daily invited to meet the Oxford Professor, were especially enjoyed, as also a dinner given by Comte de Franqueville. The reception at the Elysée proved very interesting, and Max Müller was well enough to join the excursion to Chantilly, where the Duc d'Aumale received his future legatees. Max Müller had a good deal of conversation with the Duke, whom he had often met in England, and on expressing his interest in the beautiful chateau, with all its treasures of art, and his sense of the Duke's hospitality, the latter replied, laughingly, 'You are the owners, I am only the *concierge*.' At the great public gathering of the five Academies of the Institute, Max Müller, in the *habit brodé*, sat on one of the front benches — those benches on which he used to look with awe, when, as a young man, his patron Burnouf admitted him to a seat at the far end of the hall, to hear a debate or a paper.

'Max Müller is seventy-two years young,' wrote one of the papers at this time, 'for old he is not. White hair, to be sure; but the pink, firm cheeks, the bright eyes, the frank, quick, and animated speech that proves the full as well as active mind; the ready smile that betrays a kindly heart; the utter absence of that severe reserve with which both shallow and pedantic men seek to awe their fellow creatures, and the light humour of his occasional quips, belong to the meridian time, not the afternoon of life.'

The last two volumes of the new edition of *Chips* came out this year, and met with severe criticism from the modern school of anthropologists, those who maintain that humanity

emerged slowly from the depths of animal brutality. Max Müller had always maintained that no evidence is older, or can be older, than the evidence of language, and felt that the mere collection of myths, except by those who had a full knowledge of the language in which the myths are handed down, was almost always misleading. 'I care,' he says, 'for the establishment of truth, so far as I can see it; I care very little for any personal triumph. The Science of Mythology has a great future before it, not only in the narrow field of mythology, but in the wider spheres of religion and philosophy. I am satisfied with what has been achieved so far, and I know that those who come after me will carry on the work with greater ability, with profounder learning, and with far more eminent success.' 'Yes,' his opponents would say, 'but not on your lines.' It is well known that on the origin of Mythology Mr. Andrew Lang's views were totally opposed to Max Müller's. All the more striking, therefore, was Mr. Lang's testimony in *Longman's Magazine*, November, 1900, to 'the unexampled good-humour, humour and kindness with which Mr. Max Müller met my "oppositions of science." Had I been an enthusiastic disciple instead of a pertinacious adversary, he could not have been kinder and more genial. He was an example very rare among scholars, who commonly are a race almost as irritable as poets. On the point in which we did not agree he helped to introduce a stricter and more sceptical method in the interrogation of evidence. But it is to his unique qualities as a man that I would give my testimony.'

TO MRS. BIRD (his wife's aunt, herself ninety-four years of age).

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *December* 6, 1895.

'MY DEAR AUNT, — It was very kind of you to remember my birthday, the seventy-second! One cannot live through seventy-two years without encountering some of the storms of life, yet, taking all in all, how grateful I ought to be! . . . Whenever the time comes, I may leave this world without much anxiety about those who have been dearest to me in this life. You know what it is to see all one's

friends going before us, and how much more one lives with those whom one does not see, than with those one sees, and how much of a reality the unseen world becomes. But your life has also been a lesson to all of us never to lose our interest in this life, transient as we know it to be, and never to rest from our labours as long as it is day. Let me thank you for all the kindness you have always shown me, for all the lessons which, unknown to yourself, you have given me, and believe me always,

'Yours affectionately, and with sincere gratitude.'

In the middle of December the Max Müllers went to Wombwell Hall, their son-in-law's place near Gravesend, where a happy Christmas and New Year were spent with their children and children's children.

CHAPTER XXXIII

1896, 1897

Torquay. Commander of Legion of Honour. Doctor of Buda-Pesth. Privy Councillor. '*Coincidences.*' Scotland. Spitalhaugh. Armenian Massacres. Rome. Naples. Florence. Venice. *Pferdebürla.* Member of Vienna Academy. Jubilee. Andrew Lang. King of Siam.

QUITE early in the year Max Müller was able to congratulate his pupil and friend, Mr. Takakusu, now Professor of Sanskrit at Tokio, on the completion of his translation of the *Travels of I-tsing;* a work of great consequence, as settling disputed points in the chronology of Sanskrit literature.

'Your book will show,' he writes, 'what excellent and useful work may be expected from Japanese scholars. If I have gladly given my time and help to you, as formerly to Kasawara and Bunyiu Nanjio, it was not only for the sake of our University, to which you had come to study Buddhist Sanskrit and Pâli, but in the hope that a truly scholarlike study of Buddhism might be revived in Japan, and that your countrymen might in time be enabled to form a more intelligent and historical conception of the great reformer of the ancient religion of India. Religions, like everything else, require reform from time to time. A reformed Buddhism, such as I look forward to, would very considerably reduce the distance which now separates you from other religions, and would help in the distant future to bring about a mutual understanding and kindly feeling between those great religions of the world, in place of the antagonism and the hatred that have hitherto prevailed among the believers in Christ, in Buddha, and Mohammed — a disgrace to humanity, an insult to religion, and a lasting affront to those who came to preach peace on earth, and goodwill towards men.'

TO REV. R. CORBET.

WOMBWELL HALL, *January* 15.

'I have only to-day found time to read the pamphlet which you kindly sent me. My mind has been busy in other places, but I always like to be taken home, and I never feel so thoroughly at home as with my friends, the so-called Mystics. Why Mystics? There is no mystery here, all is clear and bright. The mystery begins outside, in the world, the senses, not within. It is a misleading and a harmful name, but it is difficult to find a better. Eckhart, Tauler, &c., called themselves *Die Gottesfreunde*, that was better. So was the Sanskrit *Âtmaved*, self-knowers. If you have time, I wish you would look at the *Vedânta Sûtras*, translated by Thibaut, in the *Sacred Books of the East*. The first volume is published, the second is nearly ready. Of course, there is much Indian outside which has to be removed or pierced, but what remains is very wonderful and very bold. For they also had an objective Deity to deal with, and to find it in themselves, and themselves in it.'

After a month with their children, the Max Müllers settled at home, and the work on Mythology, which was growing into a big book, was taken up again. The whole work was a defence of the philological method of inquiry. Max Müller's point had always been that whatever detritus mythology may carry along with it, its original constituent elements were words and phrases about the most striking phenomena of nature, such as day and night, dawn and evening, sun and moon, sky, earth, and sea, in their various relations to each other and to man. Max Müller's highest object was to discover reason in all the unreason of mythology, and thus to vindicate the character of our ancestors, however distant.

TO B. MALABARI, ESQ.

OXFORD, *January* 19.

'Here, in England, we have no time to think at present of anything but foreign politics, Armenia, Transvaal, America. One sometimes wonders where we are. Is it possible that we should allow ourselves to be governed, that is, being driven into murder and

rapine, by a few reckless individuals! Politics in America are at a low standard. . . . The President, in order to secure votes, must not shrink from risking a war between America and England, between the most advanced and civilized races, causing murder and misery, not for one or two, but for hundreds of thousands of human beings, destroying what has been built up with the greatest care, and throwing us back into real savagery. So much for republics — and now for monarchies! Has the German Emperor acted with a due sense of his duty to his own people? If England were hot-tempered, we might have had war between England and Germany; and what that means, no one can imagine. The merits of the case are of no consequence. England may have asked too much in Venezuela, and Englishmen have certainly acted lawlessly in the Transvaal; but should the leaders of men, whether Presidents or Emperors, speak to each other in such language without a moment's thought of what may come from it! If a man strikes a match in a powder magazine, he acts as the President and Emperor have acted. And here we sit, the so-called millions, and we can do nothing to prevent these horrors. And that is the result of our boasted civilization, and of what is called constitutional government. War may be avoided for the present, because Lord Salisbury happens to be a gentleman, but seed has been sown that will produce poison before long. I feel very unhappy when I see all this, and see no way out of it. Political life sinks lower and lower. We are governed by self-seeking, reckless, greedy people. The best people in America are ashamed of their President, but, of course, if one man shouts, the crowd falls in with the shouts, and then come blows, and then comes murder. However, enough of that.

'Tell me how Ramabai is getting on with her quiet work, and what you are doing and mean to do. I feel that I am getting old, and as I have still a few things which I should like to finish, I am working very hard. My *Sacred Books of the East* are not finished yet, and give me much trouble. But my chief work just now is *Comparative Mythology*, which means a great deal more than it seems to mean. It accounts for many cases in which the human mind has misunderstood itself, and could not help it.'

To Horatio Hale, Esq.

Oxford, *January* 29.

'I have not heard from you for a long time. I suppose we are both growing old, and retire into the forest. I must not complain,

though I feel that my work will soon be over. I hope to finish one more big book. A big book is a big mistake, but it has grown and I cannot help it. To-day I write to ask you a favor. I have quoted you as comparing the serious work of scholars with the light work of so-called folk-lorists. You speak of the difficulties of really mastering a foreign language and an ancient literature, to enter into the thoughts of other people, and the easy work of cutting the pages of a book of travels, and marking a few passages. You sent me the paper, and I kept it, and cannot find it now. Can you help me? I hope at the same time to hear that you are still well and vigorous, and will give us some more of your long accumulated treasures.'

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

January 29.

'It was very kind of you to write to me *propria manu*, and I assure you I know how to appreciate the honour. My last volume of Gifford Lectures leads up to what seems to me the highest problem of Christian Philosophy as distinct from Christian religion: the *Logos* wrongly translated by the *Word*, in spite of the unfortunate divorce which we have made between Word and Thought. I devoted a big book, *Science of Thought*, to the establishment of the inseparableness of *Word* and *Thought*, and in my last Gifford Lectures I drew the practical consequences. Am I right, or am I wrong? and are we to throw away the philosophical foundation on which the Christianity of St. John, and of Clement, and the Alexandrian School was built up? I well remember your growing library; you took me over it yourself, during my last delightful visit to Hawarden. Please let me know whether you have Volumes II and III of the Gifford Lectures. I know what it is to receive books which one does not want. I had to keep a secretary on purpose for answering letters and acknowledging books; and now that I no longer have a secretary, I lose two or three hours every day by useless correspondence. I cannot complain of my health; still, at seventy-two, one feels the approach of the end, and I have still several things which I should like to finish. I never dine out, and have long given up paying visits, but if I may, I shall call on you some day when you are in London. I have the two volumes of your edition of Butler, and am looking forward to the third. Certainly, Butler has been little noticed in Germany. The time in which he wrote was not a favourable time for philosophy in Germany. There was little of philosophy after Leibniz and before Kant, and the problems which occupied the few

original thinkers were connected with the possibility of cognition, and not with practical questions. A new period of philosophical activity began with Kant's *Critique*, 1781, and this again was chiefly concerned with the limits of human cognition. With my best wishes that you may be allowed to finish not only Butler, but the Olympian religion also.'

In February Max Müller's fourth grandchild and third grandson was born.

To Mrs. Whitehead (Miss Byrd McCall), on receiving a photograph of her home in California.

Oxford, *March* 27.

'Yes, that Italian verandah is delightful, and so is the studio, but where is the world? Are we not sent here for a little season, to live in the world, and are trees and hills the world? Socrates used to say "Trees teach me nothing": his only study was man. I know you must keep a corner to be alone in, or alone with one or two people, but even the old philosophers of India, who spent their whole lives in the forests, and such forests, told their young pupils that they ought to find their forests in their heart, undisturbed by the noise of the world all around them. You know what a quiet forest Oxford is; still "our ruins are inhabited," and in an hour you are in Hyde Park, and can shake hands with your friends, even on a bicycle, and in a few hours more you are *sur le Boulevard*. I was there only the other day for the Centenary of the Institute, and enjoyed it immensely, though I suffered for it afterwards, but that cannot be helped. We always have to pay for our little happinesses. No doubt this is all very wrong and frivolous for a grandfather with four grandchildren, but we have been very quiet ever since, and shall be till Commemoration is over; then we are thinking of going to Scotland to stay with B., where we shall get refreshed, and see some old friends. For Easter we are due at Torquay to stay with Mr. Norris, the novel writer, whom you may have met at Oxford. And all the time I am writing a very big book on Mythology, which interests me very deeply, but will not amuse many people, though it is full of atrocities in which people delight — if they happen at the present day. W. is doing well at Constantinople, and has just returned from Egypt, Smyrna, Magnesia, and Laodecia. . . . I am getting fearfully old! I often pass your old house here, and think of many a happy hour spent there, making toffee and what not.'

In April a visit of ten days to Mr. Norris, the well-known novelist, at Torquay, was a welcome break in Max Müller's hard work, and pleasant days were spent at Dartmouth, Bury Pomeroy, and other places round.

TO PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD, BALTIMORE.

OXFORD, *May* 10.

'When one can no longer produce much oneself, one should at all events be able to sympathize with, and appreciate the work of others. Your last articles have given me the same pleasure as if I had worked out these questions myself. I sometimes chuckled, and said, "Too good to be true." But true it is for all that; the only question is, do these facts of language admit of any generalization; are they not mere *lusus naturae?* However, even if nature plays and romps, we ought to attend, as you have done. I have been occupied in a very different line, or mine. My book on Mythology, in two volumes, is nearly ready, and yet it is a mere fragment — the subject is so enormous. What can one man, and that an old man, do? However, I hope I shall help to revive the interest of scholars in a subject so much neglected and despised of late. To find reason in unreason is, after all, the best we can do, and we owe it really to the race to which we belong, to attempt to show that we are not descended from idiots.'

In May M. Geoffray, the French Chargé d'Affaires, came to Norham Gardens to present Max Müller with the insignia of Commander of the Legion of Honour, awarded him by the President of the French Republic. The Vice-Chancellor and other leading members of the University dined to meet him. When Max Müller was made a member of the French Institute in 1869, several of his *confrères* told him he should apply for the Legion of Honour. But not only would such a proceeding have been contrary to his principle of never asking for any distinction, but such was his mistrust of Napoleon that he would have felt himself degraded by accepting any honour from him. The feeling with which he received the beautiful decoration from M. Faure, whom he thoroughly respected, was very different. A few days later Max Müller heard that, on the occasion of the

Hungarian Millennium, he had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Buda-Pesth.

But a wholly unexpected and far higher distinction was now to come to him. On the morning that the list of Birthday Honours appeared in the *Times*, his wife, who was sitting in the drawing-room, was roused by his coming in suddenly with the *Times* in his hand. 'Don't faint!' he said, as he gave her the paper, with a beaming face. There his English wife, who had for years smarted under the sense that while foreign countries had vied with each other in granting him distinctions, nothing had been given him in the land he had chosen, and where he had worked for nearly fifty years, saw his name, as the only man appointed a Member of the Privy Council. It was exactly the right distinction, placing him at once in his proper position. All day letters and telegrams of congratulation poured in, and he always liked to remember that the first to reach him was from the Controller and employés of the University Press. The following letter is in response to one from his wife's aunt, Mrs. Bird, aged 95 : —

OXFORD, *May* 24, 1896.

'MY DEAR AUNT, — It was *very* kind of you to write to me. I said to G., "I feel sure Aunt Eh will be pleased." You are the only one remaining of the old times; all the others who would have been pleased are gone before us. That is the one drop of bitterness in what has been a great pleasure to G. and me. I shall never forget that she married me when I was not a Privy Councillor, though I must confess that, even now, I do not feel at all like a member of H.M.'s Privy Council. I have received many letters of congratulation, from Lord Salisbury, the Prince of Wales, &c., but I value your letter most of all, and shall keep it among my treasures.

'Yours very affectionately.'

TO SIR ROBERT COLLINS.

OXFORD, *May* 23.

'I am really quite upset. I had so little expected anything of the kind, and it is, of course, far too much. However, it shows the Queen's very kind heart. I confess there always was something bitter when

I received so many favours from other countries, and nothing from the country of my choice and love. *One* enemy can do more harm than many friends can mend. And while I rejoice over the Queen's gracious sentiments towards me, I feel sad when I think of the many friends who would have rejoiced with me, and who are no more with us. Dean Stanley — he would have danced and wept, he could do that; we shall never see the like of him again; and Pearson (of Sonning), and Morier — they would all have hugged me; and many more — all gone before. If a few years are left to me, I shall try to do some right honourable service, but I begin to feel that I cannot work as I used to do, and though I have still much to say, I shall not be able to do it or do it well. Well, we must not grumble, but rather rejoice, and go on. Please to present my dutiful regards to H.R.H. the Duchess. I imagine that some kind words of hers have done me good service.'

One of the letters of congratulation came from the Drill Sergeant of the Berkshire Volunteers, and the answer has been carefully cherished by the old man.

TO SERGEANT CUSS.

OXFORD.

'Those were bright and happy days when we were being drilled by you, and had our firing practice, and slept under the same tent — six of us — and it was raining all night. You were an excellent sergeant, though you told us, I remember, that "those gentlemen who think are very little use." Well, I believe, for all that, we have been of some use in setting an example; and old and shaky as I am now at seventy-two, I should be ready, at a moment's notice, to join our squad again, and sing

"Then let the French come over,
We'll greet them with three cheers,
And tell them, hey,
They'd better get away
From the Berkshire Volunteers."

'From an old comrade.'

On May 27 Max Müller gave an address before the Royal Society of Literature on 'Coincidences,' chiefly on the many striking coincidences between Christianity and Buddhism. The address will be found in *Last Essays*, Series I. It called forth a good deal of criticism at the time, and Max Müller had

hoped to republish it in a very extended form, and had amassed a good deal of material for the purpose. As the Buddhist Canon was written down a century before the Christian era, it is evident that *if* there were any borrowing, it was by Christianity from Buddhism; though it is possible that the coincidences in teaching may be accounted for by the universality of essential ethics. The Lord Chancellor, who was present, objected greatly to Max Müller's deductions. On the other hand, a venerable clergyman wrote to him: 'Don't despair; you have done a great work in your time, which will bear fruit, if not sooner, some 500 years hence. The progress of truth is very slow — the purchase of blood and sweat, as I suspect you have discovered in spite of your great successes.'

In June the Max Müllers went to Scotland, and after attending Lord Kelvin's jubilee at Glasgow, where they met again nearly all their kind friends of the University, they went to their daughter and son-in-law, who were spending the summer at Spitalhaugh, Sir James Fergusson's place in Peeblesshire. The Trossachs were visited, and the Falls of the Clyde, and Hawthornglen, and Roslyn; a long day was spent at Melrose, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh; the Forth Bridge was carefully examined, and many Scotch friends came to stay and make, or renew, acquaintance with Max Müller.

To Herr Georg von Bunsen.

Translation. Spitalhaugh, *June* 25.

'I have been very anxious about you: one grows more and more lonely, and we have known each other for so many years, that I felt as if another limb were about to be taken off, when I heard what I heard about you. But your own letter is full of the old courage, and we must all accept the warning, when it comes, that the evening of life is meant for rest, for reflection, for retirement. I often say so to myself, and yet I cannot get any rest. There is always some fresh call to work, or what one imagines to be a call. and so I am busy again, printing a large book, let alone other tiresome things. I am busy with a second edition of my translation of Kant's *Critique*, according to the new text which the Berlin Academy is bringing out.

The editor, Dr. Adickes, supplies me with the necessary material, and I find a great deal to alter. But even this is not enough; look at the July numbers of the *Fortnightly* and the *Nineteenth Century*, and in each number you will find something that may amuse you. I am staying in Scotland: delicious air and lovely views, besides four grandchildren. My son, too, was with me for a time, so I must not complain; and yet life is no longer easy, one's legs won't carry one as they once did, and one's work does not get on as it used to do. My memory no longer serves me as formerly. I must verify everything, and that worries me. Then I hum "Warte nur, balde!" How I came to be Right Honourable? I have no idea. I had no suspicion till I saw it in the *Times*. Is it the Queen? I don't know. Is it Lord Salisbury? I know nothing. Gladstone offered me knighthood years ago, which I humbly declined. Next week I am to kiss hands. Who would have thought that in 1847? Now, before all things, *fac ut valeas*. *Fac* means much. Keep your true affection for me through the evening of life.

'Ever yours.'

From Scotland Max had to go for a day to Windsor, to kiss hands and be sworn in as a member of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. As he knelt before the Queen, she whispered to him in German, 'I am delighted to see you here, Professor!' On his return to Scotland, in writing to Mr. Malabari, he says: 'I was most graciously received by the Queen. I am at present the only non-political P.C., and I am afraid there will be jealousy among scientific people.' On Max Müller's return to Oxford he heard of the death of an old friend, Professor Ernst Curtius, who unearthed the Hermes of Olympia, and he writes to a friend he had seen in Scotland: 'It was so pleasant to meet again — but, oh, what gaps, how many empty places! One has to shake oneself to believe it all. I was rich in friends, I have hardly any left now.'

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

OXFORD, *July* 12.

'Please to accept my very sincere thanks for your kindness in sending me your *Subsidiary Studies to Butler's Works*. I am very curious what solution Butler may give for the Great Questions. I

am just now revising my translation of Kant's *Critique* for a new edition. It seems to me that the two thinkers are nearer to each other than would at first sight appear. Kant determines the limits of the possibility of human knowledge, and then breaks through the barriers he has himself created, relying on the Categorical Imperative or the Ought which serves as the foundation of his Practical Philosophy. Is not that something like Butler's position? But I shall read Butler, at least I hope so, but, alas! the books which I like to read I cannot, and the books which I do not like to read I must. Kant's text is more corrupt than that of any Greek classic. He lived at Königsberg, and his book was printed at Leipzig, and for half of it he saw no proof-sheets at all. His style is so fearful that one never knows what he may, and what he may not, allow himself to write. If, as translator, one makes his writing to construe, one is blamed; if one gives a faithful rendering, one is blamed also. I send you a copy of the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, which contains a lecture of mine on "Coincidences." I should feel extremely grateful if you would look at it, and let me know what you think of it. We must come to some decision. To my mind, all these questions, in whatever way they are solved, do not touch the kernel of Christ's teaching. The Logos idea came from an Aryan, the Messiah idea from a Semitic source. Why should not other thoughts that pervaded the atmosphere of Palestine have left their traces in the Christian traditions of the first centuries? How it came about I cannot tell, neither could we tell how Christian ideas could have reached Buddhism in India. The chapter of accidents is long, but hardly long enough for this.'

In July and August Max Müller was at Droitwich, where he found Professor Palgrave, and the two old friends enjoyed being together, as in days long gone by. Max employed himself here in writing most of those papers which, after coming out in *Cosmopolis*, formed the First Series of *Auld Lang Syne*.

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

DROITWICH, *July* 27.

'I always hesitate and hesitate whether I should write to you, and at last I succumb. But if you do not answer, I shall quite understand; I am, in a small way, a fellow sufferer. I cannot answer all the letters I receive, I cannot even read them all, not only because there are

so many, but because they are written in so many languages which I do not understand. In spite of all my protests, people will look upon me as a second Mezzofanti — I never was, never wished to be. "Mezzofantiasis" is a very dangerous disease.

'I am sorry that you did not consider the evidence which I put together about the Coincidences between Christianity and Buddhism, sufficient to enable an intelligent jury — a jury is always intelligent — to give a verdict. However, I must confess that for years I have been very much perplexed myself; and even now, though I cannot resist the impression that there must have been historical contact between the Christian and the Buddhist intellectual atmospheres, I cannot explain how it came about, I cannot point out the exact historical channel through which the communication took place.

'You seem to think that the chapter of accidents is larger than we suppose, and you mention a number of coincidences between the traditions of ancient Greece and other countries — such as Egypt, Assyria, &c. But here we know that there was intellectual commerce between these countries, we know that the Phoenicians brought the Egyptian alphabet to Greece, and we know what influence a schoolmaster may exercise, though he professes to teach only the three R's. And secondly, are not the coincidences such that our common human nature would suffice to account for them? May not Madame Potiphar be matched even in our modern novels and our modern realities? As to speaking animals, they are found everywhere, and it is no wonder. Did not Schopenhauer say that, when he looked at his faithful dog, he was ashamed of mankind? There is a silent eloquence in a dog which many teachers have tried to translate into words, and what applies to dogs applies, I suppose, to Balaam's ass. The animal fable seems a phase through which most nations had to pass.

'I understand what you mean by Logos = Athene. The fundamental idea is the same, though mythologically I should say that the *Sophia* comes nearer to *Athene* than the Logos. Logos is a masculine, a man; and language, after her work is done in the creation of a word, reacts very powerfully on thought. Hence I doubt whether Logos could ever have become Athene, or Athene Logos. Besides, Athene is never creative, is she? Logos seems to me the true answer to Darwin and all his simperings about special acts of creation. I am a great admirer of Darwin, but he had no philosophical education, no Greek background. I knew him personally; he was charming, and very great in his own domain, but his so-called disciples have placed him in a false position, and it will take a long

time before the old Logos takes its right place again, instead of a number of purely mechanical pretenders, such as Natural Selection, Survival of the Fittest, Panmixia, &c. — all mythological fictions, no better than the gods of Greece and India!'

TO B. MALABARI, ESQ.

DROITWICH, *August* 5.

'I do not deny that the present situation is dangerous, but though people may threaten, they will think twice before they strike a blow at England. I wish there was more English feeling in India, and that it would show itself in words and deeds. What is the use of haggling over the pay of an Indian regiment in Egypt? It is a mere nothing compared with the true interests, the peace and prosperity of India. I can understand Indian patriots who wish to get rid of England altogether, but those who see what that would mean, should take to their oar manfully, and pull a good English stroke. You are in the same boat — you can float together, and you would go down together. So it strikes me, though you know that I am generally on the Indian side.'

On returning to Oxford Max Müller had visits from two Indians, Vivekânanda, the Vedântist missionary who afterwards went to America, to carry on a propaganda there, and Dharmapâla, the Buddhist teacher. The latter, who is a strikingly handsome man, appeared in his Buddhist yellow dress.

Early in September the Max Müllers were kept in considerable anxiety about their son, during the Armenian massacres. He wrote: —

THERAPIA, *August* 31, 1896.

'I have been more or less in the thick of it, as I had to go to town every day from Thursday to Sunday night. I had to go round to various English domiciles, which had been pillaged, or in which there were Armenians in hiding; and, what with the work, the heat, and the horrible sights I saw on all sides, I was fairly done up last night. On Friday, I paddled about in blood, in pillaged houses and foul back streets the whole morning. I can assure you that going down to town at seven or eight A.M, receiving deputations of terror-stricken British subjects, examining pillaged houses, pulling out Armenians half-dead

from fright and hunger, hidden away in the foulest lofts, writing out a report as one steamed back in the launch or *stationnaire*, dining at any hour between nine and ten, and then helping to telegraph home an account of the day's work, was no joke. The experiences of one's friends here, would make a volume beside which all tales of piracy and adventure pale. . . . I saw sights which made one's blood run cold: defenceless people clubbed to death, while the police and soldiers looked on inactive; cartloads of dead bodies, shapeless and mangled beyond recognition; then the horrible traces of massacre in the houses I had to visit, blood on the floors and roofs, on the window-sills, where they had thrown the bodies out, all down the staircases, where they had dragged them down; then everything smashed, not a table or chair, or desk, but was in atoms. What a horrible, fearful thing a human mob is when it is unchained! No pack of wolves would commit so much useless bloodshed.'

The father's quiet work at home was in strange contrast to these awful scenes.

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

OXFORD, *September* 11.

'It is certainly true, as you say, that Homer looks upon the speaking of animals as a *prodigium*. This is quite different from the animal fable, which Homer does not seem to know at all, though traces of it occur in Hesiod, Archilochus, Simonides, &c. With Homer the speaking of animals is the work of some god; it is Hera that makes Xanthos prophesy. In other cases the god himself assumes for a time an animal form, as Athene, but she does not speak after she has assumed the form of a bird, and even her metamorphosis causes θάμβος. So far there is agreement between the Homeric and the Biblical view. But is not the same idea expressed by the Roman Bos "locutus est"? Such ideas are more or less reasonable, and therefore may spring up everywhere. I quite accept your idea of Athene, but I hold that there was an earlier period in which the gods represented physical phenomena, and Athene represented the light of the morning, the Sanskrit *Ahana*. This view of the gods is as much removed from Homer, as the Xoana were from Phidias, but it existed as a historical reality. As to Egyptian and Babylonian deities, they were never anterior to the Greek names; they were engrafted on Greek rose-trees, but they did not improve them. I read your paper on the *Landmarks* with great interest, but I am

much more sceptical as to any contact between the ancient Greeks and Babylonians and Egyptians. We can watch the whole growth of Greek mythology from Greek, or at all events from Aryan soil, and I claim Poseidon as well as the true Aphrodite as entirely Aryan. My first volume on *Mythology* is printed; I hope I shall finish the second before the year is over. It is a subject of absorbing interest, and I only wish I were younger, to be able to do full credit to it.'

TO DR. ALTHAUS.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, *October* 11.

'I was so glad to see your handwriting, and to gather from it that you are hale and strong. I am fairly well for my age (seventy-two), only one thing I need, and that is — rest. New obligations, new editions, new acquaintances, are always cropping up. Since yesterday, our house is full of Siamese princes, the brothers of the King, his adjutant, the secretary of the Embassy and his retinue. It is interesting to make the acquaintance of these men. They brought me a complete edition of the *Tripitaka* from Bangkok, as a gift from the King. But of course the hours fly and do not return, and I have still so much on my mind which I should like to talk about, if only I had time and rest for doing so. Well, it is pretty much the same with all of us — poor *aegri mortales!*

'I am glad that you liked my musical recollections. I told some of them to my friend Sir John Stainer, who asked me to write them down, and I did this in a great hurry. I was asked to continue the recollections, but I have no notes, and so I have to depend entirely on my unreliable memory. I have no dates, and our memory alone is no chronicle, but unavoidably lapses into a mixture of poetry and reality, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. So you see I can but give what lives in my memory. If it should be chronologically inaccurate, I cannot help it. Fortunately, I have my wife to help me. Do you know that George Bunsen is dying? Another tie will be gone, only a few remain. His was a fine nature, he has suffered much, and he was worthy of his father. Ah yes! Where are they? all gone!'

TO HIS COUSIN, BERNDT VON BASEDOW.

Translation. *January* 1, 1897.

'Many thanks for your good wishes for the New Year, which we heartily return. Unfortunately, one does not grow younger, and even I sometimes find work a burden. But I must not complain, when

one sees what happens to many when they reach their seventy-third year. On the whole, we have done bravely. We are with B. They are living in his old home, near Gravesend; his property is here, and his tenants like to have him near them. The house is not so interesting as Ightham Mote, but very comfortable. The four children are all well, and a great delight to us. We ourselves have plans, if it gets any colder, for going to Naples, to warm our hands at Vesuvius. It is a long journey, but when we are over there, we shall stay with an American friend, who has a lovely palace, and where we can rest. I begin to find I am getting a little deaf, but that comes with old age, and one must bear it.'

It was whilst staying with his daughter that Max Müller heard of the death of his valued old friend George von Bunsen.

TO HIS SON.

WOMBWELL HALL, *January* 4.

'I have just had a book on *Schleswig-Holstein*. It is historical, and gives letters from the Emperor and Bismarck; Bismarck, as usual, coming out very badly. What a *fiasco* he has turned out! I never believed in him. I knew how small he had proved himself towards his friends; and as to Sedan and all the rest, he had a splendid horse to ride, and proved himself a good jockey. He played Banco and won, that is all. If he were Chancellor still, he would long ago have sent himself to prison, and rightly too. George Bunsen, who died the other day, was a dear friend of mine, and his death has been a great blow to me. He was one of the few of my true friends left. I could always trust him. He was delighted whenever anything good happened to me, and shared all my disappointments. He ought to have distinguished himself far more; but just at the most critical time of life, about twenty-five, his eyes gave way, and he had to rest for several years, and take to farming. Afterwards he did much useful work in the Prussian Chamber, and in the Reichsrath, but chiefly on committees, and quietly. Bismarck hated him and all that bore the name of Bunsen, because they would not bend the knee. George, if anything, was too conscientious and too unyielding, if that is possible. A beautiful chapter of my life is closed there.'

The end of January Max Müller and his wife started for Paris and Rome. It was bitterly cold over the Mont Cenis

route, and snow fell till Genoa was reached. At Rome a pleasant ten days was spent, seeing many friends, and visiting many sights, and Max Müller was able to enjoy all he saw far more than in his first visit twenty-two years before, when he was so constantly ill. He now made personal acquaintance with Madame Wagner, the authoress of *La Pensée et la Parole;* and Count Balzaini; Count de Gubernatis; Sir Clare Ford, at the Embassy; Mr. Stillman, the *Times* correspondent; Signor Guidi, an old friend from the days in Stockholm; and Mrs. Otto Siemens, a yet older friend, were amongst those with whom he had constant intercourse. From Rome the Max Müllers went on to Naples, to stay with their friend Major Henry Davis, at his lovely place La Floridiana, situated high above the city, on a level with the castle St. Etnas. La Floridiana was built by Ferdinand II (Bomba) for his morganatic wife the Duchess of Floridiana. Whilst in Rome Max Müller had, through his friend Mr. Grissell, Chamberlain to the Pope, asked leave to present the *Sacred Books of the East* to His Holiness, and soon after his arrival at Naples heard through Cardinal Rampolla that 'the Pope would accept the gift with the greatest pleasure, as a most valuable contribution to the Vatican library.'

The house where Max Müller was staying was large and beautiful, a perfect Italian *palazzo,* though with every modern comfort of electric light and warm-air apparatus so judiciously applied as not to spoil the old foreign look of the whole surroundings. The large entrance-hall and broad marble staircase were always lined with palms and flowers in full bloom; whilst in the garden, when he arrived, about 8,000 camellia blooms of all shades hung on the trees. The view from the terrace at the bottom of the garden, across the city and bay to Capri, with Posilippo on the right and the promontory of Sorrento to the left, is one of the most exquisite in Europe, and was a constant delight to Max Müller. Here, on fine days, he would walk up and down, and in wet days in the long library, in earnest talk with his cultivated host. Though the Max

Müllers had been in Naples twenty-two years previously, they now had time in their six weeks' visit at La Floridiana to see everything in a much more thorough and leisurely way. They made acquaintance with many of the Italian families, and formed a real friendship with Mr. Rendel and his family, and many pleasant hours were spent at his beautiful place, Maravale, hanging over the sea on the Posilippo promontory.

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

LA FLORIDIANA, *February* 25.

'I gave orders before I left England for Messrs. Longmans to send you a copy of my two volumes on *Mythology*; whenever they reach you I should be glad if you would glance at them. They do not deal with what you mean by Olympian Religion. They refer to a much lower stratum of Aryan thought, presupposed no doubt, by Greek Religion and Mythology, but separated from them by intervening strata that defy chronological definition. Compared with that antiquity, the antiquity of Babylon and Egypt shrinks to small proportions, though in the absence of contemporary events, we shall never be able to determine the date of that Aryan formation which lies far beyond Homer, far beyond the Vedic poets. I have been obliged to take refuge here from the damp and the cold winds of Oxford. The weather here is quite perfect, and I hope you have derived the same benefit from the soft air of Cannes, which I have from the sunshine of the Bay of Naples. I see Capri and Vesuvius from my window where I am writing.'

During the Max Müllers' visit, their host's dear old mother, who kept house for her son, and had welcomed his guests with hearty kindness, died after a few hours' illness. They were not allowed to leave, as the rest was so beneficial for Max Müller. Other friends were staying in the house, old friends of the host, Professor and Mrs. Welsch, from Dresden, and with them a warm friendship sprang up.

TO HIS SON.

LA FLORIDIANA, *March* 12.

'I am very idle here, but the country is really too beautiful for any work, and I do not feel quite myself yet. Perhaps I never shall, and

shall have to learn the lesson of being old, which is not so easy as one thinks.

'Last week we went to Paestum and Amalfi. The three Doric Temples in sight of the sea are very imposing, and so full of thought. That is what one learns to admire more and more, not so much what one sees present, but what one sees behind, before such temples to Poseidon could have been conceived. And then one sees how in all the small inlets and bays the sea woos the earth (Poseidon-Demeter), hence after the temple of Poseidon was built, and evidently a generation later, they built the temple to Demeter. . . . Two books on Rome have interested me very much, Zola's *Rome* and Marion Crawford's *Casa Braccio*, both very powerful, though the former is, as usual, "food for man and beast."'

Many letters reached Max Müller at this time on his work on *Mythology*. One friend wrote:—

'This I hope, that, whatever difference of opinion there may be between you and me, I may follow, at however great a distance, your example as an indefatigable worker. As a writer you are just the same as thirty or forty years ago. Your style, at seventy and more, has lost none of its freshness and spirit, and I enjoy the reading of your youngest work just as much as when I was charmed by the *History of Sanskrit Literature* and the *Chips*.'

On returning to Rome, a long day was spent in going over the Palatine with Signor Barnabei, who was conducting the excavations; and then the Max Müllers joined their friends the Welschs at Frascati, where ten days of great enjoyment were spent in seeing all the beautiful places on the Alban Hills, and in long rambles about the Villas of Frascati. Two days, one at Nemi, and another at Tusculum, were days of special interest and delight to Max Müller, as were the two days spent at Tivoli and Hadrian's Villa. He was far stronger than when he left England, and enjoyed himself like a boy. A week was given to Perugia, which included a long interesting day at Assisi, and another week to Florence, and the Max Müllers then joined the Welschs at Venice.

TO MAJOR HENRY DAVIS.

FRASCATI, *April* 4.

'I send this letter to London, where I suppose you have by this time safely arrived. The delightful days of the Floridiana are over, and they have not only left a charming page in my recollections, but have evidently done me a great deal of good. I really begin to feel well again, and ought perhaps to return to Oxford and my work, but Rome and Italy altogether prove too attractive, and I cannot yet make up my mind to return to our inclement climate. I have often thought of you, and wished we could have had a little exchange of thought about Henry Drummond's book. I have been much interested in it, as showing a certain phase of thought which is evidently widely spread and popular. On certain portions of his book, particularly the biological portions, I am no judge, but I suppose he may be trusted there. But when he comes to the Dawn of Mind and the Evolution of Language, he is simply ignorant. He does not see that communication and language are different things, and dwells on the well-known instances of onomatopoeia as if they could explain the origin of conceptual language. Language begins where onomatopoeia ends. There are many instances like tick tick, puff puff, &c., but what have they to do with over 250,000 English words? Whence come our numerals, our prepositions, whence such words as tree, sky, sea, &c.? Antennae language is one thing, but Homer's poems are *un autre genre*, and there is no transition from one to the other, even if the earth had been inhabited before the Glacial Period. Why write about things which we do not know? As to his struggle of love, or his Altruism, or Atheism (horrible words), there is some truth in it, but if it affects evolution at all, it can only affect the later evolution of man. Among some races it did not even do this; and, after all, the care for children and the pride in children may be included in the struggle for life, for to have children meant to be strong, meant to be able to defend oneself, nay, love of children involves even now a certain amount of selfishness. To have a quiver-full of them meant to be a commander-in-chief, and in the *Veda* a prayer for children is a prayer for strong men, a prayer for strength, without any sentimental background. However, I like that part of his book, but I also understand why scientific men of business like Huxley would have nothing to say to the book. I have written another article on the *Pferdebürla*, and have offered my *peccavi* to his departed spirit, though he would probably strongly object to this dignity. We are

enjoying the surroundings of Frascati immensely, only to-day we have had a regular downpour. If it is fine to-morrow, we mean to go to Nemi. Mr. and Mrs. Welsch are here, and we have enjoyed their society very much. I am sorry we shall probably have to part next Thursday. Our own plans are uncertain.

'Yours very truly and gratefully.'

The reference to the *Pferdebürla* in the letter above needs explanation. In the preceding year, Max received many letters on an article which he had written on Celsus in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, in 1895. The most remarkable of these letters was from a German in America, who signed himself 'Pferdebürla,' 'horse-herd,' which Max Müller thought so striking that he wrote a long and careful answer, and printed both that and the letter from the *Pferdebürla* in the November number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, 1896. This called forth many replies, though none from the *Pferdebürla*. One of these, signed 'Ignotus Agnosticus,' was answered and printed, and the whole grew gradually into a small volume, published early in 1899, called *The Pferdebürla, Questions of the day, answered by F. Max Müller.* This will soon appear in an English translation.

The pleasure of the time at Venice was added to by the arrival of Max Müller's cousins the von Basedows, and the whole party witnessed the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Naples, on their first visit to Venice. The royal pair were met at the station by all the noblesse of Venice, in their old state gondolas, with the state liveries, and they escorted the royal *barca* to the Palazzo Reale. The gondolas were coloured in every shade of pink, yellow, blue, and green, picked out in gold or silver, and the *gondoliere* wore the colours of their gondola, with huge black Charles II wigs.

TO HIS SON.

VENICE, *May* 1.

'Things in Italy are not so bright as they look. No doubt the *attentat* has made the King popular for a time, but there is widespread dissatisfaction, the army feels the defeat in Africa, and the

taxation is very heavy. Besides, the priests are always at their work, and still hope for a return of the old régime. The state of religion is really worse than pagan; everybody knows it, but nothing happens. There was another ironclad launched here this week, but I expect there will be a financial crash. Money you see none, nothing but paper.'

On the way home, a few days were given to Milan, and from here Max wrote to Mr. Grissell about the *Sacred Books of the East* for the Pope.

MILAN, *May* 11.

'Nothing could have been better arranged than the presentation of the *Sacred Books of the East* to H.H. the Pope. Unfortunately I could not stay at Rome to present the books in person, and to ask for a personal audience. When I wrote to the Vice-Chancellor as Chairman of the Clarendon Press to have a copy of the fifty volumes forwarded to Rome, the Curators of the Press decided to send the present in their own name and in that of the University. This would, of course, give more prestige to the gift, and place the Pope's opinions on the subject in their proper light. The Vice-Chancellor wrote in person to Cardinal Rampolla, and by this time, I doubt not, the books have arrived.

'Accept once more my best thanks for the trouble you have taken. I believe nothing could have been done better, and I am proud to think that my collection will have a place in the Papal Library, and go to the Propaganda with the implied approval of the Pope.'

TO PROFESSOR BÜHLER.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, OXFORD, *June* 11, 1897.

'I have just printed a new edition of the *Dhammapada*. There was much *written* in India in the first century B.C., now they actually intend to make Pânini introduce writing. I think above all things we have to cling to facts, the inductions belong to another special branch. It seems remarkable that the introduction of writing should have made so little impression in India. It was surely a greater discovery than that of powder and steam, but it is taken for granted, and Brâhman as inventor of letters is only of secondary consideration. But it was impossible to keep such a light hidden under a bushel, though one cannot deny that there is a pause in India, as well as in Greece, between writing for documents and history, and writ-

ing for literature. Here writing would only have dulled the ear. So I still think that we had best cling to the Inscriptions which we already possess. We cannot deny that the Senart Inscriptions open out a new channel; but if it leads to Mongolia, we get, after all, only to Semitism again. Had I but time and strength, I should like much to treat the question once again; on the whole there would not be much to change, only a good many things to add, for which we have to thank you. However, one gets old, and it is better to be silent than to commit blunders. The young ones ought to progress as we have done when we were young. But they want courage and perseverance.

'And when are you coming to England? In July the King of Siam is coming, he has taken the house of a cousin of my wife's for ten weeks. He is an intelligent man, and he might collect inscriptions in Suva*m*ado*s*a. There is ante-Buddhistic strata there, where there is much to be dug out still. I have not yet seen the last manuscripts from near Fayum; they are said to contain much that is new. The finder, Mr. Grenfell, is also a cousin and a very clever man.'

Just after his return Max Müller was elected a Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Vienna, and to this the following letter refers: —

TO PROFESSOR BÜHLER.

Translation. OXFORD, *no date.*

'I have this moment received the telegram signed by you and your colleagues. It was a great joy to receive this great distinction. *Laudari a viris laudatis* does us good, even when we are standing in the last *âsrama*. Please give your colleagues, and as I may proudly add, my colleagues, my warmest thanks. I have only just returned from the South, and I feel Italy has refreshed me bodily and spiritually, but my irritable throat still bids me be careful. How long it may still last, I do not know, but as long as it lasts, I shall continue to work. I have just finished your essay on quotations from the *Purâ*nas. How strong and how tough tradition must have been in India, to preserve such literal fragments! Alas, that no Fayum, which has just produced again such wonderful treasures, can be looked for there! Well, we must be content with tradition, which has nowhere produced such wonders as in India. And yet people still shrink from believing, though they might see it with their own

eyes in India, that memory is better than parchment. Again, many thanks to you and those who signed the telegram. I should like best to go at once to Vienna, but I have rested for six months, and I am obliged to take up my work again now.'

TO HIS SON.

WOMBWELL HALL, *June* 13.

'I am so pleased that you and Moritz de Bunsen are together at Constantinople — who could have guessed that fifty years ago? I feel sure you want change, both physically and socially. You live in a rude kind of society, and do not see the finer shades of character with which you will have to deal. There is a diplomacy with the outer world, but there is a diplomacy with our inner world also, to satisfy all interests, to make hostile powers work together, to bring conflicts to a happy issue. For all that, you want to move in a different atmosphere, and more particularly to come in contact with ladies, who are not mere slaves, but as Browning said, half-angel, half-bird. You will receive from them what you can afford to give, respect, love, help, as you deserve it. But depend upon it, your ideal of woman can never be too high. You elevate a woman by looking up to her, and with a will you can make everything of her, an angel or a devil.'

The Max Müllers were in London for the Diamond Jubilee, and Max took charge of his wife and another lady at night, on foot, to see the illuminations, piloting them through the crowds, quite forgetting his seventy-three and a half years.

TO PROFESSOR WELSCH.

Translation. OXFORD, *June* 28.

'I am much moved by the news of the death of your daughter, and must express my true sympathy in words. It is strange how close death has twice been to us, in so short a time. I had lately often thought of your daughter, and her card has been lying on my writing-table. . . . For such partings there is no comfort unless one truly realizes that it is no parting; those who are gone are nearer to us than the living — all earthly disturbances and differences have ceased. But the wound hurts one, and can be quieted only by perfect stillness.'

Mr. Andrew Lang paid a visit to Norham Gardens this year, and Max Müller and he had some talk on the ethnological and philological explanations of mythology, which Max Müller looked on as allies, not enemies. The visit led to further correspondence: —

TO A. LANG, ESQ.

OXFORD, *July* 3.

'I am always glad if some very ancient thoughts can be discovered among modern savages, but you must excuse my scholar's conscience, if I don't accept even all that Pausanias says, much less what Herr von Wartegg saw. Still, let it all grow against the harvest. Your *Palaeozoic* myths are quite as useful as my Neozoic; the difficulty arises in the Meozic stratum. With regard to the passage where you thought my note contradicted the rest, surely you must have found how often my notes are not simply references in support of one view, but *ad notams*, meaning, "Consider, however," &c. They generally came from marginal notes, and are intended to be useful to readers in forming their opinions. I have my own view, but I treat the opinions of others with respect. However, my bastions are there, and I shall be glad to see them tested by any amount of bombarding.'

TO THE SAME.

July 8.

'. . . I don't say that I should go to the stake for it, but I am perfectly certain that some good may be got from the study of savages for the elucidation of Aryan myths. I never could find out why I should be thought to be opposed to Agriology, because I was an Aryologist. *L'un n'empêche pas l'autre.* Still less could I understand why you should have attacked me, or rather my masters, without learning Sanskrit, which is by no means so difficult as people imagine. You must have a rapier to fight a man who has a rapier, otherwise it becomes a row. I did not mean to imply that the buying *mundus* has been kind to me (*Mythology*). I have not even asked Longmans how the book sells. I meant my critics. Even the *Folklore Journal*, from which I expected the wildest counterblast, has been very fair. Fraser has never attacked me, and I have always touched my hat to him. He works his mine, I work mine: why should we quarrel?'

The summer brought, as usual, many foreign visitors to Oxford. After the Jubilee came the Bahadur of Khetri, and

his son-in-law the Raja Kumar of Shakpura, on their way to Birmingham. They were in full native dress, and covered with jewels. They were followed by Sri Rajah, a Zemindar of high position, and Mr. Gooneratne, who attended the Jubilee as delegate from Ceylon, and who proved a most agreeable acquaintance.

It was a great interest to Max Müller to attend, with many other friends from Oxford, the gathering at Ascot in honour of the golden wedding of Dean and Mrs. Liddell. The old friends never met again. Another interest of Long Vacation was the Summer University Extension Meeting at Oxford, for the opening of which Lord Ripon stayed in Norham Gardens. A considerable number of foreigners came to Oxford to attend the lectures, and the Max Müllers had two afternoon gatherings especially for them, besides small parties of them to luncheon. Max Müller attended the evening gatherings, and though he gave no lecture or address himself, he took more part than he had ever done before in the social pleasures of the meeting.

TO HIS SON.

OXFORD, *September* 3.

'I wonder whether you remember the anniversary of to-day, when dear Mary was taken away from us? Who could tell why? Who could understand it and account for it? And yet we must learn to see a meaning in everything, we must believe that as it was, it was right. No doubt we cannot always see cause and effect, and it is well that we cannot. It is quite true, as you say, that we do not always get our deserts. And yet we must believe that we do — only if we know it, the whole fabric of the world would be destroyed, there would be neither virtue nor vice in the whole world, nothing but calculation. We should avoid the rails laid down by the world, because we should know the engine would be sure to come and mangle us. In this way the world holds together, and it could not in any other way.'

During a visit to Droitwich in September, with his wife and daughter, Max employed himself in preparing *Auld Lang Syne*, Series I, for press. The end of September he had two inter-

views with the King of Siam, first in Oxford, and two days later at the Mansion House, and was able to tell him that the arrangements for the second volume of the *Sacred Books of the Buddhists* were complete. 'The King,' wrote Max Müller, 'was most delightful. I sat by him, and we had plenty of talk. All went off well.'

The following interview, which was given in a religious paper this year, probably the *Christian World*, is of interest: —

'"My interest in all religions," the Professor remarked, "is chiefly historical; I want to see what has been, in order to understand what is. Our religion is certainly better and purer than others, but in the essential points all religions have something in common. They all start with the belief that there is something beyond, and they are all attempts to reach out to it."

'"Do you distinguish between human guesses and Divine revelation?"

'"I believe in one revelation only — the revelation within us, which is much better than any revelations that come from without. Why should we look for God and listen for His voice outside us only, and not within us? Where is the temple of God, or the true kingdom of God?"

'"The inward voice doesn't give us much information about future life, for instance — does it?"

'"That inward voice never suggested or allowed me the slightest doubt or misgiving about the reality of a future life. If there is continuity in the world everywhere, why should there be a wrench and annihilation only with us? It will be as it has been — that is the lesson we learn from nature: *how* it will be we are not meant to know. There is a very old Greek saying to the effect — to try to know what the gods did not wish to tell us, is not piety. If God wished us to know what is to be, He would tell us. Darwin has shown us that there is continuity from beginning to end.

'"I believe in the continuity of self. If there were an annihilation or complete change of our individual self-consciousness we might become somebody else, but we should not be ourselves. Personally, I have no doubt of the persistence of the individual after death, as we call it. I cannot imagine the very crown and flower of creation being destroyed by its author. I do not say it is impossible; it is not for us to say either yes or no; we have simply to trust, but that

trust or faith is implanted in us, and is strengthened by everything around us."'

It is uncertain to which exact year the following account belongs, but it would probably be this year, when so many Indians visited England. 'One day at tea at Balliol,' writes a friend of Max Müller, 'we met two or three distinguished Indians. One of them said to me, speaking gratefully of Professor Max Müller: —

'"He has done more than any living man to spread the knowledge of English in India. It is difficult for English people to realize the variety of languages in India, and how little one part of India knows the language of another part. But we all want to be able to read our Sacred Books. We now widely study English, in order to read Max Müller; though there have been imitators since, the praise must belong first to Max Müller, who invented and worked out the idea of translating our Sacred Books into English."'

TO HIS SON.

OXFORD, *November* 28, 1897.

'You certainly have grown older and more serious. No wonder, considering what you had to go through! You'll understand now my old motto *Das Leben ist ernst* ("Life is earnest"), though that does not prevent us from enjoying what can be enjoyed. I wish you would grow very fond of somebody, or something: that is, after all, the secret of enjoying life; call it a wife, or a hobby, or some passion or other, even a passion for statistics, or something of the kind, but a passion. Otherwise life becomes humdrum. Dressing and washing in the morning, and undressing at night, one gets so tired of it!'

TO MR. TAKAKUSU.

OXFORD, *December* 2.

'I am always glad to see the *Hansei Zas-shi*,[1] but I wish it contained more from you and from Nanjio. I should like to know what you are doing, and how far Sanskrit scholarship is making progress in Japan. It is not enough to acquire knowledge, we must try to make it useful. There are several things to be done, by trying to find out what Sanskrit texts were known and studied by

[1] An illustrated journal in English.

I-tsing and by Hiouenthsang. I want you to found a school of Sanskrit in Japan, and arouse an interest in genuine Buddhism, particularly Hinayâna. You and Nanjio might do a great deal.

'I have published my *Mythology*, two volumes, and I am now writing a *History of Indian Philosophy*; so you see, I do not yet give in. I have also published a new edition of my translation of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. I should like to send you a copy, but I do not know how, it is a big book.

'I hope that you and Nanjio are both well, and that you keep up your Sanskrit and work together — two are better than one. I hope I shall stay in England this winter. If Japan were not so far, I should like to spend the winter there. Give my love to Nanjio.'

TO HIS COUSIN, BERNDT VON BASEDOW.

Translation. WOMBWELL HALL, *December* 23.

'I send you, from here, my best wishes for Christmas and the New Year, and many thanks that you remembered my birthday. I hope we shall yet meet again in this life. Old age indeed, with its difficulties, warns us of his approach. I am an old man of seventy-four. Still, I am fairly well, but I must take care of myself. We are here with B. for Christmas, and her children are our great delight. Only think, father, mother, and the eldest boy Max, are all three just gone out with the foxhounds, so it goes on, one generation after another. Wilhelm was here in the autumn, but had to return to Constantinople; he comes back in the spring, and probably goes to Washington. He longs to leave Turkey, after all the horrors he went through there with the massacres. We shall scarcely get to Washington, that is too far off for an old man. Best wishes to your wife and children. I used to send them to *all* relations in Dessau, but how few are left there! Now take good care of yourself. So courage for another year!'

Max Müller was already hard at work on his last large book, *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*, and was printing *Auld Lang Syne*, Series I. Though he was by way of resting during his visit to his daughter, his large correspondence alone sufficed to occupy many hours each day. He had for some time given up all work of an evening after dinner, and his wife read a great deal aloud to him. He had never indulged in novel-reading, and now enjoyed hearing Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot,

Lord Lytton, and other standard authors, besides the best novels of the day. Lord Roberts's *Life in India* had been listened to with keen interest; Mrs. Steel's Indian novels, too, were a source of great pleasure; Stanley Weyman's historical tales, Lucas Malet's and Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels, were among those he cared for; and in the very last months of his life Rider Haggard's *Jess* delighted him.

The year before, Mr. N. M. Hennessey, Minister of the New Congregational Church, Birmingham, who had long been a student of Max Müller's works, sent him a kind Christmas greeting, which he renewed this year, saying at the same time that he was about to christen his little son 'Max Müller.' 'When he is old enough, I will tell him why he bears the name; why I love it, and how I loved its owner for the books that made me grow.' In sending the following to the editor, Mr. Hennessey wrote: 'The letters are treasures, which I hoard with a miser's love amongst the dearest of the few treasures I have.'

TO THE REV. N. M. HENNESSEY.

WOMBWELL HALL, *December* 30.

'A kind thought, or a kind word and deed always does one good, and I thank you sincerely for your Christmas letter. May your son prosper and never lose touch with a higher world, while making himself useful in this lower world, loving his fellow creatures and loved by them! Though I am an old man now, I am still able to work, and enjoy it more than ever. Just now I am hard at work at a *History of Ancient Indian Philosophy*, six systems, some very strange, some very wonderful. I read in Tennyson's *Life:* "The philosophers of the East had a great fascination for my father, and he felt that the Western religions might learn from them much of spirituality." They might — but will they? People will dally with Esoteric Buddhism, Mahatmas and every kind of absurdity, but will [illegible] cover in those philosophies some of the many roads that lead [illegible] converge on truth?'

About this time Max Müller received a letter from Bombay, [illegible] that a very wealthy native, Mr. Tata, was anxious [illegible] large sum of money to enable his countrymen to

take advantage of university teaching in England, more especially in physical science. Max Müller consulted his old friend Sir Henry Acland on the matter, who took up the idea warmly, and, notwithstanding his age and failing health, gave himself great trouble in thinking out some plan for giving effect to Mr. Tata's generous ideas.

TO SIR HENRY ACLAND.

WOMBWELL HALL, *December* 31.

'I wonder at your zeal and enterprise. If you really want to begin a new crusade, I know the very man you ought to see. A highly cultivated Hindu, who has £10,000 a year, soon to become £15,000 a year, to be spent entirely on higher education, independent experiment and research, for the benefit of India. I may know what is desirable for India, he knows what is possible. I gave him some hints, but I have never been an agitator, and am of no use for that kind of work. The money is as yet quite unfettered, and I only hope the man is still in England. He called on me at Oxford some three or four weeks ago. But I cannot even remember his address, being away from Oxford. If you care to see him, let me know, and I shall try to get at him, if still in England. The money seemed quite safe, being derived from inhabited land in India. His, or rather my idea was, to get young Hindus to Oxford, to promise them a career in India, give them any amount of laboratories, &c., and employ them for practical purposes, and for becoming centres of life and leading in their own country. Now, if I could get you both together, something might come of it.

'Yours affectionately, and with many good wishes for 1898.'

CHAPTER XXXIV

1898, 1899

Death of Dean Liddell. *Auld Lang Syne*, I. Tilak. Collected Works. Death of Professor Bühler. Ems. Death of Fontane. *Râmakrishna. Indian Philosophy. Auld Lang Syne*, II. Ems. Beginning of illness. Last visits to Neuwied, Dessau and Dresden. Alarm of German Doctors. Return to Wombwell and Oxford. Oriental Congress at Rome. Message to Brahma Somâj. Attack at Oxford. Diocesan Conference. Gradual Convalescence.

THE new year found Max Müller and Sir Henry Acland busy about the proper use of Mr. Tata's money. Mr. Padshah, a friend of Mr. Tata, was in England at this time, and Max Müller and Sir Henry had various visits from him.

TO SIR HENRY ACLAND.

January 2.

'I think your letter will produce a good effect on the people at Bombay, and also on Mr. Padshah, who seems inclined to listen, though he has not much to say for himself. A good beginning might be made at once, by arranging a course of studies (not lectures only) for Indian students on sanitary matters, with special reference to plague, cholera, &c. Other things will follow, but India must stand in front, and special privileges be given to Indian students. I shall be glad to help, for something will have to be done for other subjects also, if that unfortunate Indian Institute did not stand in the way—bricks *et praeterea nihil!*

'Yours affectionately.'

Later in the year Max writes again to Sir Henry:—

'Padshah called on me again yesterday, and I found him deeply impressed with the Museum, &c. He asked me to write down a scheme as to how to spend Mr. Tata's money. He says that the

idea for sanitation is accepted, but he thinks that the Government ought to help, which is not at all likely. I thought an Indian Laboratory would be a possible plan, but, as I told you before, the Indian Institute acts like a red rag. What all the Indians say is, that the rich Oxford University went round with the hat, promising to help Indian students at Oxford, and all the money they subscribed in India was spent in bricks and stuffed animals. That is why they do not want any Indian money to go to Oxford. However, an Indian Laboratory would be a different thing, and I shall certainly try again.'

The money was eventually used in India, as Mr. Tata declined to expend any more Indian money in Oxford.

Hardly had Max Müller settled again at home than he heard of the death of his valued friend, Dean Liddell. In a letter dated January 24, to Prince Christian, he writes: 'The death of Dr. Liddell is a great loss to me. Liddell's influence in Oxford was very valuable. The vulgar were ashamed of themselves before him, and rough natures were dumb in his presence. I have never known a straighter man at Oxford, perfectly trustworthy, simple-minded, and just to everybody. Such men are getting scarce.'

Auld Lang Syne came out early this year, and had a great success. The whole first edition was sold to the trade before the day of publication, the second was sold out in a short time, and a third was published. This is now out of print. Max Müller was much amused by a letter from a man in America, demanding that every word of German should be translated in the next edition, and the Royalty Recollections entirely left out. 'They will be considered very objectionable here; you will lose the good opinion of every American who reads your book, by your toadying to royalty, it is unmanly. For your own sake, you should cut out all that foolish, childlike, unmanlike toadyism.' To this Max Müller, in writing to the American publisher, says, 'I thought that all were men and brothers in the Great Republic.' The book was well received by all parties. One Church paper called it 'without exaggeration the most delightful book of reminiscences that has ever come into our hands. Another charm of the book, besides its rich variety, is the total absence

of *arrière pensée*. The author has no spites, nor is there a word that could wound the feelings of any.' And the *Times* spoke of the reminiscences as 'genial in tone, full of interest, and recorded in that easy, graceful style which the professor has long made his own.'

The following letter shows the position taken at this time by Max Müller with regard to Tilak, who had been sent to prison for writing seditious articles at the time that the people of Bombay and Poonah were so excited and unsettled by the plague relief measures, as to murder a Government servant. Max Müller was blamed in England for advocating mercy, but the release of Tilak had a good effect.

TO SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

OXFORD, *February* 11.

'Many thanks for your letter. My interest in Tilak is certainly that of a Sanskrit scholar, for though I do not agree with the arguments put forward in his *Oñon, or researches into the antiquity of the Vedas* (Bombay, 1893), I cannot help feeling sorry that we should lose the benefit of his labours. I sent him my edition of the *Rig-veda*, but I am told now that he is not allowed to read even his Bible and Prayer-book in prison.

'You see, from the wording of our petition, that we do not question the justice of the sentence. Personally, I have wondered for years at the license allowed to the native Press. But the warning has now been given, and none too soon, though I do not believe that there is any sedition lurking in India at present, not even in the hearts of such men as Tilak. I thought that the Government might possibly like such a petition at the present moment. It seems odd that the murderer was an ignorant fanatic, who could not even read. Such fanatics will always exist in a country like India, but it would be dangerous to identify them with the loyal, or, at least, contented population of India.'

The collected edition of Max Müller's works began to appear early this year, a volume each month, and by December the four volumes of *Gifford Lectures*, the *Hibbert Lectures*, *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, *India — what can it teach us?* and four volumes of *Chips*, were published. The collection

was continued, and there are now eighteen volumes out. In his preface Max Müller says: —

'This collected edition will serve to place the chief object of all my literary labours in a clear light. During the last fifty years I have never lost sight of the polestar that guided my course from the first. I wanted to show that, with the new materials placed at our disposal during the present century, . . . it has become possible to discover what may be called historical evolution, in the earliest history of mankind. . . . At the present moment it may truly be said that what is meant by evolution, or continuous development, has now been proved to exist in the historical growth of the human mind quite as clearly as in any of the realms of objective nature. . . . Language, mythology, religion, nay, even philosophy can now be proved to be the outcome of a natural growth, or development, rather than of intentional efforts, or of individual genius.'

TO MADAME MANACÉINE

(a Russian lady who had called on Max Müller in Oxford).

Translation. OXFORD, *March* 11.

'My sincere thanks for your kind remembrance, and for your book on *Sleep* — a subject full of interest for me. *Sleep* has spoilt many a sleep for me, when I have meditated upon it so as to find what "Sleep" really is. But, alas! our perception ceases as soon as sleep sets in. All that we are able to do is to search into its conditions, its hindrances and its helps, &c. But what "Sleep" really is, we shall be as little able to discover, as what Life is and what Death is. Your definition of Sleep is *rêpos de la conscience.* Certainly, it is that, but that is only a sign of it, it is not the thing itself. Who is it that sleeps? Certainly not the self-consciousness, but the *Self* that is conscious. What can be defined of this *Self?* That it is, that it perceives, and nothing besides. This perception, however, is the result of a development. We begin with a deep sleep, without perception; we proceed to a dream sleep; and then awake, with the help of the sunlight, to perception. These seem to me to be the three natural stages — deep sleep = darkness, dream sleep = dusk, morning light = awakening, perception. The outcome of perception is the development of the so-called thinking, formation of logic, word-thoughts, addition and subtraction of these word-thoughts, and so on, to conclusion and judgement. Please excuse this sketchy programme; I can say at

least so much for it, that the Indian philosophers use the same terminology.

'I have read your book from beginning to end, though I am deeply occupied with a very different work, but as we sleep so much more than we are awake, I could not put down the book. When we come to think how words, with all their roots and fibres, penetrate the soil of our consciousness, the struggle of a hypnotized person against the *uttered* word seems very natural, it recalls to mind many old nerve vibrations. As every word includes its opposite, i.e. black = not white, straight = not crooked, we need not call to aid Atavistic influences in order to explain bad dreams. In using affirmation we use negation, and these harmonic or inharmonic vibrations sound together in our dreams. It seems to me that we treat our Atavi badly; everything for which we do not feel inclined to pay we put to their account, and what is good we put to our own.'

TO HIS SON.

OXFORD, *March* 23.

'You cannot escape from old age, whether it comes slowly or suddenly, but it comes unawares, and you suddenly feel that you cannot walk or jump as you used to do; and even the muscles of the mind don't hold out as they used. Well, so it was meant to be, and it will be pleasant to begin again with new muscles, and to take up new work. After seeing a good deal of life, I still think the greatest satisfaction is work: I do not mean drudgery, but one's own findings out. I am at work again on my *Indian Philosophy*. The plan of bringing out a series of histories of philosophies for different countries has come to an end, but I am glad I did what I did, though rather in a hurry, and I can now work at it again quietly, and make it more complete.'

This letter refers to a scheme started by Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, some three years previously, for which Max Müller began his *History of Indian Philosophy*, but the business part of the plan had not been well considered, and was found impracticable.

TO THE REV. C. E. BEEBY.

OXFORD, *March* 24.

'Though I have not yet been able to finish your book (*Creed and Life*), I do not like to wait any longer before thanking you for hav-

ing sent it to me, and for having written it. I have read it with great interest and satisfaction, and I hope it may produce an impression on your fellow workers among the clergy of the Church of England. I have seldom felt in such complete agreement with an author, as when reading your sermons. May you have strength to carry on your battle! The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Stanley's place is not yet filled.'

In sending the above to the Editor, Mr. Beeby writes, March, 1901:—

'As you may know, my *Creed and Life* did not receive the welcome he wished for it. On the other hand, I was denounced in no unsparing terms, and prosecution was threatened. Meanwhile, I was treated as a leper by most of my clerical brethren. My faithful band of disciples which centre round my little village church, were greatly encouraged by the generous letter I received from your husband. We felt that his judgement on the subject I had treated was incomparably valuable beyond those of my assailants (I cannot call any of them critics, for in no case was there any attempt to meet me in argument); especially did we appreciate his words "May you have strength to carry on your battle!" for I was hard pressed, and suffered a good deal. We felt that he knew — who had devoted a lifetime to the steady pursuit of the true — the pain and anxiety involved in making the stand that we were making. It gave us the courage we needed, to come in contact with such a true man, though only by letter, in view of the ignorance and bigotry of the many, and the cowardice and vacillation of others in high position. What a power is the personal character! Professor Max Müller's single-mindedness and integrity will remain a continual inspiration and support to others besides myself, who thank God and take courage from his example.'

To his Son (who had been in Palestine).

Oxford, *April* 9.

'I have had to give up many of these dreams, but somehow one learns to see with the mind and imagination what we cannot see with the eyes: nay, in many cases I believe imagination is truer than what you see. People go to Jerusalem to see the place of some of the miracles, and they do not see the greatest of miracles, that out of that small town, in a small country, there should have risen a

light to light the whole world. To learn the lesson of small beginnings is good for everybody, and particularly so for those who are engaged in diplomacy, and who often forget the small factors, and imagine that history is made by large battalions.'

Max Müller had a great shock this year in the death, by drowning, of his friend and fellow labourer, Professor Bühler, of Vienna. He mourned him as a friend, and deeply lamented the loss to Sanskrit studies. 'He was always straightforward, there was nothing mean or selfish in him,' wrote Max Müller. 'He was for many years the very centre of Sanskrit scholarship; he helped us, guided us, and corrected us in our different researches.' Max Müller never ceased to feel his loss. He often consulted him about the *Sacred Books of the East*, even volumes in which Dr. Bühler had no personal concern, and his advice was readily given, and was always valuable and to the point.

During April Max Müller received a letter from a lawyer in Rochester, New York, telling him that a Club of Philology and Language was about to be started in that city, a gentleman having left a large sum for the purpose of publishing works on language. 'In view,' says the writer, 'of the fact that you are the greatest living Philologist, we want very much to name our club for you,' and he begs for suggestions for the conduct of the club. Later in the year, the writer reports that the Max Müller Club is making solid progress on the lines that Max Müller had suggested to them, a study of American vernaculars, which we know had long been a subject of great interest to him, though it lay outside his own line of research.

Max Müller had still constant work with the *Sacred Books of the East*, he was also collecting the *Sayings of Râmakrishna*, a Hindu saint, for publication, and he found the enlarged form of the *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy* gave him more labour than he had expected. He was very tired, and went for change to Eastbourne, paying on his way home a pleasant visit to the Frederick Verneys, who then had a delightful place in the Burnham Beeches.

TO HIS SON.

OXFORD, *June* 3.

'"Life is earnest" is a very old lesson, and we are never too old to learn it. "Life is an art," is Goethe's doctrine, and there is some truth in it also, as long as art does not imply artful or artificial. Huxley used to say the highest end of life is action, not knowledge. There, as you know, I quite differ. First knowledge, then action, and what a lottery action is! The best intentions often fail, and what is done to-day is undone to-morrow. However, we must toil on, and do what every day brings us, and do it as well as we can, and better, if possible, than anybody else.'

TO C. J. LONGMAN, ESQ.

OXFORD, *June* 10.

'I have ready a *History of the Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*; it would make a volume like my Gifford Lectures. There is no book on the subject in English, German or French, so this ought to sell. I am ready with *Râmakrishna's Sayings*, but have not received the answer I expect from the Brahmavadin, so I must wait. The second volume of *Auld Lang Syne*, "My Indian Friends," now appearing in *Cosmopolis*, will be ready by the end of the year. This, too, ought to sell fairly well. At the end of all, I see a separate volume of *Essays on Philosophy and Religion*, looming in the distance. This is not bad for a man of seventy-four, but who knows what may come of it?'

On June 11 Max Müller was at the opening of the buildings of Reading College by the Prince of Wales, and the luncheon given afterwards by Lord Wantage. It was the last public function that he ever attended. He felt increasingly that what strength he had must be kept for his work, and that gatherings of this sort were for younger men. He had had many friends staying with him through the Term, and dinner and luncheon parties at home, but he dined out very seldom, and after this Term not at all. During Commemoration he went to his grandchildren, whilst their parents were abroad.

This summer Max Müller received from Mysore an earnest entreaty to bring out a cheap edition of the *Rig-veda*, as there was a demand for it and the *Upanishads* in a less expensive

form. The writer stated that the old order of things was passing away. The system of committing to memory whole volumes of matter was fast dying out, and the revival of Sanskrit learning, with which no name was more intimately connected than Max Müller's own, had created an ever-increasing demand for printed Sanskrit books. But at his age Max Müller did not feel he could undertake a fourth edition of the *Rig-veda*.

August was spent at Ems.

TO THE PRINCESS MOTHER OF WIED.

Translation. EMS, *August* [illegible].

'YOUR HIGHNESS,—Alas! I have to say with many regrets that my great wish to see Segenhaus and its dear inhabitants once more in this life, cannot be fulfilled. Two things are in the way. Twenty-eight days of bathing, &c., and two monthly return tickets. We have to drink the waters once more on Sunday, and to return straight to Oxford on Monday, where our son expects us, who is on his way from Constantinople to Washington. At my age one hardly likes to put off one's wishes, but Ems has done us both so much good, that we must return here next year. Of course, plans should not be made at my age, but one feels all the more thankful for every good thing that falls to our lot unexpectedly. I should have liked to see Baron Roggenbach again. We have so many things to say to each other, to lament over so many losses. There are so few to live for now, so few to think of, and to think for. How often, too, my thoughts travel to Roumania, where I hope all is sunny and full of bliss, as it ought to be. I should have liked to show Your Highness the pictures of my four grandchildren, to whom we are so deeply attached, and who are a new life to us. My son is well. He has met with a great deal that is interesting in Constantinople, and the little flirtation between England and America is sure to offer much that is interesting and amusing for the quiet observer. I am still at work: what else can one do?

'I remain, with sincere devotion,

'Your Highness' ever faithful.'

TO MRS. WELSCH.

OXFORD, *September* 26, 1898.

'I have felt the death of Fontane very much. One feels oneself quite forsaken and forgotten. As a young man he was charming,

without cares, and thoughtless, and appeared just what he was, without any plan of life, without any reserve. He had to live through many hard days, and at last became a sort of Government hack, but never sank as low as Busch, Bücher, &c. His poetical talent was remarkable, and always kindly. I close my eyes, to live on. And so it goes on, hardly any day without its farewell. And what a happy end was his, just what he deserved! There is something so natural in death. We come and we go, there is no break. Many thanks for the obituary notice; it is full of feeling, but words help but little.'

To Sir William Russell.

Oxford, *October* 4.

'My dear old Friend,—What can one do against the years that rush against us like so many Dervishes? Fight, fight, fight, but even that tires one, and one often longs to lie down and rest. I was so much better when I came back from Ems, quite rejuvenescent, but now the winter comes again and takes all colour out of one. . . . If you wish to be disgusted, read Busch, on Bismarck. I knew Bücher, and he was not the most exalted character, but Busch! one feels ashamed to be a German. I always knew that Bismarck was a brute, but he had the redeeming qualities of a brute, but the reptiles! Surely a man who does a great work may be a very small, a very mean man. And now they are going to erect a monument to B. in the cathedral at Berlin! Oh! the desolation of abomination! Let him who readeth understand!'

To his Niece, Lady Lawrence (on the death of her husband).

Oxford, *October*.

'It is for my own sake, not your sake, that I write. I know but too well that nothing can give us any comfort, when we mourn for one whom we loved, and who for a time has been taken from us. But my thoughts have been so constantly with you, that I want to tell you how deeply I have felt your cruel loss. Nothing can heal a recent wound; it must bleed, and the more it bleeds, the better. I have gone through this agony, as you know, for next to losing a husband, there is the loss of a beloved child. But do we really lose those who are called before us? I feel that they are even nearer to us than when they were with us in life. We must take a larger view. Our life does not end here, if only we can see that our horizon here is but like a curtain that separates us from what is beyond. Those who

go before us are beyond our horizon for the present, but we have no right to suppose that they have completely vanished. We cannot see them, that is all. And even that, we know, can last for a short time only. We have lived and done our work in life, before we knew those we loved, and we may have to live the same number of years, separated from them. But nothing can be lost, it depends on ourselves to keep those we loved always near to our thoughts, even though our eyes look in vain for them. The world is larger than this little earth, our thoughts go further than this short life, and if we can but find our home in this larger world, we shall find that this larger home is full of those whom we loved, and who loved us. There is no *chance* in life: a few years more, a few years less, will seem as nothing to us hereafter. With all that, the heart knows its own bitterness, and the wound is hard to bear, and no one can help us. Still, it is a comfort to know that others feel and suffer with us, and I wanted to tell you how deeply I feel for you.'

TO SIR HENRY ACLAND.

November 23.

'I hope you will go on with your work, to get, if possible, an Institute of Public Health established at Oxford, and then invite Mr. Tata personally to send some young medical students to Oxford. I am not a very sanguine, but I have always been a hopeful man. It is right to sow, though we must not expect every grain to take root and grow.

'Markby is quite right. The natives must be taken into our confidence and allowed to take an oar in our boat. They are men just like ourselves, they are not strange, or suspicious, or untrustworthy, if only they are trusted, and trusted altogether. Nothing is so bad as trusting them half-and-half. They must be made to feel that they are in the same boat with ourselves. They are a cleanly race, more so than we were a hundred years ago; they look upon digging wells, building bathing-places, planting trees, as part of their religion. Even their religion is not so bad as it looks, as I hope to show in a book just finished. I have not much faith in missionaries, medical or otherwise. If we get such men again in India as Rammohun Roy, or Keshub Chunder Sen, and if we get an archbishop at Calcutta who knows what Christianity really is, India will be christianized in all that is essential in the twinkling of an eye. On this too, we must be hopeful, but not too sanguine. Words pierce deeper

than swords, and I feel certain that your words may do a great deal of good — old age has its drawbacks, but it has its advantages also.'

'Ever yours affectionately.'

In November Max Müller brought out *Râmakrishna, his Life and Sayings*, which had a rapid sale, the third edition coming out the following May. This Indian saint, who died in 1886, had many devoted followers, and from them and from various journals Max Müller collected his Sayings and materials for his life, feeling that attention ought to be drawn in this country to the utterances of men like Râmakrishna, who gather large multitudes round them, and who exercise a powerful influence, not only on philosophers but on large masses of the people. 'A country permeated by such thoughts as were uttered by Râmakrishna cannot possibly be looked upon as a country of ignorant idolaters, to be converted by the same methods which are applicable to the races of Central Africa.'

Though Max Müller no longer dined out, this Term had been one of great hospitality at home, and there are constant entries in his wife's Diary of friends staying in the house, of dinners, luncheons, and large afternoon teas; whilst almost every day a friend or two came in about 4.30, knowing they would find a welcome at the tea-table, and Max Müller free at that hour from work and ready for a chat with his visitors. For several years his vicar, Mr. Bidder, had been among his most valued and intimate friends, and came in constantly without formality in the way Max Müller most enjoyed. For his birthday this year, not only his daughter and son-in-law and a grandchild were with him, but his old friend Sir William Russell, and his wife, came down for two or three days.

TO SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *December* 11.

'Many thanks for your book.[1] That is the very book I wanted you to write, but this is the first volume only, and I hope and trust you will go on with it. One for each war, and one at least for inter-

[1] On the Crimean War.

vening peaceful occupations. I was so glad to have you and your dear wife here for my birthday. One must try to forget it. Really, three-quarters of a century is a very heavy sentence, and there has been no lack of hard labour too. Even now, when most people would rest, I am staggering under a *History of Indian Philosophy*, and I am not at all pleased: there are new books coming over from India which must be read, when I had thought I had finished. When we look at ourselves, and at each other, we hardly seem to be the same creatures we were fifty years ago. However, our friendship remains, and it grows stronger rather than weaker. So, after all, it is not quite winter yet.

'Ever yours affectionately.'

For Christmas Max Müller went to his daughter's, where his son unexpectedly joined the party from Holland — the last time they were all to be together! Other friends were in the house. On Christmas Eve there was a grand tree, on Christmas Day Max Müller had four grandchildren at church with him, and on December 30 there was a children's fancy-dress ball at Wombwell. Into all the amusements he entered with his usual enjoyment.

Among the visitors this year were Miss Ole Bull, who had been long in India, and came to discuss religious reforms with the great Guru; the Siamese Minister; and Miss Umé Tsuda, a Japanese lady; whilst all the winter Max Müller had as a near neighbour Mrs. Nuttall, an American lady, who had studied Mexican antiquities, and whose society was a constant pleasure. They met for the last time in 1900, at Dover, where Mrs. Nuttall came on purpose to see him.

TO MRS. ABEKEN (on receiving the *Life* of her husband).

Translation. OXFORD, *January* 2, 1899.

'Please accept my warmest thanks. I must read the book quietly. Even a mere glance at it has interested me deeply. We want such a book just now more than ever, that the world may not believe that the brutalities of the Bismarckian régime have poisoned everything. What a pity that the book has not been translated into English! It will take long for people in England to forget the shamelessness of Busch & Co.'

TO THE SAME.

Translation. OXFORD, *January* 5.

'I have read the book with the deepest interest, and found nearly everything that I wished to know. How truly the best of his contemporaries loved and valued him! One sees in him the good old German type. You would hardly believe how much that book of Busch's has degraded the whole German nation in the eyes of the world. Brutality and deceit have not hitherto been looked on as characteristic of the German people. The impression will not easily be wiped out. My old friend, Sir Henry Acland, longs to read your book, but says that at eighty-four his German is too rusty. Once more my grateful thanks for the real pleasure your book has given me. You have raised a worthy monument to your dear husband, and one that will last.'

TO SIR ROBERT COLLINS.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *January* 4.

'I send you an article of mine on Dean Liddell. Mrs. Liddell asked me to write it, as a kind of forerunner of a biography of the Dean which she is preparing. Perhaps the article may recall happy days to you. But if you come again to reside here with your new charge, you will find Oxford changed, quite a new Oxford. We buried Price yesterday, the last of a generation!

'My boy was here for Christmas; he was presented to the two Queens[1] last night.'

It had been settled that the next Congress of Orientalists should meet at Rome in the autumn of this year, and Max Müller was one of the first to send in his name. 'I write at once,' he says, 'to say that, as I could not come to Italy last year, I certainly hope to see it once more this year, and (D.V.) to be present at your Congress. You may therefore put me down as a member. I look forward with great pleasure to our meeting, and hope my wife will accompany me.' His adhesion was at once noticed in the Italian papers: 'The President of the Congress in London, the celebrated philologist, philosopher, and mythologist, Max Müller, is one of the first

[1] The Queen of Holland, and the Queen Regent.

adherents of the Roman Congress.' All through the year Max Müller looked forward to a visit to Rome, and meeting many old friends there, but his illness in the autumn made it impossible.

Many letters passed this year between Max Müller and the Buddhist reformer Dharmapala, but only one from Max Müller has been obtained: —

OXFORD, *January* 17.

'DEAR FRIEND, — I shall always be pleased to belong to a society to which you belong. You have been, and are doing, such good and honest work, that I hope you may be successful in your college at Colombo. Though I am not a Buddhist, I can join in many of your prayers, and I should consider a revival of Buddhist morality a great blessing for the great mass of the people in Ceylon, and India also. But I am a great believer in Âtman, and cannot understand how a religion can do without it. You understand, no doubt, what I mean; there must be reality somewhere. What is phenomenal always presupposes something that is real. However, these are metaphysical questions, and practical religion may well ignore them. But can real religion do so? I am just now printing a book on the *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*. I believe a supplementary volume on Buddha's Metaphysics would be very useful. Why do you not undertake it?'

It was in this year, in one of the many interviews to which Max Müller had now to submit, that when he was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered: 'Poverty and hard work. Since I left school at eighteen, I have kept myself with the fingers of my right hand. This is the secret of most men's success in Germany.'

TO SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL (on the death of his son).

OXFORD, *January* 27, 1899.

'MY VERY DEAR OLD FRIEND, — No words, but only a touch of the hand, to tell you that I feel for you, and with you. Whatever our reason may say, the heart has its own rights, and it cannot be persuaded and comforted. We know that our children are not immortal, and that the ice on which we skate through life is very thin, yet how natural is the old Vedic prayer, "Oh! let us die in

order, that the old may not weep over the young." I know what it is for an old man to weep over the young, and I feel for you with all my heart.'

To John Bellows, Esq.

Oxford, *February* 19.

'I see you have lost another old friend; that is what we have to pay for living so long. I stand nearly alone; my young friends, I mean the friends of my youth, *are all gone*, and their place, as you know, is difficult to fill. One begins to feel that one is out of date, and but little in harmony with the young people; still, I feel it a great blessing that I am still able to read and still able to write. I have, even now, two books passing through the press. I should so much like to have a chat with you. I know you are a busy man, but could not you and Mrs. Bellows spend a Sunday with us? We shall be here for the present, I mean till April, at least, and any time that suits you would suit us, and it would be a real pleasure to have you here.'

Mr. Bellows was too busy to visit Oxford, and the friends never met again.

To his Son.

Oxford, *March* 22.

'I have just finished Bismarck's *Gedanken und Erinnerungen*. That is a very different work from Busch's disgraceful performance. It is a hard book to read, but worth reading, and one gains a very different idea of the old growler. . . . To look into the cards of a man who makes history is very interesting. Not that the game seems very complicated or to require much genius, but it is well to know how it is played, how it is won, and how it is lost. *Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem* seems to be the outcome of all diplomacy, and of all wisdom, in ordinary life (in German, *Lass dich nicht verblüffen!*) . . . Not that I have changed my mind about Bismarck the man, but about Bismarck the politician.'

A touching letter reached Max Müller this spring, showing how his works had penetrated far and wide. A letter like this seemed ample repayment for his long life of labour. It was from an unknown American in California: 'I have often thought I ought to write and thank you for the help and inspiration I have derived from your life and writings.' After

saying that his studies at college had upset the faith received in childhood, he continues: 'I read your *Gifford Lectures*. The last volume brought me to a mountain-top. I could there see to what I had been climbing.' He then ends by saying that he had just lost his wife: 'I want to tell you that your *Deutsche Liebe* lies upon her breast, in accordance with her wish. I want to thank you, on her behalf and my own, for that most beautiful story of spiritual affinity.'

Mention should be made of the constant help Max Müller received in these later years from Dr. Krebs, the Librarian of the Taylor Institution. He said himself that he never appealed to him in vain; whether it was the name of the author of a dictionary, or the name of Cuvier's antagonist in the discussion on evolution, or the origin of the expression 'Lesen, lesen, seid's gewesen,' or the title of a book with a letter from Heine to Wilhelm Müller, or where to find the saying, 'Denn wer den Besten seiner Zeit genug gethan, der hat gelebt für alle Zeiten,' the help was always readily given.

TO THE REV. N. M. HENNESSEY.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *April* 3.

'DEAR MR. HENNESSEY, — Many thanks for your kind thought of me, and for sending me your good wishes for Easter. Considering my age, seventy-six, I cannot complain, but ought to be very thankful. I can still work and enjoy life. How long it will last, who knows? I rather feel in a hurry to say the few things I still have to say. I am just printing an account of the *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*, a hard piece of work, but that possibly may do good in showing how carefully the old Indians argued out the same problems which occupied Greek philosophers, and occupy ourselves to the present moment. Then I have another volume of *Auld Lang Syne* in the press, chiefly on Indian friends. It may be more useful to build ships or to make roads, still it is pleasant to see that even one's books are not quite useless in the world, and it is pleasant to be told so. No doubt, as one nears the end of one's journey, many things that seemed very important formerly, melt away in the distance, and new problems come nearer and nearer; and one learns to look forward, and

simply to trust to that wonderful wisdom which is so manifest in every new flower that breaks through the soil. The flowers in church at Easter preach their silent sermons, more impressive than words, though they are only called ornaments.

'I return your Samoan greeting — *Ta-lo-fa* (My love to you).'

TO MR. TAKAKUSU.

OXFORD, *May* 12.

'I was glad to learn from your letter of April 10, that all goes well with you, and that you go on with your Sanskrit studies. Yes, you ought certainly to establish a School of Sanskrit in Japan, such, as it seems, existed some centuries ago, only it should be much more broadminded and much more critical. I wish I could have read more Sanskrit books with you, but you know quite enough now to be able to work by yourself, particularly if you have other countrymen of your [own] to work with you.

'I shall be away from Oxford till the end of October, as I have to represent the University at the Oriental Congress at Rome. I hope Japan will be represented too.'

The Lent Term and Easter Vacation had been spent quietly in Oxford, Max Müller working hard in printing his *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*, and *Auld Lang Syne*, Series II.

About this time Max Müller received from a learned Pundit at Calcutta, Sri Sarat Chandra Sastri, a copy of verses which he had written in his honour in Sanskrit *slokas*. The following is the reply: —

OXFORD, *May* 14.

'I must send you just one line to thank you for your excellent *slokas*, though I confess I felt ashamed on reading them, and quite unworthy of your praise. I have done what I could to arouse an interest in the language, literature, and the religions of India, but I have done no more than others, and I know full well how much there is still left to do. I am sorry to say I can no longer work as I used to do, and I feel how much more I ought to have done. Others, I hope, will come after me, and finish what I began. Anyhow, the eyes of people in Europe have been opened to see the treasures of thought that lie buried in Indian literature. You are doing a most valuable service to Buddhist literature by your publications, for we know so little as yet of the Mahayâna. We want to know its ante-

cedents in Brahmanic literature, for everything has its antecedent. I wish every success to your valuable work under the auspices of Rai Sarat Chandra Das Bahadur. He has opened a mine in Tibet which yields treasures better than gold.'

In May, Max Müller parted with his son for Washington, and started himself the same day with his wife to Ems.

TO HIS SON.

EMS, *May* 28.

'As one grows old, one feels more and more of how little use one can be to others. It is very easy for old people to give advice, for they see more and know more, but the difficulty is how to make advice acceptable. Though the whole world is built on each generation handing on the results of their experience to the next generation, the next generation takes a long time before it learns that simple truth. All society, civilization, morality, policy, are founded on filial piety, say the Chinese philosophers, and they were not such fools as the Chinese seem to be now. The whole history of the world is one thread, say the Indian philosophers, and we must never let it be broken, it leads us to the beginning of all things, and connects even this present generation with the first man, call him Adam, or any other name, if only you remember that he was the son of God, and is so represented in the first Gospel. Think that out, and it will lead you back, not to a Pithecanthropos, but to the eternal Anthropos, who was conceived by the Father from all eternity.'

The first week at Ems Max Müller was well, and able to take long walks. He had been anxious to show Treves to his wife the year before, but the heat was too great. This year it was cooler, and he spent two days there. The weather suddenly became very hot, and Max Müller returned thoroughly exhausted from the expedition, and for several days was quite ill; after that, for about a fortnight he seemed to rally, and was able to enjoy expeditions up and down the Lahn Valley. But the improvement was of short duration, and though he carried out his plan of visiting the Princess Mother of Wied at Segenhaus, the first signs of jaundice had appeared, and he had to spend the chief part of the visit resting in his room.

From Segenhaus the Max Müllers went to Schwalbach, where it was hoped the fine air would prove efficacious, and many days Max was well enough to enjoy drives in the wooded valleys round; but the heat, which he always enjoyed when well, was too much for him, and he was a good deal exhausted when he arrived at Weimar, where he had all along planned to stay, as his wife had never seen the place which made such an impression on him in 1857. On leaving Weimar the Max Müllers went to Dessau; but the old power of enjoyment was gone, everything was an effort, and it was finally settled that they would go earlier than they intended to Dresden for good medical advice. The last Sunday in Dessau was spent by the Max Müllers alone at Wörlitz, the Duke's beautiful park, about seven miles from Dessau, associated in their minds with many a joyous meeting with those who were gone, for no visit to Dessau was ever paid without a family dinner and gathering at Wörlitz. Their visit now recalled vividly a similar one forty years before, when, on their honeymoon, they escaped from the crowd of relatives, and spent a long happy day alone together at Wörlitz, all their married life before them! More than three weeks were spent in Dresden; where the doctors took a very serious view of Max Müller's case, hardly expecting him to live more than three months. All idea of the visit to Rome was now abandoned, and it was settled to return as soon as possible to England. The Max Müllers were joined in Dresden by their daughter and son-in-law and a friend, who were at Baireuth, and came off at once on hearing the serious opinion of the German doctors. Victor Carus came from Leipzig for two or three days to see Max Müller, and the old friends parted, knowing they should meet no more. The journey was accomplished with very little fatigue to the invalid, who was delighted to find himself under his daughter's roof. The English doctors took a more hopeful view of his case, and he certainly felt himself better. On his return he wrote to his son at Washington: —

WOMBWELL HALL, *September* 8.

'I am afraid they have frightened you more than was necessary. Of course, I am far from well, the doctors take a very gloomy view, but I don't feel so ill as all that. At seventy-six, one must be prepared for everything, and need I tell you I am prepared to go? It would be strange if I were not, with such a long life behind me, and most of it devoted to religious and philosophical questions. What is more natural in life than death? and having lived this long life, so full of light, having been led so kindly by a fatherly hand through all storms and struggles, why should I be afraid when I have to make the last step? I have finished nearly all my work, and what is more, I see that it will be carried on by others, by stronger and younger men. I have never piped much in the market, I gladly left that to others, but I have laid a foundation that will last, and though people don't see the blocks buried in a river, it is on those unseen blocks the bridges rest.'

After a fortnight with his daughter, Max Müller returned to Oxford with her and his wife, who were cheered by an improved account from his doctor. Telegrams were received both from the Queen and the Prince of Wales asking for news, and the Queen telegraphed again a little later.

TO HIS SON.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *September* 30.

'I feel so altogether under a Higher Power that I wait with perfect equanimity. I know to a young man death has something terrible, not to an old man — it seems so unnatural in youth, so natural in old age. I have had my years of struggle, sometimes of very hard struggle, but I could never look forward to so much real happiness after the heat of the day was over.'

Sir William Hunter was named by the University of Oxford to attend the Oriental Congress in Rome in the place of Max Müller, who had written a letter to the President of the Congress, regretting his inability to be present, as he had so ardently desired for many months. This letter was read at one of the first meetings, and the following report appeared in the *Times*: —

ROME, *October* 10.

'A profound impression was produced in the Oriental Congress yesterday, by a letter from Professor Max Müller, at Oxford. In pathetic but dignified terms the venerable scholar bade farewell to the Congress, on the ground that his illness precluded any hope that he would again take part in its proceedings. He narrated the progress which he had made to bring to completion the translations of the *Sacred Books of the East*, and presented a copy of that magnificent series to the Congress as a testimony of his goodwill and of the encouragement and help which he had, during many years, received from its members. The communication was received with deep emotion, for the amiable personality of Professor Max Müller, the wide range of his scholarship, and his rare combination of genius with learning, have given him a unique place amongst the Orientalists of Europe.'

Sir William Hunter wrote that not a day passed without Max Müller's name being mentioned in the Congress, or in one or other of its sections, with admiration and love. His presence had been looked forward to with so much pleasure, that to many of the members the Congress seemed incomplete without him. Sir William reported that his beautiful letter produced a genuine outburst of emotion in the Indian section.

The two books which Max Müller had published just before leaving England, *The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*, and *Auld Lang Syne*, Series II, 'My Indian Friends,' were beginning to attract attention.

The *Times* thus speaks of them: —

'The serious illness of Professor Max Müller gives to these two books a peculiar interest. In *The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*, he brings within the compass of some 600 pages the vast area of Sanskrit speculation and ethical thought. His object is not chiefly to restate the mere tenets of each system. His aim is rather to present a comprehensive account of the philosophical activity of the Indian mind, and to show how intimately both the religion and the philosophy of India were "connected with the national character of the inhabitants."

'*Auld Lang Syne* (second series) belongs to a widely different sphere of literary effort. It consists of the amiable armchair recollections of a veteran scholar, and is especially devoted to his Indian friends. His Indian acquaintances were not all of his own time, and he introduces us in many charming pages to the great thinkers and reformers of the past, whom in the truest sense he has made his friends. From the Rishis of the *Rig-veda* to the apostles of mediaeval Hinduism and the great theistic teachers of the India of to-day, he makes a procession of noble and venerable figures to pass before our eyes. Happy the man who has gone through life in so goodly a fellowship!'

The book was most warmly greeted in India, and its author received letters from unknown friends all over the Indian empire, expressing their delight and gratitude.

TO SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL.

OXFORD, *October* 30, 1899.

'MY VERY DEAR, POOR FRIEND,—That is really too much for one man, two sons and one grandson! Who can understand it? That an old man like me should be summoned off the stage is natural enough, and I confess it did not surprise me. After all, what difference can one or two years make? The King's private physician at Dresden told my wife that I had only a few weeks, or months to live. Fortunately, I could get home, arrange all my things, and then wait patiently. What puzzled me was my own vitality. I saw the mischief, liver and bile, quite clearly, and that will possibly never be healed; but otherwise I have held my ground, and the doctor thinks I have even made a step forward. I sleep well, I eat well, and feel well. What more can a man desire? I am spoilt like a baby, and since June have done nothing. B. is here to help her mother. Fortunately I could stop Wilhelm coming home from Washington, though he had secured his passage. We all attach ourselves too much, and then comes the time when the barbed arrow has to be taken out, and it hurts. But the young people live on as if nothing could happen to them. They little know. I spend the forenoon in bed, and the afternoon goes, and then I am taken to bed again. This began in June, on my way to Italy. I tried again and again, but at last had to give in at Dresden, and get back to Oxford as well as I could. Here, however, and in London, the

doctors gave a less desperate account, and began to feed me up, and for all I know they may be right, though I shall be an invalid for life. Well, I have had my sunshine, and now I must learn to bear rain and mist, and all the rest.'

When Max Müller was at Ems he wrote a long letter to Mozoomdar, the leader of the more liberal portion of the Brâhma Somâj, which is of such importance that considerable portions are given here. The matter was very near Max Müller's heart, and as his illness was already beginning when this letter was written, it has something of the nature of a dying message to the Brâhma Somâj :—

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—You know for how many years I have watched your efforts to purify the popular religion of India, and thereby to bring it nearer to the purity and perfection of other religions, particularly of Christianity. You know also that I have paid close attention to the endeavours of those who came before you, of men like Rammohun Roy, Debendranâth Tagore, Keshub Chunder Sen, and others, in whose footsteps you have boldly followed, and whose work you have faithfully carried on, as far as circumstances allowed you to do so. What I have much admired, both in yourself and in your noble predecessors and fellow workers, is the patience and the even temper with which you have prosecuted your religious and social reforms. I know that you have met with many disappointments and many delays, but you have never lost heart and never lost patience. I confess that I have several times felt very unhappy about the mischances that have befallen your good cause; but even when Keshub Chunder Sen was forsaken by a number of his friends and followers, on utterly insufficient grounds, as far as I could judge, and again, when he was taken from us in the very midst of his glorious work, I never lost faith in the final success of his work, though I began to doubt whether I should live to see the full realization of his hopes.

'If you once know what truth is, you also know that truth is in no hurry. Truth is, truth has been, truth will be, whether it is accepted by the whole world or by a small minority only. . . . Your departed friend, Keshub Chunder Sen, had the firm conviction that the way in which he and his predecessors had indicated was the only possible way out of the present state of confusion, and out of the

misunderstandings that had arisen between him and many of his own countrymen, and likewise out of those which still separated him from his Christian friends and sympathizers.

'Now it seems to me that the first thing you have to do is to try to remove the differences that still exist among yourselves, and to settle how much of your ancient religion you are willing to give up, if not as utterly false, still as antiquated. You have given up a great deal, polytheism, idolatry, and your elaborate sacrificial worship. You have surrendered also, as far as I can judge, the claim of divine revelation which had been so carefully formulated by your ancient theologians in support of the truth of the *Vedas*. These were great sacrifices, for whatever may be thought of your ancient traditions, to give up what we have been taught by our fathers and mothers, requires a very strong conviction, and a very strong will. But though this surrender has brought you much nearer to us, there still remain many minor points on which you differ among yourselves in your various *samájes* or congregations. Allow me to say that these differences seem to me to have little to do with real religion; still they must be removed, because they prevent united action on your part. . . . If you are once united among yourselves, you need no longer trouble about this or that missionary, whether he come from London, Rome, Geneva, or Moscow. They all profess to bring you the Gospel of Christ. Take then the New Testament and read it for yourselves, and judge for yourselves whether the words of Christ, as contained in it, satisfy you or not.

'I know that you yourself, as well as Rammohun Roy and Keshub Chunder Sen, have done that. I know one countryman of yours who wrote a searching criticism on the Old and New Testaments, and then joined the Christian Church, as established in England, because there was something in the teaching and life of Christ which he could not withstand. I know this is not an argument, yet it is something to reflect on.

'Christ comes to you as He comes to us in the only trustworthy records preserved of Him in the Gospels. We have not even the right to dictate our interpretation of these Gospels to you, particularly if we consider how differently we interpret them ourselves. If you accept His teachings, as there recorded, you are a Christian. There is no necessity whatever of your being formally received into the membership of one or the other sect of the Christian Church, whether reformed or unreformed. That will only delay the growth of Christianity in India. All that has grown up in the Church after the death of Christ, or the Apostles, does not concern you. You will

want, no doubt, some kind of constitution, some government, some Church or Somâj. Have a baptism, or *Upanayana*, if you please, as an outward sign of that new life which baptism signified among the early Christians, and which was well known also to your great teachers of old. Remember, before all things, that you can be followers of Christ, without being Roman Catholics, Anglo-Catholics, or Greek orthodox Catholics, without assuming the names and fashions of Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Unitarians, or any other Dissenters. Keep aloof of all of them, they have proved only stumbling-blocks in the progress of Christianity. Keshub Chunder Sen used to say that, after all, Christ was in many respects an Oriental, and was better understood by Orientals than by Occidentals. Whether this be true or not, you have, at all events, as much right to constitute and regulate your own Church, your own Parishads, your own Sa*m*gha, as the Greeks, in their time, had at Alexandria, or the Romans at Rome. You have nothing to do with popes, bishops, priests, ministers, *et hoc genus omne*, unless for some reason or other you wish, besides being Christians, to belong to one of the historical associations also that have sprung up. . . . I do not like to appear sailing under false colours. I am, myself, a devoted member of the English Church, because I think its members enjoy greater freedom and more immunity from priestcraft than those of any other Church. There are, no doubt, many things in that Church also, which still require reformation. But though we are not altogether free from the evils that seem inseparable from the establishment of any priesthood, we have thrown off many of the hideous accretions which nearly took the life out of Christianity during the long night of the dark ages. The real Church, you should remember, before you take any steps towards framing a constitution of your own, consists of the laity alone. It was the laity that appointed its ministers, but these original ministers — such is human nature — have almost invariably become the masters of their masters. The English Church, however, though it has sometimes forgotten the supreme and indefeasible rights of the laity, has never surrendered them formally and altogether; and the highest seat of authority, in matters of faith as well as of public worship, has always remained with the laity and the civil powers, and has never been surrendered formally to the clergy. . . . Try whether you cannot join the Church of England as lay members, but have nothing to do with their ecclesiastical constitutions, and keep aloof of all discussions on so-called orders or their validity. Lay members of the English Church are perfectly free, and I have never repented having joined it. . . .

'Only remember, that there is no reason whatever, why you, in

forming your own Christian Church, should join any of the European Churches. That idea is what has delayed your progress so long. You have declared in so many words (*New Dispensation*, March 5, 1899): "We regard the words of Jesus Christ as our authority, and consider Him to be our Master." How can any one dare to call men who say this pagans, to be converted like so many Negroes or Hottentots? What keeps these men away from us? They tell us themselves in the same paper: "We cannot accept the teachings of popular Christianity, that is, of the missionaries in India. Their teaching seems to us too anthropomorphic. We are asked to believe in a Deity who does one thing to-day and repents of it to-morrow. He is represented to us as revengeful, changeable and imperfect. To-day He blesses the children of men; to-morrow He sees their sins, and becomes vindictive, curses them, and seeks their destruction." These may be the teachings of certain missionaries in India, but students of the Bible might easily convince themselves that they are really exaggerations of some of the Jewish views of the Deity, surrounded by a legendary mist. The docrine of the Atonement also, as preached by certain missionaries, has evidently proved a great stumbling-block to many who felt drawn towards Christ. . . . But surely this, too, is a one-sided and exaggerated view of the Atonement, it is the view of certain theologians, but not of the Gospels. The very name of atonement never occurs in the Gospels, and but once in the New Testament, namely in Romans v. 7, and means there no more than reconciliation.

'You would be surprised if you knew how many honest Christians feel exactly what you feel about the Atonement, and that in this case also, those who compass sea and land to make one proselyte, are the very people who prevent you from becoming proselytes, from coming to Christ, and to us.

'And if there is nothing that should prevent the Brahmos, with all their objections to certain theologians and missionaries, from coming to us, let us see now whether there is anything that should prevent us from going to them. We read in the same paper: "The Brahmos believe in a perfect and immutable God, whose beneficent purposes in creating man can never be frustrated. If God has created man to be saved, he is doomed to be saved. In virtue of his free will, he may for a time resist the Divine will, but he cannot for ever carry on a war with the infinitely wise and infinitely loving God. The Bible distinctly says: The Lord will not cast off for ever. . . . God, who is unchangeable, and in whom there is not a shadow of turning, loves the sinner, whether he sins, or becomes a saint. The change is in man. Whenever man sins, darkness comes over his

soul. He trembles and cannot see the smiling face of God. He discerns only terror and fierceness in His countenance. But whenever he repents and resolves not to disobey, the cloud passes away and the light of the benign face shines upon the sinner, and he finds reconciliation or forgiveness."

'I can see nothing in this view of the Deity that is not Christian, and would be objected to by any *bona fide* Christian. You do not see how near you really are to us, and how it is a mere fiction of your own minds that the preachings and teachings of certain missionaries and bishops could possibly form a barrier between you and Christ. Every religion, nay, every philosophy also, varies according to those who receive it and teach it. Neither missionaries nor bishops even are infallible authorities. Christianity is free to all men, every man has his own Christianity in his own heart, and in the Gospel, as understood by him. Neither the Pope nor the Archbishop of Canterbury is infallible, yet both are Christians; then why not you and your friends? The people of Europe at the time of the Reformation did what you ought to do. When they saw that the old Church of Rome did not teach the pure original Gospel, they protested and became once more true Christians, yielding to no authority but to that of Christ, as preserved in the Gospels. If you think that our various missionaries, reformed or unreformed, do not bring you pure Christianity, why should you hesitate to do what our Reformers did, go back to the Gospels and establish your own Christian Church, and defend it against all comers, whether from East or from West? You are fond of saying that Christ Himself was an Oriental, not an Occidental. Then why not have your own Oriental Christ, your own Oriental Christianity? Only beware from the very first of the leaven of Oriental pharisees. Every religion has been founded by laymen, by men of the people; and every religion has been ruined by priests!

'I have told you already that Keshub Chunder Sen, in intimate conversation, told me that to all intents and purposes he was a disciple of Christ, and when I write to you, and when I think of you, I cannot resist the feeling that you too are a true follower of Christ. . . .

'Tell me some of your chief difficulties that prevent you and your countrymen from openly following Christ. I shall do my best to explain how I and many who agree with me have met them, and solved them. I do not hesitate to say that on some of these points we may have to learn from you more than we can teach you, and I say this honestly, and from personal experience. That too will be a lesson difficult to learn for our bishops and missionaries, but in

Christian humility they will have to learn it. From my point of view, India, at least the best part of it, is already converted to Christianity. You want no persuasion to become a follower of Christ. Then make up your mind to act for yourselves. Unite your flock, and put up a few folds to hold them together, and to prevent them from straying. The bridge has been built for you by those who came before you. Step boldly forward, it will not break under you, and you will find many friends to welcome you on the other shore, and among them none more delighted than your old friend and fellow labourer

'F. MAX MÜLLER.'

This letter remained unanswered for some time, though Mozoomdar published it, with a rejoinder from himself, in some of the Indian papers. The following is part of Mozoomdar's rejoinder: —

'What disconcerts me is the half-expressed contempt which Christian leaders, even of the liberal school, seem to have of the Hindu ideal, and spirituality. When I express my ardent love for Christ and Christianity, they are kindly in sympathy: but the moment I say that Christ and His religion will have to be interpreted in India through Indian antecedents, and the Indian medium of thought, I am suspected of trying to bend Christianity down to heathenism. So we must either renounce our national temperament, . . . or renounce Christ, . . . or re-embody our faith and aspirations under a new name, and form, and spirit. We have taken this third course.'

Max Müller's suggestion that the followers of Mozoomdar should call themselves Christians, led to attacks from many different parties. One writer, who signed himself a Hindu, maintained that the early belief in God, as shown in the *Vedas*, was enough to adequately satisfy the craving of the human heart after a high ideal, so as to render recourse to Christian teaching, and change in one's faith, unnecessary and undesirable. The *Duyanodaya* of Bombay, a missionary paper, though not thinking that the Brahmos were as really Christian in their belief as did Max Müller, thought one good would come of the letter. 'Every one hitherto had claimed that Max Müller taught that Hinduism is as good as Christianity, and that it is not important to be a Christian. No one can fairly say so

again. He is not satisfied with even the reverence paid to Christ by Brahmos. He appeals to them to openly take the Christian name.'

The *Enquirer*, another missionary paper, also spoke of Max Müller as coming to the aid of the missionaries, and making his own characteristic contribution to mission-work. Yet, in spite of the views of many in India, an attack was made upon him at the Meeting of the Diocesan Conference in Oxford this autumn; made at the very time that all Max Müller's friends were watching with deepest anxiety the struggle that he was making against fatal illness. The attack made on him by the Principal of the Pusey House was to the effect that, in his letter to Mr. Mozoomdar, Max Müller urged the members of the Brâhma-Somaj to call themselves Christians without believing in 'that central doctrine on which the faith and life of the Church was founded.'

Max Müller's valued Vicar replied to the ill-judged attack in a letter to the editor of the *Oxford Times*:—

'SIR,—From your report of the Diocesan Conference, as well as from several independent witnesses, I learn with surprise and pain that my friend and parishioner, Professor Max Müller, was attacked by one of the speakers (the Principal of Pusey House). As one privileged to minister to his closing days, and well acquainted with his religious convictions, I cannot allow the reckless assertion made against Professor Max Müller to go uncontradicted in his own city. The Principal of Pusey House asserted (unless I am misinformed) that the Professor invited the Indian people to declare themselves Christians and to join the Christian Church, at the same time informing them that they could do so without believing in the divinity of our Lord. Of such an assertion I say without hesitation that it is a complete and utter reversal of Professor Max Müller's opinions, and, in particular, of what he wrote last June to one of the leaders of the Brahma-Somaj, of which the gist is as follows:—You have been led by God to recognize in Jesus the Son of God, and to own Him as your Lord and Master; then declare yourselves as what you really are, Christians, and form yourselves into a national Christian Church, without troubling yourselves about the distinctive tenets and quarrels of the contending sects which send their missionaries among you.

'For many years the conversion of the enlightened classes of India has interested the Professor; during the last few months since his illness, it seems to be absorbing more and more of his thoughts, and the letter referred to above and addressed to the Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar, was the very last literary effort which he has been able or perhaps will ever be able to make. It is published in the current journal of the Brahma-Somaj, which is now before me, and I venture to quote a few lines of Mozoomdar himself in the same journal in justification of the Professor's attitude in offering him and his followers the right hand of Christian fellowship. "To me the way and the truth is in the supreme personality of the Son of God, who reigns over India, Europe and the best part of the world, and whom you too" (he is addressing the Brahmos) "have accepted, though you do not know it and do not say it. In the course of a long life (so this noble confession of faith proceeds) in pain and sin and grief and desertion, in loneliness, in injustice and disappointments which have overtaken me, Jesus Christ has given me a strength and rest which nothing else can equal. And in all the great unknown that is in store for the future, nothing can I endure or do except in His Spirit, under His leading. But God is not for Christ, Christ is for God. God only can reveal Christ and then Christ will reveal God. God is first and last, God is All-in-All." To men who can write thus, have we not the right, nay, are we not bound in duty to say, You have received the like faith with us, you are Christians?'

The weak rejoinder in the paper the following week from the Principal of the Pusey House, showed that he had either seen a garbled form of Max Müller's letter to Mozoomdar, or that he had entirely failed to grasp its real meaning. To this letter Mr. Bidder again responded, ending with these words:—

'In taking up the cudgels on behalf of my sick parishioner and his Indian friends, a misgiving seizes me lest, after all, I may seem to have been betrayed into something like an impertinence. If it was excusable to feel some indignation at this gratuitous and undeserved attack upon a good and wise man, perhaps I ought to have remembered that he enjoys a position in the greater world of religious thought — to say nothing of an inward strength and serenity — which place him beyond the reach of attack either from private bigotry or from the Oxford Diocesan Conference.

'Your obedient servant,

'H. J. BIDDER.'

In answer to Max Müller's long letter, Mozoomdar at length wrote: 'A wholesale acceptance of the Christian name by the Brâhma-Samâj is neither possible nor desirable, within measurable time; it would lead to misconception, which would only do harm. But the acceptance of the Christ spirit, or, as you term it, "the essential religion of Christ," is not only possible, but an actual fact at the present moment. Liberal souls in Christendom will have to rest content with this at least *now*, and let the *name* take care of itself.' This letter had crossed one from Max Müller: —

OXFORD, *November* 3, 1899.

'It seems to me a real marvel that about three weeks ago my illness suddenly gave way, and I begin slowly to mend. Of course I am very weak, but I can read again, and I hope that what remains of my time on earth may not have to be spent in a mere invalid life, of no use to anybody! I have seen some of your Indian papers, and I gather from them that my letter to you, and your own paper, have produced a certain impression. Of course, I have been abused by the Indian papers, and by the journals in England. Let me answer one point in your very kind letter. The name to be adopted by your own reformed Hinduism, would be a merely geographical expression. Hinduism as a religion would mean the religion of the Hindus or of India, and thus would comprise every variety of religion practised in India, Durga-worship, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, &c. It would be the name of a mere congeries. You object to anything like Christian, even Christian Brahmos is not satisfactory to you. But surely you owe much to Christ and Christianity, your very movement would not exist without Christianity. One must be above public opinion in these matters, and trust to truth which is stronger than public opinion. However, the name is a small matter. Only I thought that truth and gratitude would declare in favour of Christian Brahmos, or Christian Aryas.

'However, we shall have more important questions to discuss, and I shall require as much courage here in England as I recommend to you in India. Keshub Chunder Sen was a very bold man, and his followers must show the same courage, if they want to carry on his great work. I am too tired to-day, and must not write any more. But if health and strength return, my last years shall be at your service.'

All these months, which the German doctors had pronounced to be his last, Max Müller was slowly mending, and recovering strength. He was able to see many of his friends singly, and enjoy doing so; he drove whenever it was fine; and, though unable to work, he could take an interest in politics and all that was going on, and enjoy the many books, chiefly, it must be owned, novels, that were read out to him. His valued Vicar saw him generally twice a week. Max Müller's greatest pleasure during these months was in constant visits from his daughter or son-in-law, generally bringing one of his grandchildren, and letters from the dearly loved, far-off son. The following letter was sent at this time to Max Müller: —

CALCUTTA, *November* 7, 1899.

'My grandmother, the mother of the late Keshub Chunder Sen, has heard with regret about your illness, and anxiously inquires to know of your health. We, the members of the Sen family, pray to God for your peace and happiness. We are highly indebted to you for what you have done for the elevation of India in the estimation of the enlightened world.'

The following is Max Müller's answer to the inquiries from the venerable mother of Keshub Chunder Sen: —

OXFORD, *November* 27, 1899.

'Please to tell your dear grandmother that I feel much touched by her sympathy. Yes, I have been very ill; but after six months of illness, there has been, quite unexpectedly, a change. I am not allowed to read and write, but I wanted very much to write this line to thank your grandmother for her kind interest. I miss her son very much. He might have done so much good to India, but God knows best why he was taken from us so early, and before his work was finished. But finished it will be, sooner or later, and the fire he has lighted in India will never be extinguished again. He was so kind, so gentle, so good a man too, and his mother ought indeed to be proud to be the mother of such a man.

'With kind regards to her and to you,

'Yours very truly.'

TO PROFESSOR DEUSSEN, OF KIEL.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, *December* 4, 1899.

'I have received lately many letters and papers from India. The *Vedânta* is working there too, and when I am gone a heavy burden will fall on your shoulders. It will mean not only to make the *Vedânta* intelligible to Europeans but also to Indians. They possess everything in the *Vedânta*, but they do not know it, and millions of souls have to be taken into account there. The Alexandrian-Christian philosophy is understood by the Indians, but they would like to derive it as self-developed from the *Vedânta*. Well, the thing is not impossible, if only we could find facts. Of course, Alexandria was so close to India and so close to Athens that spiritual intercourse was quite possible. But what good can possibilities do to us? The Syrian Bardesanes had heard something about India, much sooner than the Alexandrians, but, as it seems to me, from ambassadors to Rome from India. I have so far carefully withheld from the idea of Indian influence on Alexandria, but of course the possibility must be faced.

'I should be so glad if you would both come to Oxford at Easter; I hope to be much better by then, at all events I hope to be here. We have a very thorough Alexandrian here, Dr. Aal from Christiania, who has treated the Logos idea. It is curious that what is with the Indians Mâyâ and Avidyâ, appears to the Alexandrians as Sophia or Logos.

'Now I must stop. I enclose something from India, which will show you how the *Vedânta* is beginning to take hold of the Indians. Here in Oxford I have once more been violently attacked as a heretic. Woe to him, who is not a heretic, who does not choose for himself!'

The last birthday was a very happy one. His daughter and son-in-law and two grandsons were with him, and letters and telegrams poured in; lovely flowers were sent from far and near: indeed, Max Müller's library was kept all along like a garden by his kind friends. Though still weak, and leading an invalid life, those who watched him were cheered by daily small signs of improvement, and hope again sprang up in their hearts, that the life, so valuable to so many, might be spared for some years to come.

TO SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL.

7 NORHAM GARDENS, *December* 17, 1899.

'MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I hope indeed you are getting better. I can say the same of myself, though I never thought that an old machine like my poor body, weakened, for six months, by every kind of trouble, could recuperate as it has done. Even my brain is getting less muddled than it was, and I begin to look around with a certain amount of cheekiness. But it is really a marvel—the only question is, will it last? I wanted to go to London to-morrow, for an important meeting, and felt quite up to it, but my doctor put his veto on it. It is quite clear that he does not consider me so well as I do. I have been most obedient throughout, and now I begin to see that I have my reward. What would have become of us without our wives? I have been so spoilt that I sometimes think I shall go on as an invalid, and be coddled like a baby. This cold weather is against me, but I sometimes drive out and face the north-easter like an old Teuton. That war makes me feel quite miserable. I am afraid our soldiers won't fight under such generals, and no wonder. The war itself seems to me inevitable. It is just like the French and English in India. Out! out!—either you or me. But the English generals ought to have been better prepared, and not an inch of the country should have been left without a strategic survey. I am told they have no maps. I believe any German lieutenant knows more of the distances than General ——. It will cost much blood now, but England won't give in—in fact, cannot. Germany and Russia seem safe for the present, but France is ominous, and the Exhibition alone keeps it quiet.'

CHAPTER XXXV

1900

Indian prayers for Max Müller. Letters on England's Rights in the Transvaal. Dover. Tunbridge Wells. Increase of illness. Visit of a Yogin. Mozoomdar. Last literary work. Death. Letters of Sympathy.

THE early days of January were marked by a rapid improvement in Max Müller's health, and by the middle of the month he was able occasionally to take a gentle walk. He liked to drive out of Oxford, and take his walk in better and higher air, and where he was not liable to be met every few steps and stopped by kindly inquiries. He could even have three or four friends at a time to luncheon or tea, besides the single visits which he had so much appreciated from his Vicar, and other intimate friends, during the worst time of his illness. Quite early in the month of January he received the following quaint but touching letter from Madras: —

'When I saw the Professor was seriously ill, tears trickled down my cheeks unconsciously. When I told my friends who are spending the last days of their life with me, and read with me the *Bhagavad-gîtâ*, and similar religious books, they were all very much overpowered with grief. Last night, when we were going to our temple as usual, it was suggested to me that we should have some special service performed by the temple priest for his complete restoration. All my friends followed me to the temple, but when we told the priest of our wish he raised various objections. He could not, he said, offer prayers and chant hymns in the name of one who is not a Hindu by birth; if he did so, he would be dismissed from the service, and excommunicated by his caste. We told him that Professor Max Müller, though a European by birth and in garb, was

virtually more than a Hindu. When some of my friends offered to pay him ample remuneration, he consented, and when the next day at eleven o'clock at night we came to the temple with cocoanuts, flowers, betel-leaves, nuts, and camphor, which we handed to the priest, he began to chant the Mantras and offer prayers to God for about an hour or so. After everything was done, the priest returned to us some of our gifts, and requested that we should send them to Professor Max Müller.'

Such a service has never been performed before for one who is not a Hindu.

In return for this letter Max Müller sent the writer, L. Vasudivan, his *Six Systems of Hindu Philosophy* with a letter, and Vasudivan writes later to acknowledge its safe arrival: 'Your valuable book is the best book I have ever read. Myself and my friends take great delight in reading it over and over.' On getting Max Müller's letter saying how much better he felt, he ran up to tell his friends, 'and I can't really express the joy we felt on the occasion.' And he then says that they had arranged to offer up prayers for Max Müller at the temple once a month. Later in the month, when a false report of his increased illness appeared in the papers, his Indian friend writes: 'I am sure that the Almighty will not leave my constant prayers for you without effect.'

Another Indian friend wrote from Calcutta: 'I express the fervent hope that God in His infinite grace, even to us the Indian people whom you love, would extend the term of the lease of life which He has just renewed.'

Before long Max Müller was able to undertake a little easy work, for the enforced idleness of his illness had been one of his greatest trials, though borne with that serene resignation and patience which never left him, even under the depressing influence of months of jaundice. Those who tended him never heard a hasty or fretful word, and as one of his faithful servants said after he had passed away, 'It was a privilege to do anything for him.' His mind remained unclouded to the last, and his letters on the Transvaal question, and the three articles

on Chinese Religions, showed his old vigour, as well as grace of diction.

The state of feeling in Germany against England, on account of the war in South Africa, was a source of much anxiety to Max Müller, and he wrote several letters on the subject to Prince Christian, who fully shared Max Müller's views as to the mischief caused by the general ignorance in Germany on the rights of the question, an ignorance wilfully fostered by the newspapers.

TO PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

Translation. OXFORD, *January* 2.

'YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, — I enclose the cutting from the *Berlin Monday Journal*. The state of public opinion in Germany is very sad, not that it can have any influence with the Government, but it is a pity that newspapers should do so much harm. The Germans do not indeed think of sending any Pomeranians to help Kruger, but the entire misunderstanding of the position of England is very grievous. It was different in the old times, but even England's old friends in Germany are misled. How much I should like to step in, but my bodily strength still fails me. Lying low for six months, weakens not only the muscles of the body, but the activity of the mind, and though I never expected a recovery such as mine is, I feel I shall never be again what I was before.

'I hope that you have good news from your son. How much he has already seen of the war, and the people of England will not be unmindful of it. There has never been such a war as this. Who could send an army a distance of 6,000 miles? But all this is forgotten, and England is only abused. Success is the one answer which will be understood.'

TO BUNYIU NANJIO

(who had sent over a beautiful dress of brocade silk, a pale yellow, with white azaleas on it).

OXFORD, *January* 29.

'MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your silk arrived to-day early. It is most beautiful, only it is much too precious for us, and I know how many calls a Buddhist Bhikshu has; however, I accept it as a sign of your kindness and your remembrance of me. I am now without any

pupils, and I often wish I could have some again like you and Kasawara. You two and Takakusu worked well, and I hope you have found new interest in your life, and that you will help towards founding a school of Sanskrit and Pâli in Japan. Your discovery of a work in a 1000 *fasciculi* on the *History of Buddhism in Japan*, sounds very astonishing. I placed the matter before the Oriental Congress at Rome, in a letter, as I could not go in person.'

TO PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

Translation. OXFORD, *February* 6, 1900.

'Your Royal Highness will see by the enclosed letter from the Editor of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, that I followed your advice and sent him an article on the correctness of the English view as to England's rights, relative to the Transvaal Republic. I had no idea of the sad state of things in Germany, and that no newspaper there ventures to comply with *Audiatur et altera pars*, and listen at least to the other side. I saw from letters of former Anglophil friends, how Leyds and others have taken Germany in, but I certainly did not imagine matters to be quite so bad. I treated the affair historically, from the time of the Vienna Congress to the Treaty of 1884, when England's suzerainty over the Transvaal Republic was accepted by the Boers. I hardly mentioned the present complications; I only referred to the readiness of the *Times* to open her columns to me, when at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein question, and again at the time of the Franco-German war, I wished to publish my opinions which were so unpopular in England. Whatever I write, I sign with my name, and so I did this time, adding: "Strike, but listen!"

'I am indeed astonished. Shall I expose the German Press?'

The article referred to above was the letter which ultimately appeared in the *Deutsche Revue,* after it had been refused by the *Deutsche Rundschau,* to which Max Müller had been a contributor from the first. Professor Mommsen wrote a rejoinder in the same paper, of which a friend said: 'It is very disappointing to see a man of Mommsen's ability spoiling himself by writing on a subject he has never taken the pains to inform himself upon. *He has not even an outline knowledge of the facts.*'

In writing to Prince Christian on February 8, Max Müller

says: 'I am quite ready to take the blows on myself which are sure to fall. I know what I am about, and that renders one shot-proof.'

It was a great pleasure to Max Müller to be elected this spring a member of the Berlin Academy, and to receive the information through Professor Weber, who had at one time entertained no friendly feelings for him.

TO PROFESSOR WEBER.

Translation. 7 NORHAM GARDENS, *February* 8, 1900.

'DEAR COLLEAGUE, — Many thanks for your letter, which seemed at first unintelligible. I have deciphered many a handwriting, but try as I would, I did not seem able to read yours! Yet I felt unwilling to tell you so, knowing well how difficult my own handwriting is to read. It was kind of you to tell me so early the news of my election as an Honorary Member of the Academy. I am, of course, very much pleased about it, and I know that I have to thank you for it in many ways.

'It is wonderful how much better I feel. I am not allowed to work yet, and am obliged to stay in bed till eleven o'clock every morning. However, I hope spring will mend all this. I have still to finish so many things, though the chief things are done, and I shall have to content myself with being allowed to look on for a little while longer. Sir W. Hunter is a great loss to me. Dr. Hoernlé has shown me the most remarkable MSS. from Turkestan, &c., a new world altogether, but not for me any more. We have to learn, after all, to close our eyes. What a pity that Bühler is no longer here to take the thing in hand!'

The following is the last letter written by Max Müller to his friend Mr. Mozoomdar, again urging on him and his followers to speak out and declare *their real faith*, and their entire separation from modern Hinduism. The appeal has produced no tangible results. Mr. Mozoomdar came to England in the summer, but was at first engaged in London and elsewhere, and when he came to Oxford in the autumn, Max Müller was unable to enter fully into the subject that had so long filled his heart and thoughts.

TO MR. MOZOOMDAR.

OXFORD, *March* 11, 1900.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—Though I have long wished to write to you, my health is not yet quite restored, and I must put off many things till I feel stronger. I shall try, however, to . . . remove a false impression which my letter seems to have given you. You ought to know me enough to know that I am not trying to *convert* you and your friends to Christianity. If you are not a Christian, you must not call yourself a Christian. But I confess when I judged from Keshub Chunder Sen's writings, I thought that he was, as you were, more of a Christian than many who call themselves so. And if that is so, then the name of Brahmos or Hindus seemed to me a mere misnomer, and so far not quite honest. When you think of the popular Hinduism of the present day, with its idol-worship, its Pujahs, its temple-service, its caste, its mendicants, surely you do not approve, you rather shrink from them. It is easy enough to come to an understanding with you individually, and with Brahmos who have a philosophical culture. You would admit at once that all these things are not essentials, though they may have some kind of excuse in their historical origin. You want something of that kind for the great masses of uneducated people. All that is true; but what you know to be false and dangerous should be distinctly condemned, and should not be tolerated as part of your religion. Think how much of useless and even dangerous ceremonial the Christians gave up at the time of their Reformation, and I do not deny that some ceremonial, which is nothing but ceremonial, should be given up even now in our Church. But you never have told me what you object to in our Reformed Christianity, nor have you ever clearly formulated what you hold to be essential in your present form of religion. If you would do that, I feel convinced that we should not be so far apart as you imagine. I go even further, and maintain that there are several things in your religion which we might well adopt, and which would render our Christianity more perfect. Religion must always be for the wise *and* the foolish, for the educated and uneducated, and your religious philosophy might teach us many things that are worth knowing and believing. Then may I ask you the question whether you and your friends would consider yourselves bound by "An Appeal" in *Unity and the Minister*, February 18, 1900? You say there that your country cannot do without Christ—that India is Christ's, and Christ is India's. You speak actually of an Indian Church of Christ. Now these words can have one mean-

ing only. You are Christ's, and in that sense you are Christians, without being Roman Catholics, or Anglicans, or Lutherans. I do not want you to join any existing Church or sect, I only wish you to give honour to the name of Christ, to whom you owe the best part of your present religion. If you have more truth to bring into the Christian Church, do so by all means. Tell me what doctrines you wish to profess, and it would not be difficult to tell you whether they are compatible with Christianity or not. But you will have to speak definitely, so that we may understand each other.

'Anyhow, do not suppress any objections you may feel against the Christianity of the English Church. That Church contains, no doubt, good and bad elements, but in no other Christian Church do you enjoy so much liberty. As to myself, no doubt I have been much attacked, but I have never been interfered with. Liddon was my dear friend, so was Stanley. To hold these two men, a Church must be very large, and whatever certain dignitaries may say, it was meant to be so. England, that finds room for so many nationalities and languages, has found room for many forms of religion also, so long as religion is what it ought to be, pure, holy, and tolerant.

'Do not be afraid, do not leave things unsaid which you hold to be true, but which will not be popular in India. There is a great work open to you, a work that must be done, and which may include Brahmans and Mohammedans as well as Christians. But to do that work well we require perfect sincerity, we require men like Keshub and like yourself.

'I wish I were younger and stronger, but as long as I can I shall fight for religion in the true sense of that word. Religion should unite us, not separate us. It should unite us to God, and unite us in love to our fellow men.'

Throughout March there are constant notices in his wife's diary, proving the real increase of strength, and though in most letters Max Müller complains of inability to work, he carried on a large correspondence, and prepared a second article on England's rights in the Transvaal, in spite of what he says to the contrary in the following letter: —

TO PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

Translation. *March* 29.

'YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, — I see my essay in the *Deutsche Revue* has made an impression. I receive the most *amiable* letters, of

which I enclose an example. I was threatened with the "gallows," should I venture to show myself in Germany!

'It is said that the Twenty-fifth Degree would include the German possessions! Now the Vienna Congress only dealt with Eastern Africa. Western Africa at that time was still no man's land, and even Prussia would not have thanked any one for it in 1814. I have no intention of answering, and only say, what Lady Augusta said of the Dean of Westminster, "Never so well as when he is in hot water!"'

This second article in the *Deutsche Revue* provoked still more angry comments in Germany, comments which proved that his arguments had really struck home. At all events, no counter-arguments were generally attempted, and those advanced by Professor Mommsen were disproved in a short letter of Max Müller's, dated April 29. With Professor Mommsen's consent, the whole correspondence was translated and published in a small pamphlet, and disseminated very largely by the South African Association. It is well to add that this epistolary warfare did not in the least affect the friendly feeling which had existed for long years between Max Müller and Professor Mommsen. So angry were the German public that the Leipzig branch of the Pan-Germanic League (the Alt-Deutsche) drew up a solemn protest against Max Müller's *apologia* for England. The protest closed with the words, 'You have no longer the right to call yourself a German;' and one newspaper expressed its wish to see 'Max Müller hanging on the same gallows with Chamberlain and Rhodes, and the *Aasvögel* (vultures) picking his wicked bones.' But these vituperations made no impression on him; he only smiled, and felt that the day would come when the eyes of his countrymen would be opened. Yet even after his death, in many of the foreign obituary notices, offensive paragraphs appeared in connexion with this subject, and one of his countrymen in this country did not hesitate to speak of the 'cloud of obloquy which thus suddenly overshadowed his name, and dimmed the lustre of his renown near the end of his laborious life.' If his countrymen allowed themselves to write in this tone, the feeling in the country of his

adoption was very different. The Prime Minister wrote that Max Müller's letters formed an excellent statement, and wished him to know how much he had been impressed by them. The Queen accepted a copy; Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff called it a capital pamphlet, adding, 'Mommsen sustains a poor case very poorly.'

So much had Max Müller's health improved that he was able to attend the Easter General Meeting of his college, and was deeply moved by the warm greeting he received as he entered the hall. He was not strong enough to attend the Gaudy dinner at night, and was away at Whitsuntide, so that this was the last gathering of the Fellows at which he was present.

A few days after this, Max Müller heard of the birth of his fifth grandchild, a second granddaughter, and the following week he felt well enough to go to London for the day to see the little creature and its loved mother.

TO PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

Translation. NORHAM GARDENS, *May* 6.

'I have treated Mommsen most indulgently. If one is rude, people think one is hurt. I have always acted on this principle, and with good effect, especially in Germany, where they can be so very boorish!

'My friends in Germany, and their number is small, complain that they cannot obtain my articles, whilst Mommsen's are distributed gratis. That is called fairness!'

A young friend, travelling at this time in Germany, asked for Max Müller's letters at every station where the train stopped between Frankfort and Hamburg, and could not get a single copy, though he found Mommsen's rejoinder everywhere.

On May 9 Max Müller had the honour of receiving King Oscar of Sweden as his guest, and of showing him Christ Church. Merton and Magdalen were visited under other guidance, whilst Max Müller went to All Souls to rest, where he afterwards re-

ceived His Majesty at luncheon in hall, and showed him the college. The King took tea at Norham Gardens, the Crown Prince of Siam being present to meet him. Nothing could be more genial, even affectionate, than His Majesty's whole manner to Max Müller, so anxious that he should not be fatigued in his still easily-tired condition, and the parting was most hearty.

A few days later, the Max Müllers went to their daughter in London for a short visit, and then on to Dover, where their friends Sir William and Lady Russell had been spending the winter. The old friends met whenever the weather would allow, but during the three weeks of the Max Müllers' stay there was constant rain, and fierce cold winds, bad for invalids, and they hardly saw as much of each other as they had hoped.

Among the friends whom Max Müller had seen go before him during the last few years, none had been more sincerely mourned than Herr Georg von Bunsen, with whom, of all Baron Bunsen's sons, he had formed in early days in Carlton Terrace the most intimate friendship. The following letter is to Fräulein Marie von Bunsen, the eldest daughter, who had just written her father's life, which she sent to his old friend: —

Translation. GRAND HOTEL, DOVER, *May* 23, 1900.

'DEAR DAUGHTER OF MY FRIEND, — It was good indeed of you to send me the life of your noble and excellent father. I am astonished to see how well you have succeeded, for I must confess I did not consider it an easy task for a daughter to write her father's biography. Yes, indeed, it gives him just as he was. Often I feel quite startled when I think of him, and then suddenly recollect that he is no more here amongst us! I have thought of him often in little and in great things, though we wrote so comparatively seldom.

'Conquered! Was he conquered? He has lived such a beautiful life, and he must have felt how many good seeds he had sown! I knew so little of his good, practical work. He has not written any thick volumes, nor was he ever made a member of the Government; books die, members of Government are forgotten, but a good word spoken at the right moment can never die — it grows and grows,

and that is what the Buddhists call *Karmen*, which is so often misunderstood.'

TO PROFESSOR MOMMSEN.

Translation. TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *June* 13, 1900.

'I enclose the English translation of our correspondence. It is to be circulated by the South African Association, as widely as possible. We are not so far asunder, as you will see. As to the historical position of the Transvaal to England, you are even more emphatic than I am. Therefore, once again, "let us agree to differ," if we do really differ, which I don't quite believe. I am still seeking fresh health and strength, but don't find them, which after my long illness and at my age is natural. If you wish for copies, I can send them, but what pleases in England offends, alas! now in Germany.'

Nearly all June was spent at Tunbridge Wells, where, however, in spite of fine, even hot weather, and the good air, Max Müller did not seem to gain any increase of strength, though he could enjoy the drives in the lovely neighbourhood, and even moderate walks. He had settled to go from Tunbridge Wells for a long summer visit to his children at Ightham Mote, but repairs were going on there which closed the house, and before it was ready to receive the family Max Müller, who had returned to Oxford, was less well, and never left his own home again. It was pathetic how his thoughts this summer turned to Ightham Mote, and he often spoke of his great wish to see it again. But it was not to be.

Even at this time, when those nearest him were anxiously watching each day as it passed, Max Müller impressed strangers as still full of life and interest in everything. Dr. Crüwell, of Vienna, who was working this year in the Bodleian, described Oxford in a German paper, and after speaking of the emptiness of the place in Long Vacation, he says:—

'One person is in Oxford; Max Müller, suffering from illness, has not been able to leave his charming Oxford home. But he keeps it hospitably open for foreign birds of passage, who find their way to Oxford, from all corners of the universe. In his delightful library, bordered by bookshelves and looking on the shady garden, he welcomes the wandering student with that friendly charm which dis-

tinguishes this courteous scholar; and helps him with good advice and active kindness. Or he receives us in the garden by the side of his wife, surrounded by friends, imbibing at the same time tea and wisdom. Glad to hear and speak his native language, he asks a great deal about Vienna, which he knows and loves. How young this old man still is! As an evidence of his activity and love of work, he shows me the MS. of a new, far advanced book, which will be of great value to the world, the third volume of his *Memories*, "Old Oxford" (Autobiography). If any hand can reveal the treasures hidden by these old walls, it is his, who at once a poet and a student, has added more than any one else to the knowledge of our times.'

The year previously Max Müller had received from Paris the information that it was intended to hold a Congress on the History of Religions, during the great French Exhibition of this year, and that it was hoped that he, as the founder of this rich branch of studies, would attend. 'The Congress without you would be uncrowned,' wrote M. Réville. In July of this year Max Müller received a letter from M. Réville telling him of the great regret felt by all those who were arranging this International Congress on hearing that there was little chance that his health would allow him to be present. 'The esteem, the admiration and the gratitude of all specialists in the History of Religions would have acclaimed you, without any possible contest, the President of our first gathering.' M. Réville ends by expressing his own sense of indebtedness to Max Müller for the direction given to his religious views, and in his professorial and scientific career. In August the Secretary, M. Jean Réville, wrote to beg that Max Müller would write the President a letter conveying a message of encouragement to the Congress, and giving them some advice on the method and meaning of the history of religions. This he proceeded to do, as his strength allowed.

TO HIS SON.

OXFORD, *July* 21.

'All my friends are going, and here I am still left; though not for long, I should say. You know what I wished from you, but what is

the necessity of a name, or a family, or a *Stammhalter?* We must learn to look higher and further than that.'

Among the visitors in July were the Zemindar of Shurmuhamedpuram, the Rajah of Juggarau with his Secretary, and the Gaikwar of Baroda; and towards the end of the month one of the Secretaries of the Swedish Legation arrived, bringing the Grand Cross of the Polar Star from the King of Sweden. Max Müller's daughter, a few days later, photographed her father with the Grand Cross and in the *habit brodé* of the French Institute. He was already looking very ill again, and the once tight-fitting uniform brought the wasting effect of his illness painfully before those who were watching over him.

The early part of August was the last period during which Max Müller was able to keep about, and enjoy seeing his friends, and he even wrote at this time an article for the *Forum*, an American journal, on the anti-English feeling among the Germans in America. The article was violently abused in Germany, where the papers seemed unaware that the *Forum* is published in America, and that the article was addressed to the Germans there. The virulent feeling of his countrymen against him was a constant amusement to Max Müller this summer. About the 17th he had a bad attack of shingles, which showed his great weakness, and from this time his strength gradually declined.

On August 7, Max Müller had a visit of unusual interest. Quite early in the morning his wife was told that two Hindus were at the door, and inquiring for Max Müller. She found two strange figures, one dressed in a flowing robe, with his bare feet in slippers, and a turban on his head; the other a much younger man, who could speak a little English. He explained that his companion was a most holy Yogin, by name Agamya Yogindra, from India. They had reached London a few days before, and hastened to Oxford to take counsel with the only man whose name they knew. Max Müller was unable to come downstairs before eleven o'clock, so they went

away and returned at that hour. Agamya Yogindra was a genuine Mahatma, or Yogin, who had mastered all that was to be gained by the ascetic discipline of the East. His position, as a teacher and holy man, was a very high one in India, as was shown by letters that arrived later from Bombay, with anxious inquiries as to the impression he had produced on Max Müller. He is the only Saint or Yogin who has ever come to England. Impelled by the pure desire to impart what he believed to be the highest knowledge, he had braved the voyage to this country. 'He had come,' as he told Mr. Bidder later, 'to teach men the subtle enigmas of existence, but England was like a poisonous fruit, fair and attractive to view, but full of deadly juice; there were no good men, no one who wanted to understand knowledge; only in this house have I found a good man and *one who knows*.' In his simple ignorance of the world the Yogin thought that his name and fame must be known in England as in India, and he fully expected to be met at the station in London by admiring crowds. Had it not been for the kindness and sagacity of a porter, the poor man would have been lost. The porter seeing the Yogin and his *chelah*, or disciple, sitting disconsolately on the bundles that contained their cooking utensils and food, managed to gain some idea of who they were, and took them to a psychical club, the members of which passed them on to Oxford. It had been arranged that Mr. Mozoomdar should spend the day at Norham Gardens, and he arrived not long after the Yogin and Max Müller had begun their discussion on the Vedânta philosophy. The Yogin received Mr. Mozoomdar with great severity. During his few days stay in London, he had been in communication with Mozoomdar, and had commanded a visit from him at a day and hour, when he was engaged to lecture outside London, and therefore could not go. It was impossible to make the Yogin understand that anything could interfere with a command from himself, the saint, the holy man, and it was evident that Mr. Mozoomdar was in great disgrace, and what was most curious to observe, he quite ac-

cepted the position, and acknowledged the crime of which he had, most unwillingly, been guilty! This gave the bystanders a greater idea than anything else, of the position held by Agamya Yogindra in his own country. What follows is in the words of the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, who, with Mr. Bidder and Mr. Mozoomdar, was present at the interview: —

'The powerful personality of the teacher at once arrested attention. He was tall and strongly built; and in a face of somewhat unusual breadth the deep-sunk eyes, the wide but firmly closed mouth, the resolute chin, all spoke of long practices of meditation and self-control.

'The interview soon revealed the presence of one well versed in philosophic texts. "He is a first-rate Sanskritist," said Professor Max Müller to me, but the effort of maintaining a conversation, partly in Sanskrit with one who pronounced it in an unfamiliar fashion, and partly in the imperfect English of the Swamy, proved too much for his declining strength, and he was obliged before luncheon to seek a temporary rest. But at table, Max Müller's conversation never flagged; it seemed impossible to me that one so full of life could be in the grip of mortal disease. The Yogin would not sit down to eat with us, and remained in the library. We all joined in friendly talk afterwards over the coffee-table on the garden terrace. I saw the Swamy looking fixedly at his host, almost as one who would read the lines of destiny; I recall my anxiety that the party should not overweary the Professor's endurance; and we separated early, Mr. Bidder taking Babu P. C. Mozoomdar with him, and I leading the Yogin and his follower to my own house.'

Mr. Bidder recalls the parting thus: 'I shall never forget the scene on the garden terrace when this representative of ancient India took a last farewell of India's friend and champion. "My life is nearly over," said the Professor, "I shall never be able to do any more work," and the other placing a hand on either shoulder, and looking long and fixedly into his face, replied, "Yes, I see death has come near you, friend, he has looked you in the face."'

Mr. Estlin Carpenter continues: —

'Professor Max Müller listened carefully to the reports of my subsequent intercourse with the Yogin. He had come to this coun-

try, he said, "to teach the subtle apprehension of reality." On that first day, as he sat in my study, he showed me that he could entirely suspend the normal circulation of the blood, and his pulse ceased to beat as I laid my finger on it.[1] But he was very anxious that it should not be supposed that he had come over to this country to excite faith by performing wonders. "These," he said with great earnestness, "are for little people; they are not for the full-grown." In October the Yogin yielded to our advice, and returned to his own country.'

The day after the Yogin's visit, Max Müller heard from Mr. Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, that an article he had finished since his return from Tunbridge Wells, would be most acceptable for his review. 'It is so absolutely up to date, that I immediately close with your offer.' This was the first of three articles on the 'Religions of China' which came out in September, October, and November of this year, and which are republished in *Last Essays*, Series II. The first was on Confucianism, the second on Taoism, and the third on Buddhism and Christianity; the proof-sheets of the last Max Müller corrected within a fortnight of his death. In speaking of these articles, all written in the last four months of his life, the *Athenaeum* says: 'They are remarkable, if one considers how recently they were written, for they show the grasp which the author retained to the last on the bearing of current events.' The writer in the *Athenaeum* concludes his notice in these words:—

'We thus take leave of Max Müller the worker and thinker, in his chosen walk of scholarship surpassed by some few in his own and other countries, but as a scholarly writer second to none in his century. No scholar, perhaps, ever gained by his writings so large a share of attention from the ordinary public throughout the world, or, like him, succeeded in giving stimulus not merely to "general reading," but also to a far more important work, the gaining of recruits in all countries for studies that still need far more help than they receive.'

[1] This was afterwards verified for thirty seconds by the late Mr. F. W. Myers and Dr. Hodgson at Cambridge with proper medical aid.

In this month the two last letters to his publishers of forty years were written, and show how bravely he was working on, in spite of increasing weakness.

To C. J. Longman, Esq.

Oxford, *August* 16.

'I have been thinking a good deal about the new volume of *Chips*. We might make an independent volume, and not call them *Chips*. It would make a large volume of about 500 pages; or how would it be if we made two small volumes of *Chips?* I see *Râmakrishna* is only 200 pages. Two small volumes of 200 or 250 pages could be sold at 5*s*. each, and be at once incorporated in my complete works. What do you think of that?'

And again:—

Aug. 25.

'As soon as I felt a little better I was attacked by a new illness —shingles, if you know what that is? Anyhow, it is most painful, and makes work next to impossible. I see I cannot hope to get my two volumes of Essays ready before Christmas or Easter. What do you think of *Milliaria* as a name? It would require explanation, viz. milestones on my journey. I should give the explanation in the Preface.'

The volumes alluded to above were brought out after Max Müller's death, under the title of *Last Essays*.

Though too weak by this time for driving out, Max Müller spent some hours each day on the terrace before his house, reading to himself, chiefly the many journals and periodicals sent him from India.

The following letter to the Editor is from the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter:—

'Before quitting Oxford at the end of August for the Congress of the History of Religions held in Paris, I saw Professor Max Müller for what proved to be the last time. He was full of eagerness about the approaching meeting, and made me the bearer of his greetings to many friends whom he expected to be there. At session after session of the Congress his name never failed to evoke applause, and he was repeatedly cited as the real initiator of the modern comparative study of religions.

'I cannot close without once more expressing the admiration which his genius awakened in me. When I came to Oxford, he at once opened to me the privilege of intercourse with him. He was happy in retaining to the last the freshness of his memory; and as one topic after another arose in his vivacious talk, it was adorned with some vivid reminiscence, or set off with apt suggestion, quickening a younger mind to further inquiry. The habits of industry which he had practised in early life, were never abandoned. Nothing but the most punctual and patient labour could have enabled him to keep up the continuous amount of work which he unweariedly performed, and maintain his extensive correspondence with all parts of the world. In the wide fields which he had done so much to open up and explore, it was not possible for him to follow the progress of discovery in every department with equal attention. But in the history of religion he had early found the guiding thread of all his studies. Here was for him the real justification of faith; it was inwoven with an experience which was practically universal. He had the sympathy of the poet, with all the imaginative elements which religious thought calls to its aid, and the clear insight which enabled him to disengage the permanent essence from its varying forms. It was especially in the parallel developments of Indian and European thought that he found certain great harmonies of belief; and it was his delight to show that the springs of trust are for ever inexhaustible, and well up with fresh force in new minds from age to age. This was the secret of his interest in the modern movements of religious life which produced such men as Râmak*rish*na and Keshub Chunder Sen. Again and again he would read some of the sayings in which the Hindu spirit found striking expression, and his voice trembled with responsive feeling. No other scholar has so successfully interpreted India to the West. Looking at the confidence reposed in him by the multitude of her own learned men, it may also be said that no Western teacher has done so much to interpret India to herself.'

On September 13 Max Müller's daughter came for a short visit, and the dear father dined down for the last time. The next morning he was decidedly worse, and his son was sent for from his post at Washington. And yet, though only able to leave his bed each day for a few hours, he busied himself in correcting by dictation the article on Taoism for the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*. He also received at this time the proof-sheets of a new French translation of *Deutsche Liebe*, and

finding that the translator had failed to see the true meaning of the extracts from the *Theologia Germanica*, he himself translated them into French, dictating them to his wife.

As late as September 30 there is a notice in his wife's diary: 'M. busy with me on the German article on Laotze.' This was an article for *Die Woche*, a German periodical to which he had contributed several short papers. She recalls vividly the animation with which he dictated, and his clear treatment of a by no means easy subject. Ten days later he corrected the article on Buddhism and Christianity for the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*, dictating an entirely new ending to the article.

The loved son arrived on the first of October; the daughter and her husband were already settled in the house. Max Müller was still able to move into another room for a few hours each afternoon, and the mornings were spent in dictating parts of his autobiography to his son. All this time, and to the end, his rooms were like a bower, from presents of the choicest flowers, whilst other friends sent grapes and peaches from their hot-houses, and the feeling of strong interest and affection shown by so many were a constant source of pleasure to him, and called forth his lively gratitude. Those who had the precious task of watching over him, could but thank God that He was calling His faithful servant home so gently—for there was no suffering, only the *malaise* of increasing weakness—and his spirit was indeed entering day by day into living peace. For themselves! 'How often they reproached themselves, for when Death stands at the gate, conscience grows very sensitive regarding any lapses, real or imagined, of duty towards those for whom that dread messenger waits.'

On October 11 the following letter was received from Princess Christian, and permission has been given for its insertion:—

BALMORAL CASTLE, *October* 10.

'DEAREST MRS. MAX MÜLLER,—It does not require any words to tell you of the sorrow which fills my heart, and I am writing to tell you first in my dear mother's name of *her* true sympathy with you,

and her distress at the news. She would like to send her kindest remembrance to the dear Professor, and to assure him of her thought of and for him. And *I* would send him my *fond love* and gratitude for all his kindness, all his true friendship, ever since I was a girl. . . .

'Your very affectionate

'HELENA.'

On October 17 Max Müller left his room for the last time. Princess Christian telegraphed to ask if she might come down and see him once more, but Mr. Symonds, his kind medical attendant and friend, forbade the exertion it would entail on him. To the Princess, to whose unfailing kindness he owed many happy hours, he dictated his last letter.

To the end he enjoyed being read to, and took keen interest in the newspapers, and all that concerned the war in South Africa. His valued friend and Vicar, the Rev. H. J. Bidder, was often with him, and a fortnight before he passed away administered the Holy Communion to him, his wife and children. The very day that he left his room for the last time, the British Committee of the Indian National Congress passed a resolution at their meeting: 'That this Committee desires to record its deep concern on account of the illness of Professor Max Müller, the revered friend of India; and, while expressing its admiration and gratitude, earnestly trusts that he will soon be restored to health.' In acknowledging the resolution, his wife wrote to Sir William Wedderburn, chairman of the British Committee, that her husband was deeply touched by it. 'You know,' she wrote, 'how he loves and has worked for India, and the recognition of this love and work has gratified him very much.'

Of these last days Mr. Bidder writes: —

'During the last weeks of his illness it was touching to see how, against much discomfort of body, his spirit would still struggle to assert its wonted brightness and energy. I knew that he always had his daily portion of scripture and his daily prayers read to him, and when I visited him I made it my aim to let him testify, if only by a few words spoken with difficulty, to the faith which was in him.

The future life of the soul was a subject which naturally occupied his thoughts; he felt the difficulties which beset our belief in the immortality of the individual; for the immortal part seems just that which does not belong to ourselves, whilst all that is most distinctly our own is bound up with and conditioned by the temporal and material world. "It is the old question," I said, "of the *principium individuationis*, in which I could never see my way clear." "No, indeed," he replied, "for it is the same question as the origin of the phenomenal world: we cannot explain Creation." I gathered his views to be that the material world was only the temporary instrument and condition for perfecting individual realizations of the universal, whilst at the same time the individual was always striving to overcome his material conditions. "And how," I asked, "about friends and family ties in another world?" "Well," he answered, "of course all that is earthly must perish; but it is not all earthly; it is sometimes what is best and highest in us." On a subsequent visit I returned to the subject by referring to Dr. Martineau's argument to the effect that all the training and discipline of the soul pointed to a continued and progressive existence, though we could not particularize. He was evidently too poorly to enter into any discussion, but I remember he quoted some favourite verses from St. John: "*If it were not so, I would have told you*," and "*What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter*." This was, I think, the day before he received the Holy Communion for the last time, with all his family round him.

'No one can really know the thoughts and beliefs of another, least of all when the thoughts are greater than our own. But there is no mistaking the evidence of a life consistently lived in the presence and the love of God; there is no mistaking the influence which we experience ourselves, of a mind habitually occupied with high thoughts and noble aims. Of such men we may say, whether living or dead, "their citizenship is in heaven."'

The week before the end his brother-in-law with his wife came down to see him. His absolute serenity of mind struck them deeply. 'It is indeed,' said his sister-in-law, as she left the room, 'the peace of God, which passes *all* understanding.' Each night, as his wife repeated a few texts and prayers, he gave some word of earnest, hearty assent. On the night of Saturday, October 27, after repeating his favourite text, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee:

. . . trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength,' she waited for the usual response, but he only said with a gentle sigh, 'I am *so* tired,' and turned on his side. These were his last words. No one had an idea the end was so near, even his devoted nurses thought he would still last some days, but by early morning he was unconscious, and at half-past eleven, without any struggle or suffering, with those dearest to him watching round, the spirit passed through that gate of death he feared so little, to the immortal life, and the rest he had longed for for many years.

That afternoon telegrams were sent to the Queen at Balmoral, to Princess Christian, and to relatives in Germany and England: 'Professor Max Müller passed away peacefully to-day.' Very early the next morning came a touching telegram from the Sovereign whom he so honoured and revered, and who in the last few days had sent more than one message of inquiry and kindly sympathy: 'It is with the truest concern that I learn that your dear and excellent husband passed away to-day. Pray accept my deepest sympathy, and at the same time the expression of my sorrow at the loss of one who was so distinguished a man, and who will be greatly missed. I pray that you may be supported in this hour of overwhelming affliction. V.R.I.'

All day telegrams and messages of love and regret poured in, from the Prince of Wales, Princess Christian, the Emperor of Germany, the Empress Frederick, the King of Sweden, the King of Siam, the Prince and Princess of Wied, the Gaikwar of Baroda, and many, many friends. One of the most beautiful came from the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva): 'The King and I are most deeply affected by the death of our most excellent and beloved friend. We pray God to be your stay and staff in your immeasurable grief and loneliness. May the rays of past blessings light up the hour of darkness. Elisabeth.'

Later in the day came a wire from his friend Mr. Malabari, from Bombay: 'All India mourns with you.'

Scarcely any of his own contemporaries were left to mourn

his loss, either among relatives or friends, but the general expressions of sorrow were very striking, and the testimonials in the Press of all countries and in all languages to his influence and the value of his work, showed that though sometimes he might have been envied and misunderstood, his death was felt to have caused a real blank in the world of thought and letters; whilst the expressions of genuine grief from India, both in letters and newspapers, were most touching. Public meetings were held throughout that country, and in innumerable places the native schools were closed for a day. The letters from India were from Parsees, Hindus, Buddhists, Mahomedans, and Jains alike. The letters from Max Müller's Japanese pupils showed deep and genuine sorrow. Professor Takakusu wrote: 'For a week I could give no lectures.' A few typical letters are by permission inserted here.

FROM A LADY OF HIGH POSITION IN GERMANY.

October 30.

'Just as I had sent my letter yesterday the sad news came that your beloved Professor's earthly life was past, and that he was called home. Most heartily I grieve with you and yours, and feel for and with you in this sorrow.

'At such a moment one has no right to speak of oneself, and yet I cannot help adding: I sorrow too for the loss of a friend and one to whom I owe much more than he or you can imagine. How am I to say it? He helped me to arrange my thoughts, and brought reason and understanding to my vague feelings, and that helped towards strength, and now I feel the greatest strength is the conviction of life eternal; that nothing is or has been in vain, and that those who have been nearest to us are so still, perhaps all the more near, because this world cannot separate us any more. So I must tell you this as a kind of greeting from him who passed from you to the full light. I am grateful to the Professor for his friendship, and I think you know that. God comfort you and uphold you, and give you peace!'

FROM THE REV. A. BUTLER (late Tutor of Oriel).

14 NORHAM GARDENS, *November* 8.

'I cannot let this week pass, the first week of realization that you, and all those who honoured, and in their various ways loved your

husband, have yet had, without assuring you of our deep and heart-felt sympathy. He was our last great man at Oxford, and yet it is not so much of his great pre-eminence in knowledge that we are all thinking; it is of his fine character, his loyalty to friends and principles, his charming courtesy, his singular brightness and naturalness, that we feel most strongly.

'As Bidder said on Sunday in his noble sermon, he made one better, when one talked with him. Even last year, when he was just a little recovering from his first great illness, his composure, his unflagging interest in all good things, his cheerful hopefulness, still remain indelibly in my memory as a type of what we should all be in sickness. And, indeed, I think the mind, so resolute and so calm and steadfast, must have had much to do with that new lease of life that was then accorded to him. What a loss he will be! here, abroad, in India, to all who want encouragement to pursue the student's life; to all who feel the greatness of learning, but seldom carry it out to a conclusion; to crowned heads, to simple learners, to those who wish to know the basis of religion, as well as those who rejoice in its completed work; above all, perhaps, to Englishmen who have to understand and govern their Indian dependencies! From all of these there comes a voice of sorrow, though at the same time they feel that rarely has any life been taken so little prematurely, so literally when its work was done. For myself, I can truly say, that though I did not often like to intrude upon his studies, I have often felt while passing your house, that sense of something great being there enshrined, which it was good to have known, and an abiding lesson to all lower aims and less devoted industry and energy. We could not all have his great powers, but we could feel inspired by his great example. With all respect and sympathy for your loss and sorrow.

'Yours very sincerely,

'A. G. BUTLER.'

FROM THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

'Indeed our hearts are with you. We grieve, for our memories hold so many happy and grateful reminiscences of his kindness. I felt that in speaking to him I could say what I would, and that he would understand. His own frank sincerity provoked — sweetly provoked — sincerity in all. His knowledge, his quickness, his wide intellectual sympathy gave to his sincerity a rich value, so that to meet and to talk with him was a gladness and a strength. I feel

that I may at least write thus much to you, for I ever felt that in you both we had true-hearted and kind friends.'

FROM ARCHDEACON WILSON.

ROCHDALE, *November* 2.

'I have purposely waited a few days. You must have been overwhelmed with letters of respect and love for his memory. We all feel alike, and it is of no use trying to say it in different words. But he was such a friend to me that I must say a word of my own. When I first met him in Switzerland, I was a raw and crude man, not a youngster in whom such crudity was excusable, and he was infinitely kind and helpful. I showed him something that I was writing; he gave me advice and suggestions, which turned my brass into gold, and he encouraged me, which was just what I wanted. And so it was always since; with all his great and distinguished friends he found a place in his memory and kindness for me. I shall never cease to honour and love him.'

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, *November* 1.

'. . . You know (and I think he knew) something of what I thought of Professor Max Müller years ago before I came to Oxford. I delighted in his books. They were the talk and admiration of my home and friends at Clifton. When I came up, I rushed, I may say, to his lectures, and enjoyed them, and profited by them greatly. Then little by little I came to know him, and found the great man and the distinguished savant, distinguished throughout Europe and the world, honoured and loved by scholars and princes, a most charming and most kindly personality. He accorded me, more and more, a measure of friendship for which I must ever be grateful, and you all gave me the *entrée* of your house and home in a manner which went to make *then* many of the pleasantest hours, and *now* some of the brightest memories of my Oxford life. It is much, a great privilege, especially in a University, to have known such a man, and such a mind. Alas! that Oxford and her sons can have it no more! Others may come, but seldom, very seldom, can come a personality so varied: touching so many points, religion, philosophy, learning, art, men, life and affairs, and yet so gracefully, so harmoniously blended — never can there come just what he was again. What must be his loss to his own home — but that is sacred ground.'

FROM THE GREAT BUDDHIST TEACHER, ANAGARIKA DHARMAPÂLA.

CALCUTTA, *November* 29.

'Blessings to you! I was in the holy city of Benares when I received the mournful news of the departure of your beloved husband, the illustrious scholar, from this plane of action to another life in the evolution of existence. So useful a life, indefatigable in the search after truth, one meets only after long intervals. Personally your late husband was kindness personified, and he aided my labours in the cause of eternal truth. When I was yet in my teens I was brought under the influence of his writings, and I have been a reader of his works since 1883.

'In obedience to nature's law, the physical body of the illustrious individuality known as Professor Max Müller has ceased to exist, but his name will continue to exist in influencing future generations. I now offer the deepest sympathy of all Buddhists in your bereavement; and I repeat the noble words of our Lord Buddha, which he uttered 2,489 years ago: "Do not grieve at my passing away, since it is natural to die."'

CHAPTER XXXVI

1900

Funeral. Judgement of Friends. Conclusion.

MAX MÜLLER was laid to rest on All Saints' Day, November 1, 1900. Early in the morning the coffin was moved to St. Mary's, the University church (as his own parish church, St. Giles's, where he had worshipped for more than thirty years, was too small for the numbers expected), and placed in Adam de Brome's chapel, where the mourners assembled. As his old friend the Bishop of Oxford was too ill to be present, the service was read by the Vice-Chancellor, a friend of many years, the Vicar of St. Mary's, and his own Vicar. Though no invitations were sent out, the large church was entirely filled, for not only all those who had loved and honoured him in the University and neighbourhood attended, but many friends came from far; representatives from Cambridge, Dublin, and Edinburgh, of which Universities he was an honorary doctor; from the Royal Asiatic Society, the German Athenaeum, the Goethe Society, the Royal Society of Literature, and the University Extension Delegacy; and, being the time of the annual Gaudy at All Souls, a very large proportion of the Fellows of his College were able to be present. The Queen and the Emperor of Germany sent representatives, and the Crown Prince of Siam was present himself. On the coffin lay the wreaths from relatives, from the Emperor, bearing the inscription, 'To my dear Friend,' and from the King of Sweden. The full church, the beautiful music (the volume of sound as the congregation joined in the hymn 'Rock of Ages' produced an effect never to be forgotten), the deep feeling shown by

many present, were a meet tribute to him, who had come to Oxford, fifty-two years before, an unknown youth, and who had made himself a name loved as well as honoured in all quarters of the world. Nearly the whole congregation followed on foot to the beautiful Holywell Cemetery, where he was laid to rest not far from the grave of his daughter Mary, his own Vicar reading the prayers at the grave; the ground all round covered with the beautiful flowers sent from far and near. A friend wrote afterwards: —

'The funeral was most beautiful, so quiet and full of dignity. Many of his friends around us in the churchyard were in tears. I dare say you will not have noticed the little bird which sang all through the service, mixing its song with the words of tender consolation. I thought that he would like its song — he who so loved all living helpless creatures.'

Over the grave his wife has placed a tall Cornish cross of white granite. At the foot of the coping are the words which were his motto through life, 'Wie Gott Will' — 'As God wills.'

The Sunday following Max Müller's funeral, allusions were made in many churches to the great teacher who had passed away. In his own parish church, where his Vicar preached a noble sermon, in the University pulpit, in Westminster Abbey, and in many other places, it was shown that his memory was indeed cherished with love and respect.

The following letters and notices on Max Müller's life and work enable us to see what effect he produced on his generation. His old friend Canon Farrar, of Durham, has often been quoted in these volumes. He thus sums up his estimate of Max Müller's work: —

'I ask myself, What did he contribute to Oxford life and study? What to Literature? When the loveableness of his personality is unknown, and future students shall know him only by his books, what is likely to be deemed the outline of his varied literary work? What the chief points which he contributed to intellectual improvement?

'First, he was the means of introducing into England, and popu-

Holywell Cemetery, Oxford.

larizing, *Comparative Philology;* especially the comparative study of the Aryan family of languages. He carried out that which Bopp had begun in Germany; and in some degree extended it, by studying the influence of early Aryan tongues in unveiling the steps in the organic development of language, and in exhibiting the influence of language in the growth of Mythology. Already the progress of investigation necessitates some modification in matters which he emphasized, but the attention given in England to the study generally, is due to his acting as pioneer.

'Secondly, he so showed the importance of Sanskrit that he went far toward making it to be "a third classical language," a *sine qua non* for the knowledge of the *origines* of Greek and of Latin. His books in this line need revision or supplementation; but the originality and suggestiveness in opening up a new range of knowledge are unquestionable.

'Thirdly, earlier in point of time, and closely connected with the last head, is his laborious edition of the *Rig-veda*, the earliest surviving poetry of Sanskrit literature. He collated manuscripts, determined the text, created a canon of the hymns, and explored the antique grammatical forms, which make the basis of a satisfactory translation.

'Fourthly, he introduced into England the science of the *Comparative study of Religions.* Max Müller opened the subject about thirty years ago in lectures, reprinted at a later time, on the Origin of Religions; wherein I venture, however, to think, he has overestimated the influence of language on thought, in a way which subsequent investigations have modified. He traced the influence of language on early religious thought, in creating, and not merely expressing, religious ideas; in a similar manner to that of Bishop Hampden, in his Bampton Lectures in 1832, in tracing the influence of the Scholastic Philosophy on Christian Theology. But the plan designed by Müller, and partly executed by him, of furnishing a translation of the Sacred Books has no relation to this theory of his, and must remain a classic work for students in generations to come. Though Max Müller treated the subject from the purely scientific point of view, he has offered to the believer in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures the means of showing, in many respects, their exceptional superiority to the sacred books of other religions, not only in degree but in kind. Müller, in his suggestive Gifford Lectures, has fully expressed his view of religion; but there is a special value in the theological instruction offered when he is treating of pure literature; the more powerful, because unintended.

'I count it to be a privilege to have known him. While I live, I shall from time to time re-peruse some of his books. I revere his memory, and in the language which he used in a brilliant lecture, in 1859, on the centenary of Schiller's birth, I say of him that Max Müller is a writer who excites my love.'

Mr. Andrew Lang's short notice of Max Müller in *Longman's Magazine*, in December, 1900, has already been quoted. The following letter gives the views of this kindly opponent more fully: —

'MARLOES ROAD, KENSINGTON, W., *March* 26, 1902.

'DEAR MRS. MAX MÜLLER, — You kindly permit me to say a few words about Mr. Max Müller, and I am glad to take the opportunity. My own relations with Mr. Max Müller were those of an amateur, or casual inquirer, who ventured, on a single point, to oppose the conclusions of a man eminently learned. We approached the subject, that of the origins of myths, from different quarters, and saw different sides of the shield as in the old apologue. Neither of us was fortunate enough to convert the other, though on other points in the study of early religions, we were in agreement, where the majority of inquirers differed, and still differ, from both of us. Such oppositions of opinion must inevitably exist. But what I am anxious to say is, that Mr. Max Müller always met my criticisms, often petulant in manner, and perhaps often unjust, with a good humour and kindness perhaps unexampled in the controversies of the learned and the half-learned. I shall always remember with pleasure certain occasions when Mr. Max Müller turned my own laugh against myself, with victorious humour and good humour. Our little systems have their day, or their hour: as knowledge advances they pass into the history of the efforts of pioneers. But that history would offer reading much more agreeable, if discussions were always conducted (they almost never are) in the genial and humane temper which Mr. Max Müller displayed in dealing with an "opposite" so unworthy as myself.

'It was not often that I had the honour and pleasure of meeting him personally, as I did at St. Andrews, and under your own roof, but these were opportunities which I must always recall as happy hours; and our agreement, on certain important points, became closer, as I learned more, or thought I learned more, of one of the subjects of which he was a master. Even where I, or others in this country, ventured to differ from him, we did, and do, acknowledge

him as our teacher and initiator, but for whose guidance we should never have entered the enchanted lands of old religions; while his criticisms of our methods made for sobriety, and exactness, and discrimination.'

One of the best reviews of Max Müller's work and life appeared in the *Open Court*, published at Chicago, from which the following extracts are given by permission: —

'With the death of Friedrich Max Müller, on October 28 of this year, one of the most notable personages of the academic world passed from the stage of history. To the unlearned world at large, he was the personification of philological scholarship, — a scholarship which he knew how to render accessible to his public in inimitably simple and charming style. He was the recipient of more academic honours, orders, titles, royal and imperial favours, perhaps, than any other scholar since Humboldt, and he bore the greatness that was thrust upon him with the grace and dignity of a born aristocrat. Many were the pummellings he received from the hands of his less favoured colleagues; yet their buffets of ink but served to throw his Titanic figure into greater relief, and to afford him an opportunity by his delicate, insidious irony to endear himself still more to his beloved public. Apart from his great and sound contributions to the cause of learning and thought, which none will deny, Max Müller's indisputably greatest service was to have made knowledge agreeable — nay, even fashionable.'

In dwelling on Max Müller's famous doctrine of the Identity of Language and Thought, the writer continues: —

'His definition of thought is, upon the whole, arbitrary and made *pro domo*. The barrier between man and animal is not so impassable as he liked to imagine. But the beauty of style, the wealth and breadth of learning, the controversial skill with which he advocated his doctrine are undeniable, and the controversies to which his zealous championing of his cause led have advanced the cause of truth immeasurably. And this, he avers in an impersonal moment, is his whole concern:

'"You say I shall never live to see it admitted that man cannot reason without words. This does not discourage me. Through the whole of my life I have cared for truth, not for success. And truth is not our own. We may seek truth, serve truth, love truth; but truth takes care of herself, and she inspires her true lovers with the same feeling of perfect trust."

'And again:

'"Scholars come and go and are forgotten, but the road which they have opened remains, other scholars follow in their footsteps, and though some of them retrace their steps, on the whole there is progress. This conviction is our best reward, and gives us that real joy in our work which merely personal motives can never supply."

'As to his personal belief, we may say generally that Professor Max Müller was a Vedantist. He was a believer in the Brahman doctrine of the *âtman*, or soul-in-itself, the monad soul; he believed in a "thinker of thoughts," a "doer of deeds," a Self within the person, which was the carrier of his personality, and a Self without, which was the carrier of the world, "God, the highest Self"; these two are ultimately the same Self.'

'How deeply these views entered his being is apparent from the following beautiful passage quoted from *Persona* (*Open Court*, Vol. I, p. 505):—

'"We are told that what distinguishes us from all other living beings is that we are personal beings. We are persons, responsible persons, and our very being, our life and immortality, are represented as depending on our personality. We ask what this personality means, and why we are called *personae:* the answers are very ambiguous. Does our personality consist in our being English or German, in our being young or old, male or female, wise or foolish? And if not, what remains when all these distinctions vanish? Is there a higher Ego of which our human ego is but the shadow?

'"Let us remember that *persona* had two meanings, that it meant originally a mask, but that it soon came to be used as the name of the wearer of the mask. We have a right to ask: Does our personality consist in the *persona* we are wearing, in our body, our senses, our language and our reason, our thoughts, or does our true personality lie somewhere else? It may be that at times we so forget ourselves, our true Self, as to imagine that we are Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, or Prince Hamlet. Nor can we doubt that we are responsible each for his own *dramatis persona*, that we are hissed or applauded, punished or rewarded, according as we act the part allotted to us in this earthly drama, badly or well. But the time comes when we awake, when we feel that not only our flesh and our blood, but all that we have been able to feel, to think and to say, was outside our true self; that we were witnesses, not actors; and that before we can go home, we must take off our masks, standing like strangers on a strange stage, and wondering how for so long a time we did not

perceive even within ourselves the simple distinction between *persona* and *persona*, between the mask and the wearer. . . ."

'And now the great philologist himself has passed away; his Self also has been merged in the All-Self, creature in Creator. The fullness and purport of his life are such as have been granted to few; his mission has been fulfilled to the utmost; and it was with this consciousness that he departed. As Tacitus said of Agricola, "Let us dwell upon and make our own the history and the picture, not of his person, but of his mind. . . . For all of him that we follow with wonder and love remains and will remain for ever in the minds of men, through the endless flow of ages, as a portion of the past."'

It is a matter of regret that none of Max Müller's letters to his friend Baron Roggenbach (under whose auspices he went to Strassburg in 1872) have been preserved, Baron Roggenbach finding it at one time prudent, for political reasons, to burn *all* papers. The following appreciation of his friend has been furnished by the Baron: —

SEGENHAUS, *June* 4, 1901.

'Now as to the impression your regretted husband made on my mind when first I met him. I must say that never before, and never since, in my life, have I met with a more taking and charming personality than his, with all the gifts nature lavished on him. Though he kept the unique grace of his manner and sympathetic bearing to advanced age, it would be difficult to describe at its full value the effect of his cultivated mind, and his kindly nature open to all high feelings, when combined with the charm of youth.

'He certainly was the representative man of the best result that could be produced by solid German mental training. He had the happy fate of being transplanted with his stock of knowledge and exalted aims to the best soil for the full development of his rare powers — the English soil — and at such an early period of life, that all the blessings of the far advanced free British civilization could exercise its full and lasting influence upon him.

'So he realized in his person, and certainly in his mind, the type of what a close alliance and transfusion of German and British spirit could best produce, and has been a living example of what would be the result for humanity, for civilization and intellectual progress, if both nations would closely unite their best powers, instead of sinking, as they are doing, into the abyss of mutual national hatred, arising from the vile envy of industrial competition and commercial

rivalry. In all that really makes the worth and historical value of the German nation, the large views on all human, moral and religious subjects, the universality of knowledge and science, the courage of unlimited investigation and perfect freedom of thought, he certainly had no equal; but he never would have attained so high a standard, had he not had the good fortune to spend the life he owed to a gifted German family, in the serene atmosphere of English social and political life. Certainly both nations may be equally proud of one who has been an intellectual son of both. I hope the time will come in which the value of such a character as your regretted husband will be judged and recognized in its full value, and that he will be ranged amongst the greatest leaders of civilization for the advancement of humanity. In a certain sense he was too far advanced in his victorious views for the period of recurrent barbarity on which we have entered through the ravaging effects of military glory. But I feel sure that, after this eclipse, the advancement and progress of humanitarian views will set in with new energy, and then the high ideals to which your husband devoted his busy life, will earn for him and his memory new and lasting laurels.

'There are now few friends of his left, to appreciate what they possessed in him, and what they lost by his death. May you succeed in bringing out his picture, as it should be; then he will find new friends in the generation which is springing up, and his memory will be cherished by many more than those who now deeply deplore his loss!'

Dr. Kielhorn, now Professor of Sanskrit at Göttingen, and who spent many years in India, in a post obtained for him by Max Müller, published a paper on his friend's Sanskrit work, from which, by his permission, some extracts are given:—

Translation.

'To-day, after a lapse of more than fifty years, we can only realize with an effort the great difficulties which Max Müller had to overcome, before he could publish the first volume of his edition of the *Rig-veda*, a volume which was exclusively his own work. An edition of the text only of the Vedic Hymns would have been useful, and comparatively easy, for this text has been handed down to us for more than two thousand years unaltered. Max Müller determined from the first, and this will always be his great glory, to prepare a critical edition of the Indian commentary, not of small portions only, chosen at will, but in its entirety. People have disputed warmly as

to the value of the native commentary. But in any case we *must* know the so-called traditional explanation of the Vedic text. When Max Müller began his task there was no perfect lexicon, still less editions of the innumerable texts incessantly quoted by the commentator. *Now*, we possess, besides the great St. Petersburg Dictionary, complete texts of the extensive grammatical literature, and yet every one would confess that it is even now by no means easy to understand Sâyana's Commentary in all parts. Max Müller had these works only in more or less imperfect MSS., he had himself to construct their texts, and to provide at least the most important with Indices, before he could even enter on his own special work. It is everywhere acknowledged that he accomplished this task brilliantly. Any one who watched him, as I did, labouring at the *Veda*, knows how conscientiously he worked, and that he was not the man to print a single line of the Commentary, until he had thoroughly conquered its meaning. Did we possess but the first volume of his *Rig-veda*, we must place Max Müller amongst the first Sanskrit scholars of the last century.

'I must mention also two epoch-making works which Max Müller brought out during the publication of the *Rig-veda:* his careful edition of the *Rig-veda Prâtisâkhya*, and his *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, which is not even now superseded by any other work. The enormous amount of this literature, the inaccessibleness of its monuments, and the circumstance that they are so difficult to understand, required long-continued and indefatigable study, united to most uncommon sagacity. We all owe Max Müller a deep debt of gratitude, not only for all he himself brought to light, but for the paths which he opened up for future workers.'

A few short extracts from letters, showing Max Müller's influence on people in very different spheres of life, are subjoined.

The hard-working wife of a parochial clergyman in America writes: —

'I feel almost as if I could burn incense daily to the memory of Professor Max Müller! To me he *lives*, and of late in all my spare time I am reading his books, and learning what it is to think of the greatness of the love of the Eternal One; and more than any of the devotional books I have read, Max Müller's teachings help me to understand what religion means. You know that in the rush and whirl of what is called Church life, one does not reach the highest. In my own little room, with Professor Max Müller I spend all my

leisure moments. It is not his memory, but he himself, who in his strong, brave, beautiful life of searching for Truth, now helps me.'

A country clergyman says: —

'I often used to correct the erroneous ideas of people in regard to your husband's faith, for I knew from my long friendship what a good Christian he was. I shall never forget the family prayers in Norham Gardens, and his impressive reading of the Psalms in the (to me, unfamiliar) Bible Version.'

A letter from Madame de Wagner, from Rome, written directly the news of Max Müller's death had been received, ends thus: —

'Yes, dear Friend, he has entered on the true life, which he understood so well even here. I do not feel that we must regret that he is no longer here working for us; his task has been perfectly accomplished: at his age he could hardly have done any fresh work. It is for us to ensure that he has not laboured in vain.'

A Memorial Meeting was held in Columbia University in America, of which Mr. Moncure Conway gives the following account: —

'The large assembly of cultured people was addressed by eminent educators, men occupied with various branches of learning, and the most striking feature of every tribute was its pervading sentiment of personal gratitude to the teacher whose labours had ended. None of the speakers had known Max Müller personally, and only one had seen him, but each had his grateful debt to pay. He had opened for one his field of research; he had stimulated others to their tasks; he had enriched all by his literary and linguistic masterpieces. What are incidental *errata* of a pioneer in unexplored regions compared with the creation of a scholarly race able to correct the mistakes? The master sat at his mighty task, assiduous, unwearied: now his hands are folded on his breast; his case goes to the jury of scholars, and their verdict will everywhere confirm that of the Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University: "In a generation rich in scholars, no one could be called greater than Max Müller."'

The letter which follows, from the Vicar of St. Giles's, forms a fitting close to these notices of Max Müller's life and work: —

TO MRS. MAX MÜLLER.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, *September*, 1902.

'I shall always count it as the greatest privilege of my life to have known your dear husband, and, above all, to have enjoyed such intimate converse with him upon religious interests. He had the gift of putting any one at their ease; in my own case it was sometimes a few kind words of encouragement on the last Sunday's sermon as we sat together on that terrace of yours; sometimes a searching question which went to the root of the matter; always a free confidence in stating his own convictions, which invited a like confidence in return. Yet his manner was never magisterial or patronizing; it was always rather the case of "iron sharpening iron," and of clearing up our views by mutual discussion. It was only in later years that I learnt the full depth of his religious convictions; but at a much earlier period I had occasion to observe a mystical side to his character, the influence of which, I think, may be traced both in his own religious life, and in his theories upon the nature and history of all religion. It had, indeed, no resemblance to that spurious mysticism which generally stands for what is confused and unintelligible. It was rather the consistent recognition of that "immediate" or "intuitional" element which is the necessary condition in all knowledge, as in all religious belief. The Infinite as a "Besetting God" when we contemplate the world; God as a present reality to the soul; Christ embraced as the very embodiment of God under human conditions; the love of Christ as a constraining power in our lives; the hope and foretaste of reunion with the Divine, enjoyed in the highest exercise of devotion: these characteristics of the true mystic were his, and in all he wrote upon the origin and history of religion we can see his eagerness to discover blind and tentative efforts which pointed in the same direction. On one occasion, when we were talking about Eckhart and Tauler, he told me how he had once contemplated, and even commenced, a translation of some of their sermons. Later in life, when his appointment to the Gifford Lectureship afforded him, as he said, "an opportunity for summing up the whole work of his life," he returned to his old favourites, and treated the German mystics in their proper historical connexion with earlier and kindred seekers after God, from the rise of the *Vedânta* philosophy to the Alexandrian School and Scotus Erigena. But, meanwhile, all his labours on the meaning and history of the religions of the world had gone

to justify his early faith in Christ, and his personal interest in the German mystics.

'In accordance with these convictions and lifelong studies, his message to the world was twofold. On the one hand, it was to vindicate the claims of Natural Religion to be as "the impregnable rock of eternal and universal truth"; and, on the other hand, to show how the religion of Christ fulfils, and only by fulfilling can supersede all other religions of the world. "No one," he said, in concluding his Lecture at Leeds upon the *Vedas*, "no one who has not examined patiently and honestly the other religions of the world can know what Christianity really is, or can join with such truth and sincerity in the words of St. Paul, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.'" It was only a fortnight before he was taken from us that I made bold to remind him of this utterance, finishing the verse of St. Paul. "Yes," he replied, trying to raise his voice, "I remember, and in that I have never wavered." On the other hand, he held that the principal cause of unbelief at the present day was "the neglect of our foundations, the disregard of our own bookless religion, the almost disdain of natural religion." To base religion upon the verbal inspiration of a book, upon miracles, or upon ecclesiastical authority, was like trusting for the support of a building to wooden props or scaffolding, with the decay of which the whole building must fall. "Natural Religion," he concludes, "may exist without revealed religion; revealed religion without Natural Religion is an impossibility."

'These studies naturally gave him a great interest in missionary enterprise, though he would not in every case approve of missionary methods. "While some of our missionaries," he writes, "are delighted when they meet with some of the fundamental doctrines of our own religion expressed almost in the same words by so-called pagans, others seem to imagine it robbery that any truth at all should be found in non-Christian religion." This is why we find him referring so often to the speeches of St. Paul at Lystra and at Athens, which boldly assert that even among the heathen God had not left Himself without a witness, both in the bountiful gifts of Nature and also in that unsatisfied want of the soul within, which prompted them to "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." Again and again in his writings we find him pausing, it may be in some noble passage of the *Vedas* or *Upanishads*, or it may be in some traveller's account of rude and savage races, to dwell upon the testimony which they afford to the universal truths of religion and of human nature. . . .

'Although his faith in Christ was so firm, and his acceptance of

Him, as indeed the Son of God, was so heartfelt and sincere, it is hardly necessary to say that it was not based upon the miraculous element contained in the Gospels, much less upon any form of ecclesiastical authority. What substratum of fact lay behind the traditional miracles, he was not particular to determine. With his friend, Baron Bunsen, he thought that the Resurrection was probably a temporary resuscitation, and when I argued that this did not afford a *ratio sufficiens* for the effects which followed, he would reply that these were due to the Ascension. This, of course, he did not conceive of as a physical ascent through space, but as a change which came over the Apostles' idea of Christ after His bodily presence had been withdrawn. This change consisted chiefly in their spiritual enlightenment as to the nature of Christ's person and doctrine; and to it he ascribed the Fourth Gospel, which he was constantly reading and quoting, and to which he attached the highest value. "What difference does it make," he would ask, "whether it was written by the son of Zebedee or some other John, if only it reveals to us the Son of God?"

'Similarly the story of the Nativity he held to be the inevitable form which the belief in the Divine Sonship would assume as soon as that belief became widely spread and popular. But he did not love it the less, and no one could appreciate the holy joy of Christmastide, with its hallowing of motherhood and childhood, with more genuine devotion. . . .

'I was interested myself at this time in the writings of Albert Ritschl. Although he agreed with much that Ritschl contends for as to Christ being the unique source of our knowledge of God, he held fast by the metaphysical speculations which he thought connected Christianity through the Alexandrine school with Plato and even with the *Vedânta* philosophy. In this connexion he would defend the Athanasian Creed, partly I think in earnest, but partly also perhaps from a playful delight in posing as more orthodox than his Vicar!'

In October, 1901, in laying down his post as Vice-Chancellor, the President of Corpus spoke thus of his old friend: —

'Iisdem fore diebus e vita excessit vir Praehonorabilis Fredericus Max Müller, Collegii Omnium Animarum Socius, per 49 annos, primo linguarum et litterarum Europaearum quoad tempora recentiora, deinde scientiae quam vocant Philologiam Comparativam, in hac Academia Professor, totius orbis litterati decus atque ornamentum,

vir omni doctrina, praesertim Orientali et speciatim Sanskritica, eruditus, eaque non solum quoad linguas, sed etiam quoad mores, religiones, historias illarum gentium de quibus scribebat. Nec tantum ob doctrinam eius amplam et variam deflendus est. Erat moribus humanus, sermone facundus, amicitia constans. Itaque fratrem nostrum, morte abruptum, ut sodalem lugemus, ut magistrum desideramus atque veneramur.'

'About the same time (i.e. as Sir Henry Acland's death), there departed from this life the Right Honourable Frederic Max Müller, Fellow of All Souls College, for forty-nine years a Professor in this University, at first of modern European languages and literature, and then of the science of Comparative Philology — the glory and ornament of the whole world of letters, a man skilled in all learning, but specially in the languages, the manners, the religions, and the histories of the East, of which the Sanskrit language and literature may be particularly specified. Nor was it for his learning only that his friends lamented his loss. In his manners he was kindly and courteous, fluent in conversation, constant in friendship. And so it is that we mourn for our brother, snatched from us by death; as our comrade we miss his presence, and we venerate his memory as our master.'

It may be mentioned here that Max Müller's library, consisting of about 13,000 volumes, besides eighty-one valuable Sanskrit MSS., and several finely illustrated books, was, in accordance with his wish, sold *en bloc*, and bought by a rich Japanese nobleman, Baron Iwasaki, at the instance of Professor Takakusu, and presented to the University of Tokio, where a hall, to be called the 'Max Müller Library' is being erected to contain it. Nothing could be more in accordance with his own wishes.

. . . . . .

And now these memories must close. An endeavour has been made, imperfectly made, to carry out Max Müller's own definition of a biography, and to show the three lives, which he says, in an article on his faithful friend and patron Bunsen, every great and honest man leads: the life which is seen and accepted by the world at large; the second life, seen by a man's most intimate friends; and the third life, seen only by

the man himself and by Him who made him; a life of aspiration rather than of fulfilment. The man, the father, the husband has been shown behind the brilliant scholar, the successful man of letters; and glimpses have been given behind the man of his 'angel beholding the face of his Father which is in heaven,' thus teaching us that our greatest men can be our best men, that freedom of thought can exist with true and deep religion. Max Müller's life was an eminently successful life. No doubt he owed much to his natural gifts of mind, to his attractive manners and physical beauty, which won him friends almost at first sight; but he owed still more to his indefatigable industry and indomitable courage, which poverty and hardships could not daunt. In him was literally fulfilled the promise, 'Seest thou a man diligent in his business, that man shall stand before kings.' 'He had little idea through life how he was envied, for the lesson that success breeds envy is one that men of real modesty seldom learn until it is too late.' These are Max Müller's own words of Bunsen, and they may be exactly applied to himself.

Some, in reading these volumes, may think his character is drawn in too bright colours, but only those who lived with him in the close intimacy of daily life can tell what he was. His love never failed; pure, patient, and strong, first to his mother, and then, for forty-seven years, to his wife and children. And is that love dead? No: for he is not dead. As his dear friend Charles Kingsley says: 'Those who die in the fear of God, and the faith of Christ, do not really taste death; to them there is . . . only a change of place, a change of state; they pass at once into some new life, with all their powers, all their feelings unchanged, still the same living, thinking, active beings, which they were here on earth. Rest they may, rest they will, if they need rest. But what is the true rest? Not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, . . . from care, this is true rest.'

'I know we shall meet again,' wrote Max Müller to Baroness Bunsen after her husband's death, 'for God does not destroy

what He has made — nor do souls meet by accident. This life is full of riddles, but divine riddles have a divine solution.'

. . . . . .

The last chapters of this book have been written under the heavy pressure of new and deep sorrow. The last loved daughter, whose perfect married life was a prominent element in the happiness of Max Müller's last years, has been summoned, after a short illness, to the eternal home, and has joined those 'not lost, but gone before,' and desolation rests on the earthly home where her father passed so many happy hours.

And yet, 'Death is not death, if it gives us to those whom we have loved and lost, for whom we have lived, and for whom we long to live again.'

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

A

LETTER FROM SATYENDRANÂTH TAGORE

See Vol. I, p. 348.

AHMEDABAD, GUZRAT, *May* 13, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR, — I promised when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Oxford, to send you some information on the tenets and working of the Brâhma Somâj. I am afraid that the materials which I can lay before you are too scanty to be useful or satisfactory. It is this feeling of uncertainty which has deterred me from writing to you so long. Râmmohun Roy, whom the Bengal Theists regard as the great founder of their religion, has left no works from which its distinct tenets could be gathered. The fundamental principle of all his teaching was certainly Monotheism. His liberal views may be witnessed in the trust-deed in regard to a particular building, set apart for worship of the true God in accordance with the principle of the Brâhma Somâj. His was, for the most part, a negative task, that of pulling down the later idolatry of the Purânas. He tried, moreover, to cull out, from the pages of the Koran, the Bible and the Upanishads, those portions which appeared to him to contain the pure doctrine of Theism. His work called *Precepts of Jesus*, an Arabic work of a controversial character, is constantly dinned into our ears as his best production. His numerous treatises on the Vedas, Upanishads, &c., I think, would bear out my assertion that his leading idea was to establish the doctrine of Monotheism, but that he failed to build up a positive system of religion. The immediate followers of this great Hindu reformer endeavoured, though feebly, to uphold the Vedas, and even some of the later Vedic writings, as Revelation. The earlier Brâhmas seem to have imbibed from their leader an idea that the doctrines of Theism are too pure and sublime to suit the gross ideas

of the common people, and that therefore some sort of external authority is necessary to convince them. It was soon felt that the Veda, Vedanta, Upanishads, &c., containing as they do a mass of heterogeneous subjects, philosophical and unphilosophical, could not stand the test of reason in their entirety — that they must either be held to the full, or given up entirely as Revelation. Though the earlier Brâhmas laid so much stress on the Vedas, yet it does not appear that any Veda scholars rose from among them. More attention it seems was from the beginning paid to the Upanishads. The present President and Âchârya[1] of the Brâhma Somâj had his mind first awakened and his spiritual aspirations fed, by some of the sublime portions of those wild treatises. When he first took them up (he picked up a torn leaf accidentally which excited his curiosity), and began to pore into their pages with an earnestness he never felt before, what struck him most was the complete absence of idolatry in what he read. Many of the Pantheistic doctrines contained in them were easily construed into Monotheism, and the result of the President's studies was a collection of passages from several of the Upanishads, breathing sublime and pure sentiments towards the Supreme Being. This collection is called the Brâhma Dharma, and may be considered as the textbook for the Liturgy and forms of worship of the Brâhmas. It has supplied texts to the Âchârya, when acting as a minister and preacher of the Somâj, for sermons in Bengali, which could scarcely be surpassed anywhere in sublimity of thought and vivid representation of spiritual truths. There is another little book in Bengali, prepared by me from his oral lectures, called *Doctrines and tenets of the Brâhma religion.*

A Brâhma, before he can be recognized as such, is called upon to subscribe to a settled form of faith and practice. The cardinal points of his faith are: —

1. In the beginning there was nothing but the one true God. He it was who created the universe.

2. He is the true, the good, and the living God; present in all time, pervading all space, infinite, omnipotent, everlasting.

3. In His worship is our true happiness in this world, and only salvation in the next.

4. Our true worship consists in loving the Lord, and fulfilling the duties He has enjoined.

These are the cardinal points of faith, which every Brâhma binds himself to cherish. As regards his practice, he publicly renounces

[1] Keshub Chunder Sen.

idolatry, and holds himself to a daily offering of prayer and worship to the one true God. You will perceive that the four doctrinal points as I have given them, include to the full the doctrine of Immortality. It is written that the soul's true worship of its Maker, dependence on His absolute goodness, and fulfilling of the Law, are the means of its salvation in the world to come. Our solid hope of immortality proceeds from our consciousness of that union with the divine, which has its beginning only in this world, but which is a sure guarantee of the life everlasting and bliss undying which is reserved to the faithful, the very shadow of which supports the soul in her sorrows and trials in this world.

There have been some attempts recently made to establish some sort of ceremonial in accordance with the principles of Brâhmaism. The first impetus was given to them by the respected Âchârya of the Somâj on the occasion of his daughter's marriage. It has been for a long time our Âchârya's earnest endeavour to get rid of idolatry in all its branches. He waited till all was ripe for his noble design, and on the occasion of his daughter's marriage, he succeeded in striking a deadly blow against idolatry, which has not since dared to show its face in his family. This merely negative step of breaking through idolatry, created such a sensation among the Âchârya's relatives, that one and all kept themselves aloof from the wedding. To do away completely with idolatrous portions of the marriage ceremony, mere removal of the idol was not enough, some Mantras used on that occasion, and some other portions of the ceremony had to be rejected. This improved ceremonial has since been adopted by a few Brâhma families. Not only marriage but Nama Kurana mourning, and other domestic ceremonies, have been invested with a new form.

I need scarcely remark here, that although something has been done to discard idolatry, and to spread the doctrines of pure Theism in Bengal, yet much remains to be accomplished. Some of the leading Brâhmas seem to forget that our religious education cannot go on isolated from our social and moral culture, that all the different parts of our inner life are intimately connected. Duty and good work are the limbs of Brâhmaism, without which faith is lame and powerless. We have the mass of the people to educate and generally to elevate. We have to emancipate our ladies from the darkness of ignorance and the degrading thraldom of the zenana. We have to pull down idolatry and caste, which have enslaved the heart and intellect of millions of our flesh and blood. We have to do all this and more, before we can rear up the superstructure of a pure religion on a sound and durable

basis. The social life of a Hindu is thoroughly interwoven with unmeaning forms of religion. The whole system of caste is a monstrous imposition sanctioned by religion. The Brâhmana must put on his sacred thread, which is the badge of his spiritual superiority. All purely social acts have a religious sanction attached to them. A Brâhmana therefore who has renounced with all his heart idolatry and Hindu superstitions, has to exert his moral courage at every step of his life's career. The Brâhmas, as I have already hinted, now admit no book-revelation. They admit, indeed, that there is some manifestation of divine will in all revelations, inasmuch as they are utterances of souls religiously pure and noble. But the great doctrine on which the Brâhmas stand, is internal revelation — revelation to individual souls. As there arise now and then in this world prodigies of intellect, towering above their fellow beings, so there are sent men gifted with religious and moral intuitions in far more than ordinary measure. They are meant as our examples. The great Being who sends to this world individuals strongly stamped with the divine, does not yet cease to inspire the world with His presence and reveal Himself to the prayer of faith. It is to Him only that we are bound to offer our tribute of worship and allegiance. The Brâhmas, however, would not fail to appreciate the beauty of the moral precepts of Christ, or the sense of absolute trust and dependence on Providence, as taught by Mohammed.

In regard to the doctrine of Atonement, the Brâhmas are, I am disposed to think, at variance with some of the Christians. We are told by the missionaries that we are sinners — no religion has ever doubted the fact. Then we are reminded that nothing can save us from our sins but belief in a Christ crucified. The Brâhmas hold that it is God's absolute goodness, from which alone we can hope for our salvation. We cannot undo that which we have done — all we can do is to repent for our past sins and try with all our strength to amend our future. We are not left alone, but if we pray Heaven with an earnest and lowly heart for purity and strength, God will send His blessings to us. Some of these missionaries would turn us out of God's mercy-seat, by frightening us with the awful name of Justice, as if it is something incompatible with His goodness and mercy. If God's mercy and justice will not and cannot save us, the Brâhmas ask what will? 'Christ's blood,' is the answer. Tell us how? Christ was innocent, and, as you say, perfectly pure. He took upon Himself, it is said, all our sins, and died a torturing death. This was God's dispensation to save sinners. We cannot reconcile this with our idea of God's justice. Kill the innocent to save the guilty,

kill him not merely in a physical sense, but throw on him all the sins of all the world, and drown him to death in an ocean of sins, that all sinners might escape! We are landed in this by the ordinary theory of atonement. We have a full faith in immortality, without which religion itself would be unmeaning. The Brâhma believes in a system of rewards and punishments in a future world, and in unending progress of the soul towards perfection and happiness. What the exact nature of that world is to be, no religion has attempted to set forth without falling into fanciful absurdities. The Brâhma, I may remark by the way, is horrified at the idea of eternal hell-fire, with which (the minister of) Christ so often threatens refractory individuals. It is commonly maintained that Brâhmaism or Theism is too theoretical to maintain its ground. The generality of people want something more substantial to stand upon than the vague doctrines of Theism. Whether pure Theism, divested of all false forms and false revelations, which hold such marvellous ascendency in this world, will ever be anywhere dominant, I cannot pretend to say. Many physical improvements, social and moral movements to which the ancients were utter strangers, have taken a start in the modern world, and such an advent may be hoped for in regard to Theism, if it be God's Truth. There are hopeful signs of the spread of Brâhmaism in India, notwithstanding the serious obstacles which obstruct its progress.

B

MAX MÜLLER'S SPEECH AT THE PEACE FESTIVAL

MAY, 1871.

See Vol. I, p. 442.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN —

'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Yes, but the heart may be too full, and one hardly dares to dive into the depths of the soul, and to give utterance to what so powerfully excites and moves us. I feel that I shall not find the right words to-day; but I know that you will understand this and forgive it: for, like my own heart, the hearts of all whom I here address are full, I believe, of overpowering feelings and thoughts, full even to overflowing — full of thankfulness for what has been achieved — full of

hope for what has still to be achieved — full of rejoicing as we think of the brave soldiers who, covered with glory, are returning to their homes — full of mourning as we remember those dear to us who are never to return, but whose memory will be sacred to us for ever — full of regret as we recall the men who from the beginning of this century have striven and suffered like martyrs for the deliverance of Germany, who prophetically looked forward to this day of victory, but have not lived to see it — full of joyful pride as we look to the heroes, who through word and deed have completed the great and difficult task of the union and freedom of Germany, — yes, full of enthusiasm as we pronounce the names of our statesmen, our generals, our young Fritz, our old hero-emperor — but, above and beyond all, full of love for our great and beautiful and noble, and now at last again united and free Fatherland!

Yes, my German countrymen, Germany has never known greater days; and it is right that we — I mean especially we here in a foreign country — should feel and remember this, and derive strength and comfort from it. The present quickly becomes the past, and even the greatest events look smaller at a distance. Therefore the pictures which have just passed before your eyes were meant to turn the past again into the present, and give new life to it in our remembrance. You have seen how Germania calls her children together to her defence, to guard, to fight for the Rhine. You have seen how she distributes her arms, and how the German host — that is the German people — pours forth from every city and village of the Fatherland, to guard freedom and honour, and to fight for life or death. '*All Germany stands unanimous in arms*'—that royal word sounded on the second of August as a blast of a trumpet from the old fortress of Mayence, in every palace, in every cottage where beat a German heart. Do you still remember the feelings which then moved our hearts? Not with light, no, with heavy, heavy hearts we saw the dreadful tragedy of war unrolled. We did not believe in rapid victory — we were prepared for a long and hard struggle — we thought of 1806, but we also thought of 1813.

And what gave us our confidence in our army and in our people, and the trust that the just cause must prevail in the end? Four things I have to mention.

First comes German *courage*; not that wild frenzy which at every disagreeable word grasps the hilt. No, that is not German courage. No people on earth has borne so much as the German. But when not only the independence of a people is curtailed, and its natural development impeded from without — nay, when the old sacred

frontiers are invaded, when some fine morning the newly-invented engines of death are tried on the inhabitants of a peaceful city, then the measure is full, patience becomes indignation, indignation wrath unto death — death is better than life under such an outrage. 'The people rose, the storm broke.'

In the second place, I name German *diligence*. Gentlemen, we have often been abused as a nation of schoolmasters and professors. I know of no more honourable abuse, and I am firmly convinced that Germany owes much of its great success in war to its hard-working schoolmasters and professors. The German army is an educated and an intelligent army. Through determined, unbending diligence — through hard, ungrudging work from morning till evening — has our German army become what it is; so that, as in a loom, one touch moves and intertwines a thousand threads, no thread breaks, no pattern fails. Genius is indeed a long patience.

In the third place, I name the German *sense of duty*, and in war perfect obedience. When a great work has to be achieved, the individual must sacrifice for a time his personal views and wishes, must stay like a soldier on the battle-field. Gentlemen, people have dared to question the discipline of the German army. Lies have been invented, and when they had been thoroughly refuted, people said, 'There is no smoke without fire.' That is a cowardly proverb. Translate it into German, and you will see how false it is, 'There is no lie without truth.' If such a proverb were believed, the honour of no man would be safe. That in an army of nearly a million there should be some black sheep is not surprising. But before the judgement-seat of history it will appear that in no war has there been so little unnecessary cruelty — in no war has every crime been punished with so much severity, in no war has humanity achieved such triumphs as in the last German war of liberation. We are prouder of these triumphs than of all the triumphs of our arms.

In the fourth place, I mention German *perseverance*, undauntedness even in misfortune, which is founded on a firm trust in God, and in a Divine Providence. People have not hesitated to scoff at this German trust in God; this faith in the Lord of Hosts. But we keep to our own old German way. Before the battle our army sings with Theodore Körner, 'Father, I call to Thee;' it sings after the battle the old psalm which our Luther has changed into a popular song, 'Our God is a strong tower.'

These four qualities — German Courage, German Diligence, German Sense of Duty, and German Perseverance — have been to us

the sure warrants of victory. They pervade the whole army; but I may name for each a living representative.

As representative of German *Courage*, I name Bismarck. His heart never failed him.

As representative of German *Diligence*, I name Moltke. He is the real, true, indefatigable German Professor, and though he can be silent in seven languages, his last lecture will not soon be forgotten by the world.

As representative of German *Sense of Duty*, I name the Crown Prince. No one hates war more than he does; no one has done his duty so faithfully, though often with a heavy heart.

As representative of German *Perseverance*, I name our Emperor. That man has indeed clung to his purpose. At the battle of Jena he was exactly as old as Hannibal when his father made him take his famous oath, and what bitter days has he gone through since! But, undismayed, he has carried on the one work of his life, the raising and strengthening of the German army, till the disgrace of Jena was wiped out on the field of Sedan.

With such irresistible powers Germany began the war and brought it gloriously to an end; and we have to thank the Statesman, the Generals, the Emperor, the German Army, and the 'God who made iron grow,' that we celebrate to-day this happy festival of peace.

We celebrate it in a foreign country; — but is England really a foreign country to us? I confess I hardly ever felt this, not even during this war, when many a dastardly word fell on the English side, and also on the German. I feel that in England I am in a friend's, not in an enemy's country. There are even liberal and rational people, who, during the late war, have judged wrongly of the German nation. Gentlemen, you know that in England a man is worth very little who is not attacked and abused by some party. There are insults of which one ought to be proud, as there is praise of which one ought to be ashamed. Were I to mention the names of those who, from beginning to end, have remained true to the German cause, you would hear names that have the best ring, not only in England, but in the whole world. The kernel of the English people is not against us; the true aristocracy of the country is with us.

And why? Not only because the same blood runs in our veins — not because 'English is, after all, but Old-Low-German' — not because the Reformation has its two strongest pillars in Germany and England — no, I can give you a better and a deeper reason. It is so because the Germans and English owe allegiance to the same Queen,

and recognize the same majesty as their highest authority, and that Queen and that majesty is *the Voice of Conscience.* That is the firm ground on which the greatness of England stands immovable, on which the greatness of Germany is being built up.

Gentlemen, the political guidance of Europe belongs in the immediate future to those two so-closely-related nations; the political guidance of the whole civilized world belongs to the English, the Americans, and the Germans. If these three Teutonic nations hold together, the world will have peace again. But if these three Teutonic nations are divided by suspicion, jealousy, or pride, the furies of war will never be chained in Europe.

Therefore, if this our festival is to be a true peace festival, let us forget from this moment all bitterness; let us do what we can, every one in his own small sphere, in order to maintain mutual respect, and a firm friendship founded on it, between England, Germany, and America. The festival which we celebrate to-day should not be a passing ebullition of joy and gladness, but should receive a higher sanction and confirmation, and become a festival of peace and concord for all times and all people.

The memory of the great days of the years 1870–1 should never fade, but retain its life and vigour, and support in coming generations the same sentiment of patriotism which glows in our hearts to-day — which has brought us together to-day, no longer as North Germans or South Germans, as Protestants or Catholics, as Liberals or Conservatives — no, as brothers, as sons of one fatherland, as children of one great and beautiful and noble, and now at last again united and free, Germany.

C

Speech of Dean Liddell, February 15, 1876

See Vol. II, p. 7.

From a letter written by Professor Max Müller, bearing date December 1, 1875, the University learnt, with surprise and regret, that it was the Professor's intention to resign his office at the end of the Academical year. The reasons he gave were that he had served the University as Professor for exactly a quarter of a century; that the chief work of his life had been the publication from MSS. of the text and commentary of the oldest of the sacred books of India; that

though this work had been completed, he wished to devote himself to the task of making the hymns of the Brahmans accessible to general students by translations, together with other work connected with the same object; that he could not undertake to continue this task and at the same time discharge the duties of his professorship.

The purpose of this decree is to enable him to keep his chair, and to devote himself to the work in Indian Literature which he proposes to himself; a work not alien from the subject of his chair; for Sanskrit is the parent of Comparative Philology. I know well the difficulties I have to encounter in bringing this proposal before you. The objections are patent. The difficulties we have to overcome are not so well known. So far as I apprehend them, the objections are of two kinds, first, the objections to the decree on constitutional grounds, and secondly, objections to the terms of the decree itself. (1) Now with regard to the objection that we ought to have proceeded by Statute, rather than Decree, I must confess that we are guilty. But then we had no choice in the matter. If any attempt to retain Professor Max Müller was to be made, it must be made at once. He has received several proposals from foreign Governments; and one especially from the Austrian Minister, offering him the Sanskrit chair lately founded at Vienna, together with an undertaking on the part of the Imperial Academy to publish the Indian translations which he contemplates, and it was necessary to give a prompt answer. This Decree is not intended as a permanent measure. I hope then that the House will not object to pass the Decree, on the distinct understanding that it is only proposed in this form for the purpose of gaining time. (2) But the terms of the Decree are objected to. We are proposing to rob the Chair of Comparative Philology for an indefinite time. As to robbing the chair, I would ask you to consider this. If the Professor had been unhappily disabled by those calamities enumerated with terrible precision in this as in other Professorial Statutes, he would have had a deputy appointed to do his work at a salary assigned by the Vice-Chancellor, and this might be for an indefinite time. Perhaps also a Professor so disabled might not have been very industrious, might not have conferred honour on the University throughout Europe, America, and India, and yet he might have continued Professor and retained half his salary for a time truly indefinite. But in this case, though the time is undefined rather than indefinite, I hope that no long period may elapse before we may be able to propose a measure terminating this not very satisfactory proposal. I may add that the portion of the salary left to the

Professor is not wholly subtracted from the Science of Comparative Philology.

No one, it has been said, who wishes to acquire a thorough knowledge of Greek or Latin, or any other of the Indo-European languages, no one who takes an interest in the philosophy and historical growth of human speech, can, for the future, dispense with some knowledge of the language and ancient literature of India. . . .

I will ask the House to bear with me while I lay before them a brief statement of Professor Max Müller's work. I have collected it from such sources as were open to me, not from the Professor himself. It has made a deep impression on my own mind, and I think it must produce a deep impression on any mind. It appears that more than thirty years ago, Max Müller, then about twenty-three years of age, who had turned his attention to the study of Sanskrit, went to Paris to attend the lectures of the celebrated Eugène Burnouf. At that time he believed firmly in the supreme importance and beauty of the later Sanskrit literature, and was astonished to hear Burnouf disparage these later books as of small value in comparison with the older portion of the *Vedas*, and other ancient sacred books. At the time these archaic monuments were unknown, except to Burnouf himself, and one or two more scholars. A small beginning had been made in the work of editing them, they remained buried in MS., and in the obscurity of a language which could not be understood by those well versed in the common Sanskrit. Burnouf told him that to enter into the real treasures of Indian Literature, it was necessary to be master of the *Veda* and its voluminous commentary. Burnouf lent him some of his MSS. and encouraged him to study them. It was hard work, he says, and had not Burnouf told him that he himself was often baffled by the language of the commentary, he would have relinquished the task of reading them in despair. I remember very well that Professor Gaisford used to advise young Greek scholars to make themselves masters of Homer and the Scholia, and they would then possess the key to all later Greek. But then Homer was printed, and his commentators also. What should we have thought of Gaisford's advice if Homer was still locked up in MSS., if the Commentaries and Scholia were also still in MS., and not a word existed of all that had been done by the great scholars of Germany, France, and England? Who amongst us would have had the courage to say, I will undertake to collate all the MSS. of Homer, to form a reliable text, and will also edit the Commentary of Eustathius in an intelligible text? How many of us *could* have done this? Yet a task like this, only much more difficult, was undertaken with open eyes by the

young student at an age when we have only just taken our degree. The text of the *Veda* indeed had already been put into a good condition by learned Indians, but without the commentary it was, in great part, unintelligible; and the state of the commentary was such as to daunt the courage of the stoutest scholastic heart. The errors and corruptions are countless; the commentary abounds in short extracts taken, without reference, from works on all sorts of subjects, grammatical, etymological, philosophical, theological. These extracts are for the most part detached fragments, full of technical phrases, and often absolutely unintelligible by themselves. It was necessary for an editor to hunt up these passages in the authors from which they were taken, very often these works existed only in MS., and they had to be analysed and indexed before they could be used. This Herculean labour was undertaken by the young scholar. He found it necessary to come to England, for the MSS. he must use were in the India House and our own Bodleian. He raised funds by working hard, copying MSS., making translations and the like, for Sanskrit scholars wealthier than himself. By the assistance of his noble countryman, Baron de Bunsen, and encouraged by our own great Professor, Horace Wilson, he began his work. Five years were spent in preparatory labours, and in 1849 his first volume appeared. It was followed at intervals by five other massive quartos; till in 1874, little more than a year ago, he was able to lay down his pen, feeling, as he says, as if he had parted with an old, old friend, on whom his thoughts had been fixed for full thirty years. During these years, this absorbing work had not been his only occupation. He published his *History of Sanskrit Literature* in 1859, which, after reaching a second edition, has been now ten years out of print, besides other works bearing on Indian studies, and besides his direct contributions to Comparative Philology, of which the Lectures on the 'Science of Language' have been translated into French, German, Italian, Russian, Hungarian, and Swedish. But it is on his great *editio princeps* of the *Veda* and its commentary that I wish to fix your attention. It is difficult to say whether our wonder and admiration are more excited by the bold ardour with which, as a young man, he undertook such a task; by the steady and courageous perseverance with which he wrought at it for so many long years, or by the genius with which he surmounted all difficulties and erected a monument which may be truly called *aere perennius*. This great work has been printed at our Press, supported by the sagacious liberality of the old East India Company, and the new Council of India. The text and its Sanskrit commentary are in the hands of scholars; and

the Professor wishes to devote himself to making these treasures of old Indian lore accessible to the general student, by editing translations with notes and illustrations. This work our Clarendon Press is willing to undertake, so as to secure to Oxford the credit of bringing out books so closely connected with our great Indian Empire.

And shall we allow him to carry his stores of Eastern learning away? Just at the moment when troops of native princes have been paying willing homage to the heir of the British crown, just when it is announced that the Sovereign of our Islands is about to assume the proud title of Empress of India, shall we suffer the groundwork of the old Indian Faith to be translated, not into English, but into German, and published by the munificence of the Austrian Government, who neither have, nor can have, any immediate connexion with India? I have great reason to fear that, unless we embrace the present opportunity, we shall have to submit to this discredit, for discredit I feel it will be. Other Governments have acknowledged Professor Max Müller's great achievements; the French Institute several years ago elected him a Foreign Member, the Royal Academy of Turin paid him the same honour, and made him one of a distinguished six, the others being Cousin, Thiers, Böckh, Mommsen, and Grote. He received the Cross of the Order of Merit from the German Emperor two years ago, along with Von Moltke. England has been behindhand. Let Oxford by a unanimous vote to-day do something to repair this backwardness: not for his sake but for our own, I ask it. Let us keep him if we can, how we can, while we can.

D

Missionary Speech, 1887

See Vol. II, p. 231.

I am not going to speak to you to-night about what missionaries have done for the science of language; they have helped us to a much truer and much more elevated knowledge of so-called savage or heathen religions than our fathers ever dreamt of. The question, therefore, which I should like to ask to-night, is this — whether savage religions are really like what savage dialects were represented to be, hardly articulate, brutal, ferocious, fiendish; or whether, hidden beneath the rubbish, they contain some elements of truth and goodness which the missionary may recognize as common ground

on which he may build, and on which he should take his stand when first approaching his future converts. The change which has taken place in our view of non-Christian religions is one of the most remarkable features of our age, though, as in the case of many of the newest views of our age, we shall find, I believe, on closer inspection, that after all they are not so new as we imagine. St. Augustine, though he had probably seen and experienced more of the terrible sides of heathen religions than any one else, yet declared his conviction that he never had seen any religion which did not contain some truth. . . . After a long experience in life, I have been led to divide all my friends, missionaries included, into two classes — those who seem to have eyes for all that is good, and those who seem to have eyes for all that is bad. Well, you all know the men I mean. If you go with them to a concert, they will speak of nothing but the wrong notes. If you go with them to church, the first they tell you is what the preacher ought not to have said. I have been a guide through Oxford for many years, and in watching my friends from every part of the globe, I found they fell into two classes, what I call the *bright-eyed* and the *dark-eyed.* The *dark-eyed* tell you that the Oxford buildings are all in rags, that the stone decays and is hideous. They point out incongruities in architectural style, they are scandalized at the attire of the undergraduates coming home in crowds from football, and they wonder whether all University lectures are given in the Park, because they see undergraduates nowhere else. But there are others, whom I call my *bright-eyed* friends, who admire the effects of light and shade on the crumbling old stones, who read history in the incongruities of architectural style, who approve of the bones and sinews of our athletes, and who express real regret that they could have heard only one of Professor Palgrave's lectures, or one of the Bishop of Ripon's sermons. Now I need not tell you which of these two classes I like best, and I may add that I generally find that the really great artists and scholars and statesmen are bright-eyed, the smaller artists, scholars, and statesmen dark-eyed. I remember so well walking many years ago through the colleges and gardens of Oxford with Professor Rauch, the great German sculptor. He was an old, magnificent, and most beautiful man, and he certainly seemed to have eyes for what was beautiful only. When he looked at the Raphael drawings he stood back in awe, holding his breath. And what was it? Some small child's hand that would have struck no one else's eyes. Over and over again he gazed at an old building, and showed me effects which I had never observed before. All that was com-

monplace or imperfect seemed hardly to exist for him. We need not wonder, therefore, if missionaries too are dark-eyed and bright-eyed. Some see only the darkness of the night, others the brightness of the stars, even if so dim that ordinary eyes can hardly perceive them. I shall to-night appeal to Dr. Codrington and Mr. Cousins to tell us something, however little it may be, of the bright side, something of what St. Augustine meant when he said that there is no religion which does not contain some truth. They have been so long among heathens that they must have seen more than the mere surface of their religion. They must surely have met some God-fearing men, some pure-minded women, some human creatures to prove that St. Paul was right in saying that God never left Himself without witness, and that St. Peter perceived a great truth when he boldly declared that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with God.

My own acquaintance with non-Christian religions is restricted to what are called in the East book-religions, that is religions which are founded on some kind of sacred book. When I undertook to publish for the University Press a series of translations of the most important of these sacred books, one of my objects was to assist missionaries. What should we think of a missionary who came to convert us, and who had never read our Bible? No doubt it is but too true that religions are seldom in practice what their Bibles represent them to be, or what they were meant to be by their founders. Yet if we wished our own religion to be judged, we should wish it to be judged by the New Testament. It is but fair, therefore, that we should judge other religions according to the same rule. But, it will be said, you cannot deny that the Hindus are polytheists, that they worship idols. But let us look at their own Bible, at the *Veda*, older than any other book in India. No doubt we find there many names for the Divine, many gods, as we are accustomed to say. But there are also passages in which the oneness of the Deity is clearly asserted. In later writings, too, we find bright sparks of truth. It is true that the Hindus worship idols. But in the *Bhagavad-gîtâ* the Supreme Spirit is introduced as looking with pity on all these helpless childish customs, as saying with the sublimest and almost super-divine unselfishness: 'Even those who worship idols, worship me.' Is not this the same thought which St. Paul expressed so powerfully at Athens: 'Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you,' and is not this the spirit in which missionaries might and ought to approach every religion? But while for gaining a true and accurate knowledge of any of the great book-religions, a study of their recognized sacred

books is sufficient, a keener insight, a warmer sympathy, a truly Christian kindness are wanted in our treatment of lower savages and in our judgment of their religion. The lowest of all savages are said to be the Papuas. They are often supposed to be without any religion, any morality, any conscience. Yet these very same Papuas, if they want to know whether what they are going to undertake is right or wrong, squat before their *Karwar*, some hideous stock or stone, clasp the hands over the forehead, and bow repeatedly, at the same time stating their intentions. If they are seized with any nervous feeling during this process it is considered a bad sign, and that project is abandoned for a time; if otherwise, the idol is supposed to approve. Here we have but to translate what they in their helpless language call nervous feeling by our word 'conscience,' and we shall not only understand what they really mean, but confess, perhaps, that it would be well for us if in our own heart the *Karwar* occupied the same prominent place which it occupies in the cottage of every Papua.

E

Memorial Oration by Professor Max Müller, March, 1888

See Vol. II, p. 235.

'The German Emperor is gone home.' So spoke his noble son, bowed down with grief; so in deep sorrow speaks the whole German nation. The long and heavy task of his life is finished, the victory won. He had long reached and even exceeded the usual span of human life. What was left for the Emperor still to wish for on earth? After long toil and labour he had a right to rest, and God has called him home to peace with honour.

Therefore, deeply as we sympathize with those who in the Emperor have lost an old and cherished friend, keenly as we all miss the faithful honest eyes which have for so long kept watch over Germany's weal and woe, we feel that mere weak sorrow is out of place at the grave of the German Hero-Emperor. The human heart demands its rights, and the sweet bonds of life cannot be broken without tears. But when the tears are dried, then the voice of lamentation must cease and rise again in new chords of thanksgiving, of firm trust, nay, even of joyful triumph.

Let us speak out boldly! In the whole course of the world's history we shall find no life to compare with the life of the Kaiser Wilhelm. We ourselves stand far too near to the events of the last decades to estimate aright their full importance in the history of the world. We have witnessed great, infinitely great events.

What does the work which the Emperor achieved really import? What imports a German Empire in the heart of Europe and in the centre of the whole world? Does it only show the success of a clever diplomacy, the restoration of the balance of power in Europe shattered by Napoleon's arrogance? Is the victory of Sedan nothing but a sharp answer to the defeat of Jena?

No; we must look far higher if we are to measure the true importance of these events in the world's history. The struggle of the German nation for its German life, so gloriously ended by the Kaiser Wilhelm, began 2,000 years ago with the first beginnings of European history. It began with the victory of Arminius or Sigfrid in the Teutoburger Forest, it had its first prophet in Tacitus, its numberless martyrs in Grimhilda and Theodoric, for these were their names, and in the German slaves and mercenaries who were buried under the ruins of the Roman Empire. For hundreds, aye, for thousands, of years the storms raged and the waves were tossed hither and thither between the German and Romanic nations, while sometimes one, sometimes the other, overflowed the sacred boundaries which a wise nature had drawn so clearly and visibly between them — the mighty Alps and the free Rhine. In the fifth century the youthful daring of the German hosts triumphed; Germans were lords of Italy and of Gaul. The Western Empire fell, and the German King, Theodoric the Ostrogoth, held at Ravenna in 493 the fate of the whole of Europe in his hands. The Lombard kingdom followed, and still the power was in German hands. Then came Charles the Great, whom Germany, France, and Italy claim as their own, but who was in word and thought a German, and no Roman.

After his death the great nationalities of Europe developed to their full importance — the Franks, soon to become the French, the Romans who became Italians, and the Germans who remained what they were, on German soil, with German spirit and German speech.

The struggle which in earlier centuries had been carried on with the sword was now conducted with the weapons of the spirit. The Romish Papacy threw its net out over France, Spain, and Germany. With every century the quarrels increased which the foreign Roman powers stirred up in Germany, and heavier and heavier became the

spiritual pressure of the foreign Roman priesthood in all German countries, till at length, under Charles V, the German mind burst the foreign fetters and succeeded in creating a free Church, though not as yet a free German state.

For, first in the seventeenth century, the Thirty-one Years' War had to be waged against foreign jealousy, and in the eighteenth century the North German nation had to prove its strength in the Seven Years' War; and then Napoleonic arrogance had to be twice broken down before it was permitted to the German people and the Pomeranian statesman and the Prussian King to fortify anew those sacred boundaries which a wise nature had drawn so clearly and visibly, and to make Germany the guardian of its own Marches, the watch on the Rhine, the watch on the Vistula, the protector of the peace of all Europe.

If we now look down from this high pinnacle over the whole history of the world in order to measure the greatness of the present by the greatness of the past, what do we see? Greater than Arminius, than Theodoric, than Charles the Great, than Frederick Barbarossa, than Gustavus Adolphus — for he, too, was a German — than Frederick the Great, stands the man who has triumphantly closed for ever this struggle of 2,000 years — a man whose home-going we celebrate to-day with heavy yet proud hearts, the Kaiser Wilhelm, the first German Emperor.

And now let us ask what made this man so great? In intellectual gifts his elder brother Friedrich Wilhelm IV was far his superior. But he possessed the strongest sense of duty, and the most noble uprightness, and with that a trust in God — a faith in the inevitable triumph of good and right — which even defeats like Jena and Olmütz, and even ingratitude like that of 1848, could not shake.

I saw him as Prince of Prussia as few people saw him, as he, in 1848, entered the room of the Prussian Minister Bunsen in Carlton Terrace, suddenly and unannounced, a fugitive from his Fatherland, hardly to be recognized by those who had known him as a Prussian officer. Those were indeed the darkest days of his life; but from the first day he was at work. He lived on terms of the most friendly intimacy with Bunsen, and he never forgot how much he then owed to the counsel of this upright but often misjudged statesman. He saw all he could of the first men in England. He knew that the old times in Prussia were over for ever; and, highly as he valued the old Prussia, he quickly recognized it as his duty to fit himself for the active service of the new Prussia. He tried to imbibe the principles of a constitutional Government. He read, he learnt, he

worked early and late. It was a hard experience for him to be banished from his own country; to be misunderstood by his own people. His own words describe what he then was, what he then felt, and what he even then hoped. After the first victory near Schleswig, he wrote the following lines to one of his comrades:—

'God tries me severely, but with a pure conscience I wait for the day of truth, hoping that I may devote my powers to the new Prussia as I did to the old, though the heart will always be sorrowful over the fall of the old Prussia, the independent Prussia.

'Ever your true friend,

'WILHELM.'

Here you see the future Emperor, here you have the real secret of his future greatness—'*With a pure conscience, I wait for the day of truth.*' These are words as if carved in marble, and no more beautiful inscription could be engraved on his tomb than this—'*With a pure conscience, I wait for the day of truth.*'

And the day of truth came, as it always will come for all who can wait for it with a pure conscience. He became Regent, he became King, he became Emperor, he became the most revered, the most beloved man of his people, and always he remained the same, faithful to his duties, hard-working from morning till evening, and animated by one thought only—how to make Germany strong and respected, how to secure to the German people peace abroad and peace at home.

After seeing him often as an exile in London, I did not see him again till, in 1871, I was allowed to greet him as Emperor at Ems. There he was, the same man, simple, hard-working, faithful to his duty. While others were enjoying their liberty at Ems, he was attending to his business; and often when I came home late at night, and saw at the window the tall Imperial figure at his desk lighted by the small green lamp, I said to myself, 'That is how the German Imperial Crown was won.'

Yes, we are mourning to-day over the German Emperor; but even now the sounds of sorrow begin to vanish. The lowered flags are raised again, and pride and gratitude re-enter the hearts of the German people that they could call such an Emperor their own.

But we harbour a still deeper sorrow in our hearts. What is more natural than death when our life has lasted 'threescore years and ten, or, by reason of our strength, fourscore years'? It is when we think of the new Emperor, who was once the hope, then the pride, and is now the keenest grief of the German nation, that all thoughts and words fail us. The heart knows its own bitterness. The misfortune is overwhelming, and yet, as the poet says, 'Not hopelessly does

man yield to the power of the gods.' The fearless son of a fearless father, the new Emperor will perform the work which Providence has assigned to him. The hero who won the battle of Königgrätz by storm, who never flinched under the shower of bullets at Wörth, who was one of the victors at Sedan — his life has not been in vain. But those who know him best expected still greater deeds, still higher victories from him; and even now they know that whatever his hand finds to do, he does it with all his might. From the depth of our heart we say — 'Long live, long live the Emperor Frederick, the darling of the German people; long live the noble Empress Victoria, the darling of the English people; and may the English and the German peoples follow their example, and faithfully hold together in dark, as well as in bright days!'

F

Translation of the Word Shangti

Extracts from Letter to Chinese Missionaries.

See Vol. II, p. 95.

'. . . There are, perhaps, passages in the sacred texts of the Chinese in which Shangti is spoken of in what we should call mythological language; language, in our opinion, inapplicable to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. But does it follow, therefore, that the Chinese, when they formed the name of Shangti, did not mean the true God, or that the best among them had never had any idea of the true God? You know that there must be in the prayers and creeds of all religions a compromise between the language of the wise and foolish; and that the sacred texts of no nation, not even those of Jews and Christians, are entirely free from childlike, poetical, what are called mythological expressions . . . And if we are not to translate Shangti by God, what are we to do? You would not say that the Chinese alone of all nations on earth had never any name for God at all? You suggest that either the name Shangti should be left untranslated, or that it should have been rendered by Supreme Ruler. If left untranslated, all readers would have taken Shangti for a proper name, such as Jupiter, while Dr. Legge states: "it never became a proper name with the people like Zeus in Greece." If Shangti had been rendered by Supreme Ruler, would it have evoked any conception

different to God, the true God? How could missionaries in China, if they are willing to translate Shangti by Supreme Ruler, continue to represent him as a false god, or, at all events, as not quite true. . . . If we are so hard on the Chinese, and tell them that their word Shangti cannot be used as the name of the true God, because it is used synonymously with T'ien, meaning sky, what should we say when they point to such verses as "I have sinned against heaven, and in Thy sight"? Do the words of Dante: —

> "Per questo la Scrittura condiscende
> A vostra facultate, e piedi e mano
> Attribuisce a Dio, ed altro intende"

apply to our Scriptures alone? Should we not apply them in a far more generous spirit to the scriptures of the Chinese, Hindus, &c.?

'Surely the name for God in Chinese or in any other language, unless it is simply intolerable, should be treated with the greatest reverence. Let missionaries slowly and gently cut down the rank growth of mythology that has choked so many of the names of God, but let them be careful lest, in tearing up the roots, they kill the stem on which alone their new grafts can live and thrive. Let them follow in the footsteps of the boldest missionary the world has ever seen, who, at Athens, did not break the altar of the unknown God, but said, "Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you!"'

G

Chronological List of the Right Hon. Professor Max Müller's Works

1844. Hitôpadêśa, translation.
1847. Meghadûta, translation in verse.
Relation of Bengali to the Aboriginal Languages of India.
1849–73. Rig-veda and Sâyaṇâ's Commentary.
1853. Essay on the Turanian Languages.
Essay on Indian Logic.
1854. Proposals for a Uniform Missionary Alphabet.
Languages of the Seat of War.
1856. Essay on Comparative Mythology.
1857. Deutsche Liebe (14th edition, 1901).
Buddhist Pilgrims.
1858. German Classics.
1859. Ancient Sanskrit Literature.

1861. Lectures on the Science of Language, vol. I (14th edition, 1886).
1862. Ancient Hindu Astronomy.
1864. Lectures on the Science of Language, vol. II.
1866. Hitôpadêśa, Text, Notes, &c.
Sanskrit Grammar.
1867–75. Chips from a German Workshop, four vols.
1868. Stratification of Language.
1869. Rig-veda, translation, vol. I.
Rig-veda Prâtiśâkhya.
1870. Dhammapada, translation.
1871. Letters on the War.
1873. Rig-veda in Saṁhitâ and Pada Texts.
Darwin's Philosophy of Language.
Introduction to Science of Religion.
1875. J. B. Basedow.
Schiller's Briefwechsel.
1876. On Spelling.
1878. Hibbert Lectures.
1879. Upanishads, translation.
1881. Selected Essays.
Kant's Critique, translation.
1882. India, What can it teach us?
1884. Biographical Essays.
1887. Science of Thought.
La Carità of Andrea del Sarto.
1888. Biographies of Words.
Science of Thought, three Lectures.
1888–92. Gifford Lectures, four vols.
1889. Science of Language, three Lectures.
1890–2. Rig-veda, new edition.
1893. Apastamha Sûtras, translated.
1894. New Edition of Chips, four vols., much altered.
Lectures on the Vedânta Philosophy.
1897. Science of Mythology, two vols.
1898. Auld Lang Syne, vol. I.
Râmakṛishṇa.
1899. Auld Lang Syne, vol. II.
Six Systems of Indian Philosophy.
Das Pferdebürla.
1900. Transvaal War.
1901. Posthumous. Autobiography and Last Essays, two vols.

H

List of Universities, Colleges, Royal Academies, and Learned Societies which conferred Membership on Professor Max Müller

Universities:

Leipzig (M.A. and Ph.D., 1843); Oxford (M.A.); Cambridge (LL. D.); Hon. Doctor in the Universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, Bologna, Buda-Pesth, Princeton, Odessa, Lafayette.

Colleges:

All Souls College, Oxford (Fellowship).

Foreign Associate:

French Institute, Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres (8).
Imperial Academy of Vienna.
Royal Academy of Berlin.
Royal Sardinian Academy (6).
Royal Academy of the Lincei, Rome (12).
Royal Bavarian Academy.
Royal Hungarian Academy.
Royal Academy of Belgium.
Royal Irish Academy.
Royal Society of Upsala.
De Maatschappy der Nederlandsche Letterkunde de Leyden.
American Academy of Arts and Sciences.
American Philosophical Society.

Honorary Membership:

Royal Academy of Sciences at Amsterdam.
Royal Academy of Roumania.
Royal Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences.
Royal Society of Göttingen.
Royal Society of Literature, London.
Royal Historical Society (Vice-President).
Royal Asiatic Society.
Société Asiatique.
Royal Italian Asiatic Society.
German Oriental Society.
American Oriental Society.

Asiatic Society of Bengal.
Philological Society of Buda-Pesth.
Oriental Society of Peking.
Société de Littérature Finnoise, Helsingfors.
Société Finno-Ougrienne.
Cambridge Philosophical Society.
Syllogos Hellenikos of Constantinople.
Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.
Deutsches Hochstift zu Frankfurt.
Philosophical Society of Glasgow.
Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool.
Archaeological Society, Moscow.
Litauische Literarische Gesellschaft.
American Philological Society.
Société d'Ethnographie de France.
New Zealand Institute.
Polynesian Society, Wellington.
British Association, Anthropological Section (President, 1891).
International Congress of Orientalists (President of Aryan Section, 1889; President of Congress, 1892).

Corresponding Membership:

Royal Academy of Lisbon.
Royal Society of Palermo.
Reale Associazione dei Benemeriti Italiani.

I

The following letter was sent to the Editor after all MS. had gone to press, but as it is so complete a summary of Max Müller's views on Missions, it is inserted: —

TO DR. (SIR HENRY) ACLAND.

PARKS END, *November* 7, 1873.

'MY DEAR ACLAND, — I felt very much tempted to speak last night, yet I am glad I held my peace, for I could not possibly have spoken without giving offence to some of the many people present. It was extraordinary, not extraordinary I ought to say, but it was delightful to see a man like Sir Bartle Frere, a man accustomed to command and to be obeyed, a ruler of a province as large as many

a kingdom, a leading statesman at home, pleading humbly, before an Oxford audience, the cause of Missions. His heart was in it — it was an effort to him, but he did it, because he felt it was right. There were several points on which I differed from him, there would probably be many more, if we came to enter on details, but I truly admired his manly courage in expressing his convictions as he did. There is this great blessing about Missions, that, however we may differ about theological questions at home, we are all united when it comes to missionary work. We should all rather have a man High, Broad, or Low Church, Roman Catholic, or Unitarian, than to have him not a Christian at all. When we have a real heathen before us — and I have had something to do with a few of them — we think little of Creeds and Articles and Councils, and theories of Inspiration and Miracles; we want him to love — to love God and to love his neighbour for God's sake. I believe that missionary work does quite as much good at home as abroad, if it teaches us to forget the outer crust and to discover the living kernel of Christianity. But I go further — I hold that there is a Divine element in every one of the great religions of the world. I consider it blasphemous to call them the work of the Devil, when they are the work of God, and I hold that there is nowhere any belief in God except as the result of a Divine revelation, the effect of a Divine Spirit working in man. Holding that opinion, I do not wish to see the old religions destroyed. I want to see them reformed, reanimated, resuscitated by contact with Christianity. There is much rubbish in the present form of Brahmanism, but so there is in the present form of Christianity. Let us try to get rid of the whitewash and the plaster — the work of men, whether Popes, Bishops, or Philosophers — and try to discover the original plan and purpose, whether in Christianity or Hinduism. When we do that, I believe we shall arrive at the deep and only safe and solid foundation of religious belief, and a truly religious life — we shall find the true *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, in all the religions of mankind. I could not call myself a Christian if I were to believe otherwise, if I were to force myself against all my deepest instincts to believe that the prayers of Christians were the only prayers that God could understand. All religions are mere stammerings, our own as much as that of the Brahmans — they all have to be translated, and, I have no doubt, they all will be translated, whatever their shortcomings may be.'

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